

THE EASTERNER



WASHINGTON D.C.

Volume XXIX ::: EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL ::: February, 1926

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Ruth Lillian Gordon 1923-1926

Over two thousand years ago a very wise man said: "It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends." That is our thought about Miss Ruth Gordon, who during her two years at Eastern as mathematics teacher gained the deep affection of everyone with whom she came in contact.

A review of Miss Gordon's life shows her energy and ability. After graduating from Mount Holyoke and teaching for a few years, she returned to her college to gain another degree and to instruct in mathematics. For a time she did social service work in the slums of Boston, so taxing her strength that she had to give up all work for several years. After regaining her health she taught in the high school of her own home, Cobleskill, N. Y., from where she came to Washington and to us.

Two years is a short time in which to make such an impression as Miss Gordon has left at Eastern. Truly, those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves. There was a brightness about her, an interest in each individual, that radiated from her, as well as a quiet force and a sincerity we cannot forget though she is no longer here. After a long illness Miss Gordon died at her home in New York State on January 22.

Never have we who knew her realized more the truth of those old words of Seneca: "The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one."

R. A.

Pens That Have Achieved

GEORGE ROTH, '26

Writing is a most fascinating art; yet to be so thoroughly fascinated with it as to make it a profession, is little less than an achievement. The desire to write is a heritage of youth. Only the stage rivals it in allurements and romance; and aside from dreams of fame through the actor's art, youth seems to find in writing a path to success and glory.

It is truly romantic and extremely interesting to trace the achievements of our own alumni who have gained reputations as writers from the days of their English themes and Burke exams to their novels and their newspaper successes.

From the class of '93 comes Arthur Warner who in his high school days organized the first Eastern magazine under the all-wise title of the *Owl*. Today Mr. Warner has risen from his position as editor of our school's first periodical to that of assistant editor of the *New York Nation*, a paper widely circulated in practically every state in the union. Mr. Warner has contributed feature articles to prominent magazines, among them the *Century* and the *National Geographic*.

Everett Warner, brother of the newspaperman and of the same class, aside from being recognized as an artist of distinction, has written a number of feature articles, beautifully illustrated in his own individual style in such magazines as *Harper's* and *The Century*.

The class of '93 has given us two distinguished newspaper correspondents, Bramwell Davis and Deltus Edwards.

Besides holding a prominent position in the Library of Congress for many years, John C. Fitzpatrick of '94 has written for *Scribner's* and has edited an interesting autobiography of Martin Van Buren.

A writer of delightful biographical sketches is Mary Rose Parkman, '94, author of four volumes, *Heroes of Today*, *Heroines of Service*, *Fighters for Peace*, and *Conquests of Invention*. They are sketches of heroic figures of modern times, in art, science, and warfare.

Among the leading newspapermen of Washington, George Rothwell Brown holds a remarkable position. His "Postscripts," a daily column of the *Post*, has hundreds of delighted readers who marvel at his versatility and enjoy his pungent wit.

A writer of lovely poetry is Mary Messer of 1900 who has received recognition through poems published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Outlook* and *The Century*. Several of her poems were taken from these magazines and reprinted in *Old Eastern*, the book published three years ago to commemorate our leaving the old school.

Donald A. Craig, 1903, who revived the school's magazine under the present title of the *EASTERNER*, is widely known as a newspaper correspondent and figured prominently in the Alaskan trip of President Harding.

From the class of 1904 comes Roy Helton, famed as a writer of stories and poems. While at Eastern Mr. Helton was editor of the *EASTERNER* and prominent in school activities. Aside from publishing a book of verse, *Outcasts in Beulah Land*, Mr. Helton has written two novels in which he shows a marvelous understanding of boy psychology. *Jimmie Sharswood* is a delightful story of boyhood days in Washington, while *The Adventures of Peacham Grew* shows the boy at a newer and deeper angle.

Florence E. Yoder, now Mrs. Florence Yoder Wilson, and Nettie P. McGill, both of 1908, have written extensively.

A book on music appreciation for children is being prepared by Sadie C. Styron of the class of 1918. Miss Styron is a well-known musician. Her book promises to be a treat as well as an education for the youth of the land.

Dr. Clarence Rice of 1912 has contributed largely to scientific publications while Watson Davis of 1914 has recently published an interesting volume, *The Story of Copper*, and

(Continued on page 33)

Revelations—*Chapters A to Z*

JOSEPHINE TREMAIN, '26

Did you ever while away the long minutes of waiting for the friend who's never on time by reading the names in a telephone directory? Try it some day; it's an excellent indoor sport.

It occurred to one of our sagacious seniors that the registration cards in the business office might furnish some interesting facts as well as the telephone book, and though he declared he had no serious intentions of delving into numerology, nevertheless he determined to give those files the "once over." Perchance you would enjoy these findings too.

There are twenty students with the surname of Miller. Would you believe it? One would expect Jones or Smith to have the most, but the laurels go to Miller, while Smith is the runner-up with eighteen, the Jones' honor being upheld by only ten. King, Davis, and Fisher, each with nine representatives, were next in evidence. There are four colors, Gray, Green, Black, and Brown, but no White. Two persons are surnamed Sugar. Fortunately, or perhaps it should be said appropriately, both are girls. But listen to this. Two other students go by the last name, Lady. One is a boy! Sometimes it would be desirable to choose one's own name. The shortest names found were Erb, Day, and Ady. Yet even the lofty ambition of a senior was not of sufficient strength to permit a search for the longest. Several of our number bear the names of past presidents—Hayes, Harrison, Harding. More names begin with B than any other letter; there are none with the initial X.

The cards revealed three youngsters who must be fine students, to judge from their age. Were it not for the infallibility of the person who discovered these facts, one might hesitate to believe that such prodigies are here. Pauline Noffsinger and Dorothy McCrone who have but recently entered the second semester, are thirteen years old. Vic-

tor Bell, a rookie and the youngest boy, is twelve years, ten months of age.

Birthplaces are the next attractive feature of the reports submitted by Mr. Senior. The last item of information required on the registration blank reads, "Place of birth (State or Country)." Some persons gave the enlightening fact, "state." Another wrote that he was born in Oxen Hill. Strange to say, that state (or country) is not universally known and the writer puzzled for some time over its location. There are only nine states in the Union not represented by at least one member of the student body. These are Vermont, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, and Wisconsin. It is interesting to note that Washington, Oregon and California are not among those absent. Maryland sends us one hundred thirty-three natives, and Virginia but two less than that. Nine foreign countries are listed. England, Ireland, and Germany have each given us one of their children. Two students come from Porto Rico, and the same number from the Philippines. Italy, Canada, and Poland are each represented by three former residents, while the number from Russia is four.

If the cards could tell us more, no doubt we should hear of thrilling adventures, strange experiences, the joys and sorrows that have filled the lives of our school mates even in the few short years that are behind them; we should know what it is like in lands where sunshine and summer never depart or where Old King Winter wraps the earth in a mantle of snow and ice. As it is, we may only dream about those around us. Perhaps that is the nicest way after all.

Emily: "Do you like Beethoven's works, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Never visited them. Wot does he manufacture?"—*Western Breeze*.

Teddy

RUTH BELL, '28

"Sure, his name's Teddy, and he can do lots of tricks. Show him how you jump, Ted."

The little old man held his arms together near the floor and the shaggy, dirty, little poodle jumped through them.

"Now, that's fine!" beamed his master, approvingly. "You can have your candy now. Good boy!"

And then the little old man dropped a store chocolate (price one cent) into Teddy's open mouth.

Over in a far corner of the store, Jack Morris shifted his feet restlessly, in disgust with the world in general. A quarrel with one's father is distressing to one of any age, and especially to one home from college on a vacation.

Why was it he and dad were continually having "run ins" to spoil his vacations? Now, because of a little foolishness his father chose to call impertinence, Jack was an exile from his own hearth. He recalled with a shudder the last scene before the library fireplace—his father's accusation, his own alarm and anger, the father's threat that the home was to stop being called Jack's home until that young gentleman begged dad's pardon. Jack's mind could not blot out the picture of his father's face as he had last seen it, nor could he escape from the tones of his voice, which rang in his mind.

But pride is a hard thing to conquer, and Jack's temper at best was not a gentle one. Those who believe in heredity will agree he had just cause.

Just now the temperament was enjoying full play. He gazed wretchedly out through the dingy shop-window, into the street. Rainy, unfriendly, and cold was the outside world. Was there a silver lining to the gray cloud hanging just over that tall building opposite?

Suddenly there penetrated into Jack's despondent thoughts the voice of the little old man; and he turned around, in time to see Teddy finish his last chocolate, roll over, and trot after the little old man.

"That's a queer old man," remarked the storekeeper as the last sound of Teddy's little trots died away. "He comes in here every day and buys a loaf of yesterday's bread, and three pieces of candy for his dog. He used to be lionized for his art by society, they say, but you know the whims of the 400. He has a hall room on Pratt Street now—lives there alone, except for his dog. I don't think he has a decent suit of clothes, or any money to speak of; but for all that he seems mighty cheerful. He's crazy about that dog o' his. Now what was it you wanted? Cigarettes?"

Jack nodded, pocketed his purchase and departed.

For several days Jack haunted the store, having no other interest, and became well acquainted, from his sequestered corner, with the eccentricities and devotion of the strange couple.

Then one day the quaint pair did not make their call.

"I'm afraid something has happened to him," remarked the storekeeper to Jack. "This is the first morning he's missed for—oh, two or three years."

Jack was suddenly disturbed. It was nothing to him, and yet—the Morrises were tender-hearted people.

An hour later Jack, aimlessly strolling through the park, came upon the little old man sitting on a bench. His hands were folded on his knee and he was bent over in dejection.

Jack took a seat on the bench.

"How do you do?" Jack began timidly. The old man nodded, silently.

"I don't see your little dog," ventured Jack.

"No. Teddy is— is— he—" began the old man brokenly, as though words were hard to find just then.

"Not hurt? or ill?" asked Jack quickly.

"No. The dog-catchers were around this morning, and they— they—"

"Took him! Oh, no!"

"They did, though."

"Why?" asked Jack.

"He didn't have a license tag."

"Why didn't you get him one?"

"They're rather—kinder—high," faltered the little old man, much embarrassed.

"I see," nodded Jack. For a while there was silence. Then Jack jumped up.

"I'll get Teddy!" he exclaimed.

A sudden joy spread like sunshine over his companion's face. "Oh! will you?"

"You wait here till I come back, and you can take Teddy home with you," returned the other.

Without waiting to hear the little old man's expressions of gratitude, Jack went quickly down the street on the mission of kindness. As he passed his own house, the boy's gaze was wistful, and for a moment he wavered, his step lagging. Then he straightened and walked with firm step past the house and down the street. Beg anyone's pardon? Not he!

At the pound, he picked out Teddy from the wagonload of dogs which had just arrived.

As he was hurrying back to the park with Teddy under his arm, and a new license tag shining on a new collar around Teddy's neck, he bumped into someone who was hurrying in the opposite direction.

"I beg your pard—" he began.

He glanced up and recognized the person he was addressing.

"Why, Dad!" he gasped and laughed, for he had done what he said he wouldn't do.

"Son!" cried the other, and he laughed too, understandingly.

It was evening. The rain was over, and all that remained of it were a few puddles, which reflected the rosy clouds. The soft quiet of the early twilight hushed, for a time, even the noise and hurry of the busy streets.

Jack reflected the time was like his life—emerging fresh, and invigorated from the storm. His father was flicking his cigar ash into the fire as he concluded his speech.

"After all, son, it was a good lesson to me. Your mother had repeatedly warned me against letting my temper overcome me. You see, when you went, it seemed something in life had died, and I promised God if he would send you back I would do all I could toward conquering my temper. God brought you back, son."

Below on the damp street, Jack heard the patter of tiny feet and the contented call of the little dog's master.

"Yes, dad," Jack answered dreamily, "God helped, but it was mostly Teddy."

The Legend of Saint Valentine

Along the dusty village street
With falt'ring steps and slow,
There passed the good monk, Valentine,
Dispelling gloom and woe.
Now day by day the kind man sits
His prison cell within,
And on the violets' glossy leaves
He scratches, with a pin,

Sweet love-notes to his friends of old.
The pigeons on the sill
He sends as joyous messengers
To fly o'er vale and hill.
The birthday of this saint of yore
We celebrate each year,
By sending messages of love
To those we hold as dear.

JOSEPHINE TREMAIN, '26.

The Teachers' Baby Pictures

Yes, this is our dignified faculty on the opposite page. Perhaps, since they were a few years younger when the pictures were taken than when we go to press, you will have difficulty in guessing their names.

The names of the teachers will be printed in the next issue and a sheet of hand-painted fly paper will be awarded the pupil making the nearest guesses.



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15

The Cruise of the Wild Goose

(As related to EVELYN BURNS, '26)

One of the gayest and most adventurous lives is that of the sea-farer; and a vacation being the time of gaiety and adventure, Captain Joe and Clem set out to breathe the salty air.

Captain Joe was a weather-beaten old salt, and Clem a jolly "cook"; but now that school has reopened the weathered salt and the gay young tar undergo a transformation and become Mr. Kochka and "Clemie" Did-den again.

However, on clear, star-lit nights, Clem recalls the gentle swaying of the *Wild Goose* and Captain Joe feels the friendly slap of the dancing wave against his cheek.



Last summer when the sea called loudest, Captain Joe and Clem motored to Galesville and boarded the skipjack *Wild Goose*. The *Wild Goose* which for eighteen years had carried several thousand tons of oysters up and down Tangier Sound, was to see new usage. Her rather cramped cabin was to contain the bunks of two land-lubbers starting out on an adventure with the sea. The sun gilded young Clem's hair as he threw off the ropes holding her, and she fell off under a moderate southwester and headed with the wind towards the distant bay.

They were bound for Barnegat Bay by way

of the inland waterways that run from Cape Inlet up to the Bayhead, and this without a motor and a tremor of doubt!

It was a day in late July. Clem's heart was filled with romantic wonder as he gazed across the West River to Camp Kahlert. Were any of Eastern's girls there? Captain Joe pointed reminiscently to the spot where Al Walter's curiosity brought him an unexpected shower when he reckoned not with the fickleness of *Wild Goose's* actions last year.

They sailed by Thomas Point light and Annapolis. On their way they passed a sunken ship.

That afternoon Clem was to get his "hazing" from the sea. A storm blew up and in spite of his gallant efforts, the *Wild Goose* was driven along the river. After fifteen minutes the storm ended, Clem none the worse for his introduction to marine caprices. Captain Joe, however, suffered a soaking (his raincoat leaked).

In the days that followed Clem and the Captain learned the freedom, the joy, and the friendliness of the sea. Swimming in the invigorating waters on fair days and struggling with the frolicsome waves in storm, the two lived as true sailors.

Clem grew proficient in the culinary art by preparing meals (for which experience some girl may one day be thankful), and Captain Joe grew stout under such tender care.

At Back Creek they had the fortune to meet a party of cruisers who towed them to Delaware City.

The party anchored at Chesapeake City, where they visited the St. George, a relic of past prosperity. This evening being cook's holiday, Clem enjoyed his supper at the Saint George.

The two spent a gay week at Cape May, Clem having quite an adventure in church. It seemed that two tiny girls sat before our mariners and one fair damsel became very

much charmed with Clem's good looks. She tried to touch him. But Clem, quite embarrassed, shifted his position. The whole incident nearly caused Captain Joe to be gently but firmly ejected from the solemn place for his noisy merriment.

After a gay round of Peach Melba's (Captain Joe's one weakness) and movies and sight-seeing trips, the homeward journey was begun.

Coming home, Clem displayed a rare act of sportsmanship. On the way down the bay from Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, night found the *Wild Goose* trying to get into the mouth of the Patapsco, and at 9:30 she was beating in past the light on North Point, attempting to make North Point Creek. To the west, lightning was flashing heavily, and a squall was on its way. As Old Roads Bay, into which North Point Creek flows, is an exposed anchorage, it was necessary that a more sheltered spot be found before the squall came down upon the good ship *Wild Goose*.

It was pitch dark; the only guiding sign was the light on North Point, and the lights in a few houses some distance up the creek. The *Wild Goose* came too close to the shore, and ran aground. Getting grounded under these conditions with a storm coming had many elements of danger. Clem sprang up

with an oar to push the boat off. As he did, he forgot about the boom. It swung over, caught Clem in the forehead, and overboard he went. The water fortunately was not deep. Clem, as he got to his feet, grinned, grabbed hold of the sides of the boat, and with "I can pull it off," tried to move her. Finally he had to wade around and find where the deeper water was, and together he and Captain Joe pushed the boat in that direction. Half an hour later they were safely anchored before the squall descended.

Good old Clem proved himself a regular "fellow," and touched his Captain deeply by his good sportsmanship.

So ended the first pleasure cruise of the *Wild Goose*. "Clemie," in the progress of time, lost his rolling gait (ah ha!) and Captain Joe his excess avoirdupois.

But hist! Once in his secluded nook in room 117, I heard these words of John Massfield rumbled in guttural tones:

"I must down to the seas again, for the call
of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not
be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white
clouds flying
And the flying spray and the brown plume,
and the sea-gulls crying."

THE FLAPPER

Blessings on thee, little girl,
With thy teeth of whitest pearl,
With thy cheek of medium shade,
Or maybe orange, Coty-made,
And thy red lips, redder still
By the druggist's special skill.
With thy bobbed and shingled locks
Changed each day to match thy frocks;
With thy gay, bright-colored clothes,
And thy many-shaded hose.
Perfumed with sweet Azuré,
You are like the flowers of May.

Little flapper, you are new,
What you think of, you pursue,

What's the rage, you must possess,
Let us say—a pretty dress.
You want it, get it,—for it's Dad
Who supplies you every fad.
When the bills he sees, you hear
The old, old story, year by year.
It begins, "Now in my day—"
You know the rest, before I say.
So you listen on until
With a check he pays the bill.
Blessings on you, little maid,
For each time the bill is paid.
Dad's words do not mean a rap,
So flap again and flap and flap.

—CATHERINE LUERS, '27.

The Executive Mansion

NELLIE E. DALRYMPLE, '26

The White House has always been a center of interest for the entire United States. Naturally, there are interesting details which are unknown to the average citizen.

There are the President's motor trips, for instance. The President enjoys motoring just as any other person does. When he goes for a drive, it is with the assurance that no other car will pass him. If a motorist tries to get ahead, without realizing that it is the President's car, he finds out his mistake before passing the Secret Service auto, and is graciously requested to fall back. Whether the presidential car is traveling fast or slow, other machines have to remain behind. Seniors, who own cars, take heed! No matter how the road invites you, if ahead you see two shining Pierce Arrows, consider before passing that they may be the President's.

The First Lady of the Land has the privilege of arranging her own social season during which many receptions and state dinners are held. Mrs. Coolidge began the present season in December and the social affairs will continue until Lent.

The formal receptions are held in the Blue Room which is the state room of the mansion. Here foreign diplomats and ambassadors are presented to the President. There are many antique treasures to be found in this room. The clock on the mantel was presented to Washington by Lafayette who had received it from Napoleon. As its name implies, the room is finished entirely in blue.

The Red Room is one of the private parlors where the ladies drink tea and receive callers. The mantel is one of two saved after the remodeling of the Executive Mansion in 1902. The other of these mantels is in the Green Room.

The most famous room, however, is the East Room which is the largest in the house. Although at all times there is an atmosphere of formality pervading it, still a web of ro-

mance surrounds it, for Miss Nellie Grant, Miss Alice Roosevelt, and Miss Jessie Wilson were married here. All the White House funerals are held from the East Room. The remains of three Presidents—Lincoln, McKinley, and Harding—lay in state here, as did those of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Work, and Calvin Coolidge, Jr. The grand piano covered with twenty-two carat gold leaf and decorated about its sides with the coat-of-arms of the thirteen original states, has been used by the greatest artists, as musicales are held in the East Room.

At the west end of the basement corridor is the elevator which is made of wood from the old United States warship, *Constitution*.

In the rooms on this floor there is the china used in every administration, from President Washington to President Wilson. These rooms are artistically decorated.

Although everyone refers to the Executive Mansion as the White House, it was originally brown. After the burning of the residence in the War of 1812, the sandstone was so marred that it was painted white. It has remained white ever since.

Here, too, is the turquoise-studded rug presented to President Roosevelt by M. Topakyan, consul-general to Persia.

Although the White House is usually thought of simply as a public building, surrounded by an atmosphere of staid dignity, it is also a home, and as such has a human interest side which is rarely glimpsed by outsiders.

During President Roosevelt's term of office many amusing things happened. His boys were typically mischievous youngsters. One day the old gardener chanced to see two of the Roosevelt boys walking around the ledge surrounding the glass roof of the conservatory. The gardener was worried, for he knew that he was responsible for the boys' safety and also for the conservatory. He reported

(Continued on page 33)

Impressions

(These impressions were written, anonymously, by members of last semester's English VIII classes.)

Among the many things that have impressed me during my high school life is the attitude of our Principal. He has always been fair and square with each one of us. Although he demands that the scholastic standing be kept high, he does not fail to see the pupil's viewpoint and to deal out justice with an insight of both Principal and student.

* * *

During my stay at Eastern High School, many things have impressed me forcibly. This last year has caused me to think long and hard. One thing which I have learned and which I am quite sure will be of great help to me in the future, is this: I have found that to do a thing without an object in view and to do it inconsistently and half-heartedly, is the height of folly. As the old saying goes, "There is a time for everything," and to use for kidding, time in which you should be doing something of value to your future, is a step on the downward path. To summarize the whole, the most important lesson which I learned during my course, is the knowledge that time if used to the best advantage will make you, and if not taken advantage of, will break you.

* * *

When I reflect upon the four years that I have spent at high school, I cannot but consider that which has impressed me most favorably and most thoroughly during those four years. It was not a successful team in the field of sport, nor was it some great scholastic achievement. It was the school spirit that swayed me. It was the school spirit as was manifested in all the student activities. This spark of fire in the school life promoted better athletic, dramatic, and scholastic attainments. Such an important element as school spirit should never be allowed to escape from the hearts of the students. I hope that the school spirit of Eastern in the future will follow the standard set by that in the past.

* * *

On entering upon my high school career I

found that school spirit was shown in practically every school activity. This burning spirit, which makes a school, continued until we came into full possession of our new building. Possibly some will say that I hurl the cynic's ban; but that is not so, for if one will stop and realize it, our school spirit has declined in many fields. Eastern has untold spirit in athletics, but there it stops. The reason for this sad decline is due to the lack of interest shown toward the people who are really endeavoring to make our school popular. Activities such as the cadets, debating teams, publications, and various clubs are not brought before the student body enough, while athletics are spoken of in almost every assembly.

* * *

The one thing that made the deepest impression on me during my four years in high school is the difference in the attitudes taken by different students. For some pupils an "F" is good enough. It will take them through, while others would feel disgraced if they were to receive one. Some work just to get a diploma, while others work for the knowledge they are obtaining. One pupil will say, "She is a terrible teacher; she assigns too much homework," while another will say, "She does give long assignments, but you surely can learn a lot in her class."

* * *

What has impressed me the most during my four years at Eastern is the attempt of the teachers to develop individuality. A knowledge of books is necessary. But, after all, one soon forgets what he learns in books. He needs a clear method of thinking, the power of making sudden and sure decisions, more than the fact that H_2O is the formula for water. I have been much impressed by the attempt to develop this faculty in the pupils. It seems to me to be the highest form of education thus to train us to think for ourselves when we must meet life's problems.

* * *

I believe the best thing my high school

course has done for me was to show me how little I really know. I came to high school believing that when I got to the sixth semester I would be very smart, but when I reached that semester I was just beginning to realize how little I really did know. This course has opened my eyes to the vast number of possibilities which are before a student. I have learned how much there really is to know in this great world and how impossible it is to know everything.

TRUE LOYALTY

Devotion and loyalty are the most important factors in the life of a school. Without them, a true school can not exist.

There may be many things lacking in Eastern, but surely she will live gloriously as long as such school love remains with us as that possessed by Darlington Frame, one of our pupils who passed away last semester.

Darlington was in his fourth semester. Already his quiet, steadfast loyalty had earned the respect and admiration of his chums and teachers. Had he lived, he might have contributed much toward Eastern's progress. His short school life does offer a touching example of devotion.

A letter, received from Mrs. Frame before Christmas, tells of the finding of his bank book. With her mother's knowledge, she realized that Darlington would have wanted the money to be used for Eastern. So she sent his savings to be used for the Christmas baskets, prepared by the Domestic Science Department.

Through the Associated Charities, the Darlington Frame Memorial Basket brought a happy Christmas to a veteran of the World War and his wife.

Such was the manifestation of Darlington Frame's loyalty.

O'Bryan: "By golly, I'm tired tonight."

Mrs. O'Bryan: "There you go again! You're tired! Here I be standing over a hot stove all day and you working in a nice cool sewer."—*West High Weekly*.

Jesta Jester

*It's nice to be a senior
And be worshipped far and wide;
But heavens, is it worth it
To be so darn dignified?*

Of course, we feel sure you'll enjoy the teachers' baby pictures. It was thought we might get baby pictures of prominent seniors until we found that to remind a senior that he ever occupied a perambulator was rough on his dignity.

*A would-be poet nowadays
Finds his road rough and steep.
Dump heaps are sung in spring issues;
Spring poems get the dump heap.*

Anyone desiring to create a stir in the world of poetry need but follow two rules.

1. Lay aside all subjects such as "Spring" and "Joy."

2. Write an Ode to Tonsilitis or "Lines written on a Dump Heap."

Instead of saying,

"The flowers that bloom in the spring,
tra la"

say

"The garbage man wakes me from sleep,
toot toot"

and you'll be stamped a vital force in modern poetry.

*There is no one speaks truer words
Than he who loudly cries,
"I'm telling you friends, one and all,
It pays to advertise."*

Ask Lester Swingle if this isn't true. We advertised a secret longing of his recently with the result that the poor boy was "swamped" with applicants. Lester has rehearsed with numbers of them, but admits he is still without a choice.

GEORGE ROTH, '26.

Jack: "A kiss speaks volumes."

Jess: "Are you collecting a library?"

Our Poets' Corner

INDIAN LOVE LYRIC

Indian maiden, sweeter truly, than the fairest rose of summer,
Come to greet me, heed my summon, even woodbirds list my calling.
For my voice is like the thunder that thou fearest in the spring time.
I am strong and tall and sturdy; thou art tender, sweet, and lovely.
Come, my lover, I'll protect thee, from the prowlers of the woodland.
Never shall the charging buffalo venture near the nut-brown maiden
Whom my warrior arm is holding. Swifter shall the poisoned arrow
Fly to steal the life that lies beneath thy shaggy coat, O Buffalo!
List—the wolf her mate is calling, and the woolly bear her cubs

Cuddles 'neath her furry bosom. And the sun at close of day
Sinks beyond the western hillsides far into Eternity.
Hush, sweet maiden, rest thy head upon my sturdy Indian shoulder.
Have no fear, for I will fold thee safe within my watchful keeping.
Greater danger ne'er shall touch thee than my lips upon thy tresses.
Let us rest beside the river, as the swiftly moving waters
Whisper melodies and dreamings of the happy days approaching
When together we'll be dwelling in a wigwam by the sea-side.

MARGARET PARSONS, '26.

MY IRISH LASSIE

You danced into my life one day
And laughed, and then danced out again.
You were a fleeting fairy thing,
A sunbeam on my window pane.
Your laugh was like an Irish lake
Rippled by wind through evening hours;
Your hands were soft, white fairy things,
Like lilies—lovely, drooping flowers.

You were a whispered melody,
A trembling note, drawn soft and long.
You sang a forest fantasy,
You were the still lake's twilight song.
But you are gone, my Irish maid,
Although some gossip lips do tell
Of how you dance across the bog,
With the Little People of the dell.

GEORGE ROTH, '26.

SNOWFLAKES

Softly, quietly through the night
Falls a mantle all of white,
Down on city dull and gray,
Magic touch and light as day

Out on hillsides, tumbling down,
Falling, chasing, playing round.
King of Winter seems to say,
"Snowflakes, make the whole world gay."

MARY CARTER, '26

LIFE

Is it not strange, that from the very start
This old world seems so good to ev'ry heart,
So big, so rich, so fine in ev'ry way?
No wonder that we greet each new-born day
With happy heart that hopes, and face that cheers,
As joy-filled days pass into fleeting years.

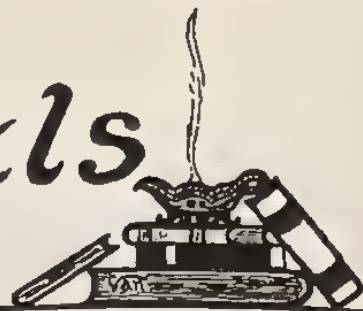
At first, we carefree mortals play and sing,
Forgetful of the blessings which days bring.
And then, with time's advance, we carry on,
Inclined to whisper that the victory's won;
But you know, and I know that that's not all—

Viet'ry is won by efforts big and small.

MARLAN WARFIELD, '26.



Editorials



THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

Once more comes the announcement of a nation-wide oratorical contest on subjects relating to the Constitution of the United States. If one may judge by last year's figures of 1,400,000 entrants, the contest is again sure of creating a stir in scholastic circles.

The eyes of the entire city are turned to Eastern, the school which figured so prominently last year by winning the District of Columbia Championship and ranking high in the national finals. It is hoped that last year's record will be repeated.

Every student who feels he has ability to compete should do so. The research work necessary for the oration is invaluable not only in making the student learn the use of reference books, but in a broader sense in the promotion of better citizenship and greater national pride.

Rules of entry and directions toward the preparation of the orations have been posted in the school library.

Aside from the material reward, featured by a wonderful trip to Europe for the seven finalists, comes the individual reward to each entrant—a fuller and keener appreciation of the Constitution and its ideals.

G. R.

RING OUT THE OLD—RING IN THE NEW

We take this occasion to wish *bon voyage* to the February seniors, and success and happiness to our "rookies." Go into it bravely and joyously, Rookies, and remember that the rubs are a part of the game.

E. M. B.

PLEASURE VERSUS LAZINESS

There is a great satisfaction to be had from a well prepared lesson.

We have all experienced the misery of an hour in a class for which we were not prepared. There is the frantic effort to prepare the lesson while the teacher calls the roll, the unsuccessful attempt to make the person before you a barricade, the final unhappy bluff when called upon.

We have experienced, too, the exhilaration of knowing the lesson. Does it not seem to lift you up when the teacher asks question after question, and you have the answer to each? We attack the lesson with vigor and joy, and the period floats by on wings.

Is it not strange then, that we indulge in the pleasure so seldom?

E. M. B.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS

Do you read the advertisements in the *EASTERNER*? If not, begin today. In the back and front pages you will find the names of those concerns which give their backing to our magazine.

The money that they pay for this space is of immense importance to us. Yet we should hardly like to accept it as a gift. These people insert their advertisements, expecting to receive your patronage. And surely it is only fair and just that you patronize those who patronize us.

You will find some of the best firms in the city represented in these pages. Go to our advertisers to supply your needs, and don't forget to tell them that you saw their advertisement in the *EASTERNER*.

L. K. B.



JOIN

You're welcome, Freshmen, to our halls,
 You're part of Eastern High;
 So help her further to achieve
 Success as years roll by.

To show your spirit, now's the time;
 Your only Freshies, yet.
 Each boy can give the school his help
 By being a Cadet.

THE WEARERS OF THE GREEN

I met with Eddie Andrus, and he took me
 by the hand
 And said, "How are the rookies and where-
 ever will they land?"
 It's the most disgraceful business that ever
 I have seen;
 They're razzing all the rookies as the wearers
 of the green.

For a long time the Irish have suffered,
 and the Rookies of Eastern are in a like pre-
 dicament. We have the same beautiful color,
 green; the same sufferings of continual
 class struggles. Instead of potato famines,
 we have knowledge famines. We have, there-
 fore, adopted March 17 as our day—spiritu-
 ally, morally, and indignantly. Some of our
 most eloquent speakers are endeavoring to se-

cure a "legal Eastern holiday" for us.

Several months ago we were extremely
 downcast, but our spirits were revived when
 so many rookies joined the orchestra and are
 now modern "Saint Patricks" as they go
 fiddling through the halls trying to rid East-
 ern, not of snakes, but of seniors. Say—it's
 working too.

When the law can stop the rookies from
 growing as they grow,
 And when we leave the Rookie-Land to be a
 Soph-o-mo,

Then we shall change the color you choose to
 call so mean,

But till that day, we'll stick, I say, to
 "Wearing of the Green."

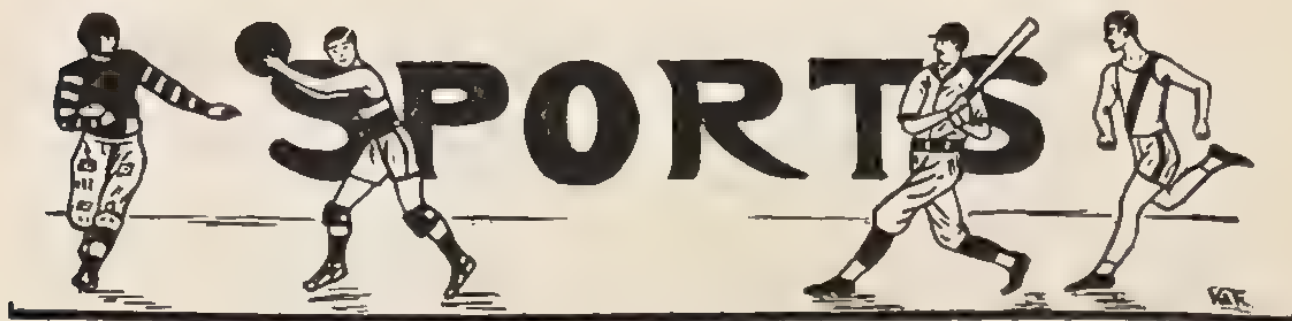
HELEN SWICK, '29.

TO THE SENIORS AND OTHER UPPERCLASSMEN

Just exactly one semester ago, dear Seniors
 and other Upperclassmen, we Rookies came
 from our various grammar schools, fresh and
 green; but now we are educated. No longer
 do we inquire the way to Room Number—;
 no longer do we carry all the books we own
 from room to room; no longer do we do our
 lessons in study hall; no longer do we sit
 meekly in the library, because, as we said

before, we are now educated. No longer will
 you have the pleasure of teasing us. But
 never fear; we are not the only rookies in
 the world, for the first of this month more
 rookies came, young and inexperienced. How-
 ever, with our own discomfitures freshly im-
 planted in our minds, we beg you to remem-
 ber the dark, dim days of the past when *you*
 were rookies, and be kind to them.

ELOIS ROGERS, 2072.



EASTERN'S BASKETBALL WARRIORS

Like a brilliant meteor flashing through space, our basketball team is pushing aside all obstacles and is overcoming the best teams in Washington and elsewhere. Under the tutelage of "Chief" Guyon, the team has blazed a remarkable record.

Many teams have bowed to Eastern's stellar combination. Among them are Gonzaga, St. John, Devitt Preps, Eastern Preps, Eastern Alumni, Tech, and Gettysburg High School.

The team that represents Eastern this year is a wonderful combination. "Julie" Radice, the best guard in the Washington high schools, is leading his teammates to victories. As a captain he does well, but as a player he does better. From any part of the floor "Julie" continuously "rings" baskets. In the opening game of the inter-high school series he made almost half of the team's points. He dropped seven goals through the netting from scrimmage, while at the foul line he registered four more baskets, for a total of 18 points. Angus Heeke also accounted for five court goals. Under such a barrage of fire, Tech had to admit defeat to the tune of 40-20.

Two years ago Western High School gave Eastern the stiffest opposition in the inter-high basketball series. This year it is a different story. When the Westernites tackled our team in the first half of this year's series, they were bewildered by the superiority of the Easternites. Our team toyed with Western throughout the game, the result being that our opponents had to take the short end of the 26-11 score.

In the Eastern-Central game of the first half of the inter-high series, Central returned the victor. Our team makes no alibis. East-

ern is determined to "reach the top." Our basketball stars showed this fiery determination by decisively beating Tech by a score of 31-15 in the first game of the second half of the inter-scholastic series. Who knows but what this newly-applied "ingredient" will upset Central when we next meet?

Madigan, Scruggs, McAllister, Clifford, Quinn, Essex, Hogarth, Elliott, and Cappelli handle themselves with a finesse and polish that is remarkable to see.

Lawrence Smallwood is the manager of our basketball team for the 1926 season.

Eastern will undoubtedly make a very strong bid for the high school championship. The team is doing its share. Let's do ours by supporting it to the limit!

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

It isn't at the Arcade alone, among the boys, that basketball has exhibited a dominating influence, is it, girls? If you don't believe it, step into our "gym" balcony, and behold the bevy of beautiful followers, in action.

In the spirited preliminary series, scheduled to end around February 15, the Seniors and Juniors boast eleven full teams, with Nellie Dalrymple, manager, and Helen Wheeler, assistant manager; the Sophomores, six teams, with Alice Law, manager; and the Freshmen, four teams, with Helen Thomas, manager.

Girls playing with ability in at least four games of this "inter-class" series will be eligible for the inter-class games, and can try for the school "E." The schedule for the inter-class series follows:

February 23	Freshmen vs. Juniors.
	Sophomores vs. Seniors.
February 24	Freshmen vs. Seniors.
March 2	Sophomores vs. Juniors.
	Freshmen vs. Sophomores.
March 3	Juniors vs. Seniors.

A STATEMENT FROM THE BASKET-BALL MANAGER

From the seniors to the freshmen, every girl seems to be particularly interested in basketball this year.

The prospects for the Junior and Senior teams are very good. "Gene" Thompson, one of the outstanding Junior guards, has played such a steady game that Miss Stockett has named her "The Red Rock." Marian Gilmore plays a splendid game at guard. Beryle Edmiston will most likely run Dorothy Colliflower a good race in the class series. Among some of our other good players at center are Leah Woods and Athlyn Spahr. Roberta Willard and Virginia Barrett, hitherto undiscovered talent at side center, are racing each other for the position of side center on the Junior team. Helen Wheeler, the assistant manager, Marian Gardner, Alma Hickox, and Margaret McGarvey are contestants in the forward field.

Among the seniors, we have valuable material in Dorothy Colliflower as center and Evelyn Bixler as side center. Their team work is especially commendable. The forward field is a source of some worry, for two excellent players, Marian Barrett and Frances Galatzo, graduated on January 29. Helen Seitz and Ruth Jarvis, although only seventh semester students in February, stand a good chance for the Senior team.

The freshmen and sophomores have good material with which to work. The class series will probably be close for the sophomores display an unusual amount of technical skill.

Everyone, faculty and student body, is most cordially invited to the inter-class games scheduled for the near future.



The emblem flower of Eastern is the daisy. The human flowers of Eastern are its girls. This pretty wayside flower suggests simplicity and purity, and for this reason, it should be the wish of every loyal Eastern girl, to acquire these traits. From the disks of the daisy above, which we might think of as "will power," come the white petals of the corolla, the fundamental rules of health, so essential to the human daisy's life of unmarred success.

He looked into her eyes as the moon overhead spread its soft silver veil over the two. In her eyes could be seen that look of deep, sympathetic understanding that only exists in love—real love. Around them the weeping willows were rhythmically waving to the waves on the shore. Nature was in her glory. It was a night of romance! Love! The two fell into one emotional clasp and kissed.

Then she put the baby in the carriage and wheeled it home.

Teacher (in Biology): "Now we want to draw a large diagram of the heart."

John Wyatt: "Big-hearted."

"What's in a name?"

"There's a lot in Launcelot."



Who Remembers:

When the method of riding wouldn't allow you to "pull the gag" that you had run out of gas?

When men didn't find unbobbed hair to be obstructive and cumbersome?

When a fellow bought a frat pin to wear on himself?

When Seniors wore long trousers?

* * *

Don Conner: "Yes, I wrote it, Mr. Williamson, but I forgot to put ink in the pen."

* * *

Heard in geometry class: "A point that moves in accordance with certain geometric conditions is a 'locust'."

"The line drawn from the vertex of a triangle to the midpoint of the opposite side is a 'comedian'."

* * *

Heard in sixth semester English class: "Before Cloten comes in, he has been killed." Definitions of "palfrey": steeple, stable.

* * *

Isabelle Shank (after exam. papers have been given back): "Say, John, what did you make in the test?"

John Connor: "Well I'm not going to tell you the mark, but I will tell you this much: it runs into three figures—if you count the decimal point."

* * *

Miss Murray: "What happened to Andrew Jackson?"

Shapiro: "He died."

* * *

Tom Seay: "Why do you think he is hopeless?"

Joe Shaw: "He cheats himself when he plays solitaire."

INFORMATION FOR THE CADETS

The recent booklet entitled *Minor Tactics*, published by the U. S. Infantry Association, has nothing to do with the care of children.

* * *

Leah Woods (in charge of tickets for Rifle Club dance): "Going to the Rifle Club Dance?"

Brearley: "I can't dance."

Leah Woods: "Too bad, because it's free."

Brearley: "I was only fooling, I'm going."

Leah Woods: "So was I fooling. Give me a dollar."

* * *

Mr. Williamson: "You couldn't know anything unless you had the facts to think with."

George Barker: "You could know the fact that you didn't have any."

* * *

Conversation between Mattie Bellefield and Louise Chapplear.

Mattie: "Teehee, hee, hee, tish, tee hee."

Louise: "Haw, haw, haw, haw."

* * *

Him: "Were you at the Alumni Show?"

Her: "Yes, but I didn't see you."

Him: "Well, it is rather hard to see from the balcony to the orchestra."

Her: "Why, were you sitting in the balcony?"

* * *

Radice: "Four guys got killed playing football last year."

Clifford: "I never think about it."

Radice: "How come?"

Clifford: "It's too grave a subject."

* * *

Mr. Suter: "What holds bricks together?"

Shimp: "Mortar."

Harbin: "That's what keeps them apart."



Here's a picture of a handsome young chap just out of the eighth grade. He has learned to say, "So's your old man," "That's some stuff," and "Now I like that," in the same way those terribly sophisticated high school studes do. Not only that, he has read all of the Bobby Twins books and goes to movies on Sunday. As for fear, he fears nothing—not even the "boog-a-boos."

Algernon—yes, that's his name—intended to bring his gun to school and hunt a bit in the rifle range, but he couldn't get any corks; so he had to leave it at home with his "nursie." Al's pants are five inches wide and are well isolated from the top of his shoes. Perhaps it's the style, or perhaps he was caught in a horrid old storm. Algernon uses "Forhams" for his gums, and his father uses Fisk tires on the auto.

Whether he looks it or not, Algernon is a typical rookie; he thinks study halls are places you study in and a "make-up test" is a test in cosmetics. He even doubted the fact that seniors are the smartest people ever created. In spite of this, however, he is an expert at charades, tit-tat-toe, and is practicing day and night trying to make the slog team. The rumor is true that all the girls are rushing him for dates. "Algy" is often seen walking up and down the corri-

dors trying to decide if he dare take a dash of coffee with his milk.

Here he comes now! Stop him and have him tell you about the time he went to a party and didn't get home until way after ten-thirty.

PAUL SPALDING, '27

A PUZZLE

Everyone is trying to work this fascinating puzzle. All you have to know is, who He is and whom He goes with, or visa-versa. The idea is this: get the number by the fellow's name and place it beside the name of the girl with whom you think he goes. For example if Douglas Fairbank's name were here, you would look down the list for Mary Pickford and put his number in the block opposite Mary's name. The puzzle should furnish unlimited fun for students with weak minds and broken dates. The clever student who finishes first may run for governor; but unfortunately we don't have a governor here, so you will just have to imagine yourself running.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1. George Hogge | <input type="checkbox"/> Alice Morgan |
| 2. Eugene Gates | <input type="checkbox"/> Marion Skinner |
| 3. Walter Rhine | <input type="checkbox"/> Frances Wright |
| 4. Angus Heeke | <input type="checkbox"/> Constance Miller |
| 5. Harold Scruggs | <input type="checkbox"/> Virginia Barrett |
| 6. George Madigan | <input type="checkbox"/> Mattie Bellefield |
| 7. Edward Andrus | <input type="checkbox"/> Ruth Johnson |
| 8. Carl Hoffman | <input type="checkbox"/> Alicegene Graves |
| 9. James Madison | <input type="checkbox"/> Vutura Jarrett |
| 10. Frank Kreglow | <input type="checkbox"/> Dorothy Black |
| 11. Clark Militzer | <input type="checkbox"/> Marion Gardener |
| 12. Judson Hutchinson | <input type="checkbox"/> Mary Clark |
| 13. Arthur Garrett | <input type="checkbox"/> Margaret Brower |
| 14. Eldred Wilson | <input type="checkbox"/> Marion Paull |
| 15. Karlton Stein | <input type="checkbox"/> Marjorie Bartlett |
| 16. George Murray | <input type="checkbox"/> Nellie Dalrymple |
| 17. George Barker | <input type="checkbox"/> Dorothy Schenken |
| 18. Edward Finlayson | <input type="checkbox"/> Marion Gilmore |
| 19. Alpheus Walter | <input type="checkbox"/> Elizabeth McVeary |
| 20. Robert Hutchinson | <input type="checkbox"/> Lucille Gibson |

Mr. Shorts (to rookie Latin class): "I wish you all a merry Christmas and I hope when you come back you will know a little more Latin than you do now."

Class: "Same to you."

As a rule, the person who is thoroughly satisfied with everything amounts to nothing.
—Selected.

SCHOOL news



T I M E. Time in, Time out, Time here again. Picture the old fellow as you will. To some of us Time is slow; to the rest of us he is either rapid, robust or rash; but he is without a doubt one shrewd shuffler. You are wondering what TIME has to do with School News. The answer is this:

No Time—No World.

No World—No People.

No People—No Schools.

No Schools—No School News.

Now you see the connection time has with us.

The various graduating exercises held in our auditorium during the latter part of January were as follows:

January 26—Tech Class Night.

January 27—Tech Graduation.

January 28—E. H. S. Commercial Class Graduation.

January 29—(afternoon) Langley Junior High Graduation.

January 29—E. H. S. Academic Graduation.

Speaking of graduates brings to mind our Alumni Association which recently presented a successful vaudeville show. The Association elected the following at its annual reunion:

President, Dr. De Witt Croissant, '94; vice-president, Rosemary Arnold, '17; secretary, Pauline Lohmann, '15; treasurer, Leonidas McDougale, '22.

A cadet assembly, lasting nearly one hour and a half, was held recently. It was quite obvious that the officers mean "business" as outlined in their talks to the student body. The speakers were introduced by Col. Ed-

ward Andrus, commander of the brigade. Our company captains spoke in the following order:

Capt. Chester Thom, Company A; Capt. Lester Swingle, Company C; Capt. Harry Portch, Company D; and Capt. Alpheus Walter, Company B.

Maj. R. C. Gibbs, Eastern battalion commander, and Maj. R. G. Payne, military instructor, also stressed the importance of cadet work. The students then reviewed motion pictures of the Competitive Drill of 1923 which Company D of Eastern won under the leadership of Capt. Leland Cheek.

The Cubs, a club composed of members of the last year's Journalistic Writing class, met at the home of Miss Egbert, honorary president, during the Christmas holidays. Miss Asenath Graves, who was home on her Christmas vacation from Mount Holyoke, presided at the business session.

The present Journalistic Writing class had the pleasure of listening to Miss Helen Fetter of the Washington *Star* recently. Miss Fetter told some of the interesting experiences of her career.

On January 19 the piano major music students were examined by two competent musical instructors of this city. On the following two days the students studying voice, violin, or wind instruments were given grades.

Our school band is progressing nicely. Recently it played at Western where it was well received. The Alumni bus was used to convey the organization.

Recently, during the seventh hour the reluctant pupils were enticed from their class into the Assembly to see two movies. At one

time it was *Peter Pan* and another time it was *Little Old New York*. The money was used to defray the expenses of the recently installed moving picture machine, and to buy paper towels.

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

The above was originally made famous by one William Shakespeare but was more recently made famous by several members of Miss Egbert's English VIII classes. This was the sleep-walking scene, one of three presented, by the following cast at an assembly recently.

Macbeth, George Main; Lady Macbeth, Laura Barrett, Josephine Tremain; Ross, Frank Scrivener; Angus, John Wyatt; Three Witches, Nellie Dalrymple, Florence Painter, Mary Carter; Doctor, Robert Mullen; Gentlewoman, Wilma Shively; Banquo, James Bridges.

From a seventh semester viewpoint, eighth English is dreaded because of Burke and Macaulay; but it is with pleasure that one looks forward to Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

Senior: "Look at that team. Their clothes are a sight; how will they ever get all the mud off?"

Green Soph: "Well what's the scrub team for?"—*Monitor*.

* * *

It is rumored that Horace Purcell has memorized the logarithms so that he will not have to look them up. Bright boy, Horace!

Mrs. Chase: "You know we have written lessons every day. Your not being prepared to write is lack of forethought."

Bright Student: "No ma'm, it's lack of paper."

Joan Says:

Just like all other girls, my heart beats a little faster when I see the boys I know in the cadet uniform.

The Officers of the February Two-Year Commercial Class

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<i>Vice-President</i>	FLORENCE HAYES
<i>Secretary</i>	CLARA BOWER
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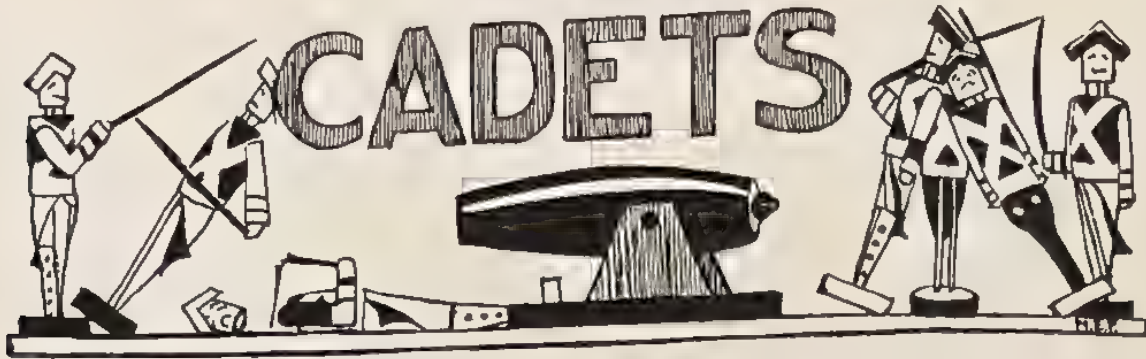
WILMA MARGARET SHIVELY

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HENCE

I delved deep in a musty trunk,
And brought forth treasures of the past—
My album and my year book, too.
My senior hat came out, at last;
The edges are all bent and torn;
The autographs have grown quite dim.
I wonder if that laughing girl
Could be the spinster grown so prim?

ERNESTINE BOTTS, '26

An easy math test now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.



THE ADJUTANT OF 1926

Everyone at Eastern is acquainted with the official publication of the Washington High School Cadet Corps, *The Adjutant*.

The Adjutant is the only magazine of its kind in existence. It has grown from a program of a few pages to a magazine of over a hundred pages, and is known all over the United States.

It is customary to appoint the brigade commander as editor-in-chief. This responsible position therefore falls to Colonel Andrus. The regimental commanders are appointed as literary editors. Major Raymond Talbert and Lieutenant Frank Kreglow have been appointed photographic editors and business manager, respectively.

The Adjutant is supervised by Miss Rebecca Shanley of Central. She and one assistant have until the past few years taken care of the adjutant work almost completely.

RESULTS OF THE WAR GAMES

The first war game, a company in attack problem, was played on Friday, January 15, between C and B companies. It was won by Company C.

The second game was played the next Friday between A Company and the Staff. A Company was winning the game without much trouble until one of the members made a blunder. As a result the Staff came out a winner.

The next one, however, between D Company and the Staff came out differently. The Staff was smothered under a withering fire and consequently lost the game.

A MYSTERY

If you have been startled lately by the clarion notes of a bugle blown somewhere in the school, do not be alarmed or even puzzled. The mystery is about to be explained.

The bugler is Private Herbert Cooper, of Company B, who has been detailed as battalion bugler in compliance with Major Payne's order. Private Cooper blows *First Call*, *Assembly*, and *Recall* every drill day.

ILLNESS IN THE FAMILY

Cadets returning from their Christmas vacation were surprised and disappointed at not finding either Mr. Schwartz or Major Payne at school to greet them.

Mr. Schwartz had a very narrow escape from pneumonia, but is back with us now, much to the relief and joy of everyone.

Major Payne who has been suffering from tonsillitis, is back at school again, much to the delight of the battalion which he so capably directs.

THE ADJUTANT CONTEST

The Adjutant announces its annual short story contest on subjects centering around military or cadet life.

The stories may not exceed three thousand words in length, but any number of stories may be submitted by one person. The prize is ten dollars' worth of books selected by the winner. Contestants are requested to sign fictitious names and to accompany stories with sealed envelopes containing the fictitious name and the real name.

Miss Henderson is supervising the contest at Eastern.



Judging from its activities during the past few months, the 1925-26 Debating Society seems to be the most successful one ever organized at Eastern. One of the recent events was a discussion on the subject "Resolved, that Washington is the most beautiful city in the world." At this meeting some very interesting motion pictures of the Capital City were shown.

George Roth was recently by unanimous vote made secretary upon Florence Painter's graduation.

The eminent trombonist, Robert Buck, who is a member of both band and orchestra, has joined the Army School of Music in order to gain more knowledge of music for the success of the orchestra and of the band. Both organizations are busy preparing for the inter-high school band and orchestra recital to be given at the School Superintendents' Convention which will be held during the week of February 22. The band will play in the morning under the direction of Major Hess of Technical High School; the orchestra will be heard in the evening with Mr. Ludwig Manoly wielding the baton.

"On your mark—ready, aim, fire!" The girls' rifle team rang up a bull's-eye victory over the strong Maryland University team. Score 494 to 491. Those on the team were: Helen Seitz, perfect score, 100; Leah Woods, captain, 99; Vutura Jarrett, manager, 99; Helen Terrel, 99; and Virginia Turner, 97. The team is soon to encounter the powerful George Washington team. Here's luck.

The club in conjunction with the Boys' Rifle Club gave a successful dance on January 15. The money obtained from the dance is being used to buy ammunition.

Members of the Glee Club participated in the singing of Dean Shure's cantata "Lincoln," under the direction of Dr. Edward Barnes on January 22 at the Washington Auditorium. This was a benefit performance.

The Dramatic Association is busy selecting the spring play. Several plays are now under discussion. Miss Monk seems to prefer a costume play.

The Friendship Club gave a joint supper with the other high school Friendship Clubs, in honor of the February graduates. Easterns' club loses by graduation several valued members. Among them are: Frances Galatzo, president; Marian Warfield, treasurer; Ernestine Botts, Hildegard Cook, Marie Ferri, Beulah Lovejoy, Anne Silverman, Wilma Shively, Florence Painter, Mary Carter, and Blanche Grimes. Katherine Albaugh has been elected president. Ruth Teates, vice-president and Elizabeth Clark, treasurer to fill the vacancies caused by graduation.

The club has made another manifestation of its good work in the adoption of Tommie, a four-year-old boy from the Central Mission. He is to be clothed by the club for a year, along with the little girl whom the club girls took under their wing last year.

On December 29, the girls of the Merrill Club gave a dance at the Grace Dodge Tea Hut. It was a success, both socially and financially. The music furnished by "Jimmy" Madison's renowned orchestra was one of the features of the evening. During the intermission "Al" Nicholson and "Bits" Rice gave several snappy interpretations of the Charleston.

(Continued on page 33)

Faculty Notes

There have been some interesting social affairs among the faculty in the last two months.

The Emporium, a secret society among the faculty, held its annual dinner at the Association of American University Women on Saturday, January 9. The speakers of the evening were the Misses Walter, Milliken, Dent, and Johnson. Miss Bucknam presided. The Emporium is a secret society which has a queen 'n' everything. It is a mysterious affair about which we have been able to find out almost nothing.

Miss Watts, assistant principal, held a tea for the faculty on Saturday, January 16, at her home.

Miss Bucknam and Miss Johnson were also at home to the faculty on New Year's Day.

The Faculty gave Miss Louise Smith, clerk of the office, a shower on Friday afternoon, January 15, in Room 302. Miss Smith was presented with a large treasure chest tied with white ribbons and filled with gifts. Refreshments were served. The marriage of Miss Smith to Mr. Robert R. Mull will take place this month.

Miss Violet Franz is visiting her brother in Los Angeles. She has been gone since the beginning of the Christmas holidays, and owing to a severe illness has not yet returned.

Over one-fourth of our beloved faculty has bobbed hair. Think of it! That, of course, excludes the masculine members, although it has been rumored that Mr. Schwartz is seriously thinking of letting his hair grow out again. Why, we remember when we were in the sophomore class and bobbed hair was all the "rage." Then, it was considered that a teacher, like Samson of old, lost her dignity, influence, and strength (figuratively speaking) by bobbing her hair. It is now said that she adds to these qualities by it! It is hard to convince some people. It took a long

time to convince Miss Walter, but we were very proud of the result. The latest converts are Miss Monk and Miss Taylor. We are gathering all reserve nerve to ask Miss Gardner if she is considering it. We asked Miss Underwood. She said that she would be the last one to fall; and when we asked Miss Franz, *she* said, "Never!"—just like that! So, Miss Underwood will never have her hair cut; and it will all be the fault of Miss Franz, because if Miss Franz never has it done, Miss Underwood could not be the last, could she? In other words, "x" is equal to "y" if "b" equals "n."

HE JUST MISUNDERSTOOD

Over the registration desk the little freshman bent,
And on his registration card some concentration spent.
The date of birth, the month, the day, the city and the state,
The present residence, the 'phone, the registration date.
He filled them out with wavering pen, 'til suddenly he came

To one large blank, which labelled was,
"Father's or Mother's name."
And when the freshman came to this, he did not hesitate;
Poor, homesick lad! he even smiled, and wrote, at rapid rate
(I hate to tell you what, for it must wake your jeer and gibe)
"Papa and Mama" in that space that freshman did inscribe!

—ELISE A. SCHARF, '27.

ALUMNI



The Eastern Club, an organization composed of Eastern Alumni now attending George Washington University, recently elected officers. Mortimer Davenport, who finished at Eastern in '24, was chosen president. Other officers elected were: Pauline Babp, vice-president; Freeman Sharp, secretary-treasurer; Elizabeth Lindsay, corresponding secretary; William Roudabush, sergeant-at-arms. About thirty-five former Eastern students belong to this club, which was organized to sponsor the old Eastern spirit at George Washington.

Clarence Le Roy Parker Jr., Eastern '20, has been appointed assistant managing director of the "Troubadours," student dramatic club at George Washington University. Mr. Parker is in the third year of his law course at George Washington University and is also a graduate of Princeton.

With the February Class of 1925.

At Normal:

Frances Dement, Ella Ford, Marjorie Firor (president of Pianists' Club), Mary Heslet, Eva Horvath, Margaret Koontz (Junior Secretary of Students' Council), Elizabeth Newsom, Beatrice Swain.

Katherine Rives is Junior Associate Editor of the *Normal News* and Fern Painter is one of the Senior Associate Editors.

Lillian Bell is employed at Woodward and Lothrop's Department Store.

Helen Gray is employed at the American Fidelity Storage Company.

Theodore Smith and Ernest Parker are attending the University of Maryland.

Charles Miller is attending Strayer's Business College.

Irving Yockleson is now at George Washington University.

Norman Van Der Linden, '25, recently married Ethel Tolson, a former Easternite.

Here and There

It pleases us to learn of the success of an old schoolmate of ours at Syracuse University. George F. Kern, '23, has been elected to membership in Tau Beta Pi, the honorary engineering fraternity. One Junior is elected each year and the man elected is the one who has the highest scholastic standing as well as general all-around ability.

William Clementson, '24, who is now attending George Washington University, recently took part in a play given by the Thomas Herbert Stock Company at the Wardman Park Theater. "Billy" was the leading lover in "Go Easy, Mabel."

With the June Class of 1925.

Dorothy Walker is attending Steward's Business College.

John Bowman is keeping "Doc" Burch company at the Georgetown Medical School.

Ruth Davis is a bookkeeper at Woodward and Lothrop's.

Mildred, "Midgie," Crews is now at Lynchburg College.

Through Herbert Angel, last year's editor of the *EASTERNER*, a student paper has been established at Strayer's, with Herbert as editor.

Deaths

The death of Mrs. Julia Ruff Rice, '12, which occurred on December 29, brings sorrow to the teachers and alumni of Eastern who knew her and admired her high qualities of mind and spirit. They sympathize deeply with her husband, Dr. E. Clarence Rice, '12, and her many friends in their bereavement.



Just before St. Valentine's day I began to read the exchanges that had piled up since the last issue. Before I had finished the Athletic Number of *Science and Craft* I had decided to use the exchanges as my personal valentines this year, and I put my idea into effect at once. Being a little selfish, I kept *Science and Craft* for myself and sent *The Mirror* to the Joke Editor with the hopes that he would read the jokes and leave the rest of the exchanges alone long enough for me to see what they look like.

The rest of the magazines I decided would be made into a perfect valentine, using the best in each one. Little did I think at that time of what was before me! The picture was supplied by *The Magpie*; the arrangement and general makeup was furnished by *The Forum* without any question; the poem was borrowed from *Helios*. To the *Eastern Echo* was the delivery entrusted with the hopes that it will bring as much pleasure to the receiver as its arrival brings us.

All the other magazines supplied doubt and uneasiness to the Exchange Editor. I began to wonder whether I should have taken the poem from the *Onas*, or the picture from *The Forum*; and before long I did not even know whether I had sent it to the right person or not. However, exchange editors are queer persons, and I shall probably recover.

Before leaving valentines, I wish to offer this issue of the *EASTERNER* as our valentine to all the exchange editors with whom we have had the pleasure of exchanging magazines.

Ed was taking his best girl out for a ride. After riding a while, she remarked with a sigh, "Isn't the moon a peach?"

Ed replied: "If you don't like this Buick you can get out and walk."—*Langley Pilot*.

"O would the power, the Gifflie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us."

The stories are well written and the jokes are really funny. We surmise that there are many poets at the school, for the poems in the magazine were very rhythmic. Perhaps we should also mention the fact that a girl is the editor.—*Tech Life*—Tech H. S., Washington, D. C.

You publish an excellent magazine. Your humor is very funny. We also enjoyed reading the suggestions for the improvement of our Exchange Department.—*The Western Breeze*.—W. H. S., Washington, D. C.

Your magazine certainly is a success. Keep it up. It is good work.—*Science and Craft*—Crane Tech H. S., Chicago, Ill.

True love is like a lame kangaroo—it knoweth no bounds.—*Ring-tum Phi*.

* * *

Student, in English class:

"After Milton's wife died, he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"—*Iroquois*.

* * *

"They also serve who only stand and wait," proves that they had cafeterias even in Milton's time.—*Eagle*.

* * *

Teacher: "What do you mean here in your story where you speak of a 'rugged floor'?"

Pupil: "With a carpet on it, of course!"

—*Central Review*.

* * *

Student (to grocer): "You shouldn't sprinkle spinach with water."

Grocer: "And why not?"

Student (earnestly): "Because there's 109 per cent of iron in it and it will rust."

—*Central Review*.

PENS THAT HAVE ACHIEVED

(Continued from page 9)

is preparing *The Story of Iron*. Mr. Davis is the managing editor of the scientific publication, *Science Service*.

A well-known Eastern teacher who has written articles in *School Life* and contributed to the juvenile paper, *A Child's Garden*, is Rosemary Arnold who in her high school days filled a high position on the EASTERNER staff.

While at Eastern, Charles Trueman Latham of 1920 wrote many beautiful poems which were printed in the EASTERNER. He was also poet of the graduating class. Recently his poetry has been compiled into a volume.

Eastern feels justly proud of her sons and daughters who through their pens have added further luster to her name. May the succeeding classes uphold her literary standards as nobly as those who have gone before; and may her ideals be sent a little farther, and her blue and white raised a little higher, through their achievements.

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

(Continued from page 16)

the facts to the President, who surprised the old man by telling him to thrash the boys soundly if he caught them there again.

The beautiful mahogany staircase used by the President's family would offer a temptation to children the world over. The Roosevelt children were no exceptions. One day the President happened to come in just as one of the boys was sliding down the slippery rail. When the youngster reached the bottom, the President ushered him into an adjoining room and reprimanded him in no uncertain manner.

President Roosevelt always enjoyed watch-

ing the people at the annual egg-rolling on Easter Monday. On one occasion when the President was out watching the throngs, his son was tempted by the railing on the south portico. After repeatedly telling the youngster to stop climbing, but with no results, his father gave him a shaking, much to the delight of the crowds who had watched the performance.

These are some of the traditions and tales which have attached themselves to the White House through the century and a quarter of its existence. Could its old walls speak, from every nook and corner, methinks, would come the whisper, "I could a tale unfold."

ORGANIZATIONS

(Continued from page 29)

During the Christmas holidays several members of the club presented, at the Friendship House, a short farce in one act, entitled, "Irene Obliges." The actors in the play were: Myrtle Posey, Nellie Dalrymple, and Edward Andrus. Virginia Barrett and Edward Finlayson gave an Irish jig. The proceeds of the performance were donated to the Friendship House.

Miss Dent: "Blanks, take that funny grin off your face."

Blanks: "Sorry, Miss Dent, but I didn't bring my false face."

1st Boy: "In that question in the test, I had no idea what she was getting at, and when I did understand, it took me five minutes to think about it before I could do anything."

2nd Boy: "Rats—that's Burke."

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WASHINGTON D.C.

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A Gentleman of Great Importance

EVELYN M. BURNS, '26

"Aw, Nan, come on. Don't go to that old party. Stay home and we'll go over to Old Miller's. Dave said we might use Lady Dora, and the snow's fine."

"Don't be silly, Laurie. We can go sleighing any time and the Madisons celebrate St. Valentine's only once a year. And get your feet out of the way so I can get down the steps."

Nan Bradley gave Laurie a shove to which he elastically rebounded. Laurie banged his right fist emphatically into his left palm.

"Now, Nan, listen to the logic of this. It is a glorious night. New fallen snow. Stars. Sleigh drawn across snow by Lady Dora. Bells jingling. Hot coffee and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, and old Miller telling of his great deeds. You will be doing an act of charity by visiting old Miller and will have a darn good time as well. Now why do you want to shut yourself up with a lot of dumbbells and listen to how scandalously Julie Dean is flirting with Harold Browning and——"

"Oh, come off, Laurie! Go content yourself on maple syrup, while I dance to divine music. You'd come, too, if you had two grains of sense. Goodbye—I'm going."

Nan slipped under Laurie's arm and out into the street.

It was a glorious night. Madisons' house up the street sent lights out far over the snow; and, though a block away, Nan could hear the revelry.

Nan hurried toward the gaiety, and amid the merry greetings soon forgot Laurie's night outside. When Nan came in, the crowd was busy matching paper hearts to find partners and laughing at the results. Nan took her "heart" and began her search.

While the confusion was reigning, a late arrival was heard in the hall.

"Bring him in, Nan; he's yours. The rest of us are all set. Let's see what you drew," shouted Harvey Simons.

Nan gaily ran out into the hall and brought in Vincent Shawn, the first boy in Roselawn to wear a fur coat.

Vincent was far in advance of the men's style and was now wearing the sort of tie the other boys would be wearing two months hence.

Nan was quite glad of her luck in drawing the prize package, as Vincent was considered by the other girls.

During the remainder of the evening Nan thought little of the dancing and anticipated the walk home with her lily youth. And to Nan it was most delightful, for Vincent was well up on all the doings of Broadway.

"Deuced sorry we must walk. Car in shop, you know," he had said on starting home. But Nan assured him her home was not far and the night was lovely for walking. And joy of joys, he asked if he might call some evening!

Nan began, from the instant Vincent bade good-night, to count the minutes before seeing him again. In Nan's mind, Laurie—who-lived-next-door grew quite equal to nothing compared with the Apollo-like Vincent.

"Laurie, you might be more careful. Your hair's always falling in your eyes and your coats are never snug. Why don't you get things to fit? Now Vincent——." And poor Laurie was in for a beautiful sermon.

Finally the wonder night arrived; and Laurie, of course, was on hand to see the "bird in the animal scenery." He was quite determined to see the man in the much-talked-of fur coat, and withstood Nan's hints valiantly.

Suddenly Laurie whooped loudly so that Nan, who had been arranging the music, ran to the window where Laurie kept guard.

"Wait a minute, Nan," cautioned Laurie. "I'd better break the news gently."

"Silly, let me see what made you yell like

(Continued on page 18)

Make-Up and Make-Believe

LAURA K. BARRETT, '26

What is more fascinating than turning the pages of an old scrap book and dreaming over its contents—especially when that book happens to hold the programs, pictures, and clippings of Eastern's nearly forgotten dramatic triumphs?

Thirty years ago Easternites thrilled to the lure of the stage as many of them do today. Their plays were less pretentious, perhaps, but every bit as spirited.

Shakespeare seems to have interested us from the beginning, for among the first presentations we find reference to certain scenes from his plays. Soon after, there is record of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*, modified to suit Dr. De Witt Croissant and Mr. Bertram Foster. From our knowledge of these two gentlemen, we imagine that the plays lost nothing in liveliness through their efforts. *Twelfth Night* was the first Shakespearean play presented in its entirety by a Washington high school. And our latest attempts at Shakespeare were scenes from *Macbeth* presented by last semester's English VIII classes.

Perhaps Eastern's first outstanding success was the presentation of *The Rivals* in 1898. To two of the members of the cast this proved but the beginning of their life work. Both Laura Eichelberger and Wallace Worsley have continued as actors from that time.

On a yellow page of the old scrap book there is a fascinating picture, characters that might have stepped from the pages of *Alice in Wonderland*—and so they prove to be. On the next page are clippings and an old program. Lucky Easternites of 1909, who really saw Lew Carroll's charming characters come to life!

Here are more interesting pictures, and the program proclaims them to be from *The Twig of Thorns*, "an Irish fairy play in two acts"—Irish, indeed, from the pictures! Here's a colleen sitting by the stone fireplace

with her spinning, and there is a fairy in the room—surely basis enough for a delightful play.

Next there are pictures from *Holly Tree Inn*, familiar to all of us from its recent Christmas performance. Interesting to be able to compare the two, but impossible; so let's go on.

And 1913 brings an unusual undertaking, *König Drosselbart*, in German, and yet so good was the acting that it was understood easily.

In the cast of the 1914 Spring Play, *A Knight of King Arthur's Court*, we find a few names that are somewhat familiar to us—Walter Graves and Wallace Yater.

An outstanding event of the period was the first Shakespearean pageant in 1916. Each high school presented scenes from different plays, Eastern's contribution being the fairy scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. As in the more recent 1923 pageant, the Eastern freshmen and sophomore dancers offered the loveliest scenes of all.

Robina in Search of a Husband brings us up to quite modern times. Here it is that "Teddy" Tenley begins to come into prominence in Eastern dramatics. Gladys Belfield, who played the lead in this play, is one of the most talented girls ever to appear on an Eastern stage.

The next year, 1922, will probably be remembered by many now in school. In the cast of *The Amazons* appeared such stars as Mildred Boynton, John McInerney, "Teddy" Tenley, Jesse Phares, Catherine Brown, and Marian Hall. The three manly sisters and the French and English character parts were some of the funniest ever seen at Eastern. This was the last Spring Play presented on the stage in the old building. The dingy green curtain, the crowded little dressing rooms are now things of the past. That old auditorium has never been seen by some of

(Continued on page 25)

Prattle and Peggy

GEORGE ROTH, '26

Even at the biggest "frat" dance of the season, with its lights, its music, its gaiety, and its fun, Peggy was obviously bored. She tried for a full hour to endure it—the dances with some silly boy, the "lines" of the silly boys, and the line of silly boys, each of whom waited his turn to display his line.

"What's the matter, Peggy?" inquired Bob, her brother, who had rushed home from his western college with Reed, a college friend, had seen Reed comfortably established with friends, and then had rushed home only to be dragged to the big "frat" dance.

"This is a great dance, yet you act as though it were a great funeral. I am afraid," he added, his eyes twinkling, yet his face taking on a paternal expression, "that my little sister is becoming quite blasé."

"O Bob, don't be silly. You know how I love to dance, and your common sense will tell you this music is fine. The boys are the things that get on my nerves," answered Peg, disgustingly.

"Well I'll—What's the matter with them? Same crowd you've been going with the past two years. Now there's Frank. You seem—"

"Oh, stop. Frank's like all the rest. They're all a bunch of grown-up babies with no more idea of real life than that saxophone moaning over there. Look how they flock around that Stewart girl. Honestly, what the boys see in her is more than I can fathom," answered Peg.

"You aren't jealous, are you Peg?" asked Bob.

Peggy gave a short, forced laugh.

"Jealous? Of her? No, Bob. I have no feelings for her. For the boys, I have one—disgust. What they can see in a girl who talks in that affected baby prattle and acts like a two-year-old, is beyond my comprehension."

"Good-night, Peggy! You're in some

mood this evening. Guess I'll be shuffling," grinned her brother.

For a moment Peggy's eyes sparkled. "Wait a minute, Bob. Who is that boy over there? Yes, the tall, handsome one with the dark hair," asked Peggy, suddenly becoming interested.

"I wonder," answered Bob. "Why?"

"I've been watching him whenever I've been able to get the chance," responded his sister, "and I'm certain he is different. I notice he is the only one unenchanted by the sorcery of Mae Stewart's tongue."

"That's probably because he's never met her," put in Bob with a discouraging smile.

"Well, I'm willing to bet I'm right. Listen. You manage to let me meet him and then I'll play my cards. I'll affect Mae's baby talk, give him a good dose of it, and see if he doesn't respond in my way. I'll show you he can be disgusted," plotted Peggy.

"Nonsense, Peg," answered Bob. "But I'll take you up. I have a plan by which you will get a chance to speak to him before the evening is over."

"Wait a minute. How many will be in on our secret?" asked Peggy.

"Only one other. Reed, my college chum, probably knows him. I'll see that you'll meet him all right."

"Done," answered Peggy enthusiastically. "Remember, it's our secret and Reed's!"

At that moment a laughing crowd swooped down upon the two plotters, sending them in opposite directions on the dance floor. It was not until the third dance later that Peggy saw her brother laughing and chatting gayly with the gentleman of her interest.

"Bob's clever," she thought. "Why, the two are talking and laughing like brothers."

She walked over to the pair and interrupted them in the middle of a seemingly amusing conversation, during which both

boys were laughing. As Bob caught sight of her, however, the grin faded and he assumed a very formal attitude.

"H'lo Bob. Tired of dancing?" ventured Peggy.

"I don't know. May I present Mr. Reading, Peggy? My sister Peggy, Mr. Reading."

"How do oo do, Mr. Weading," said Peggy, bravely.

Bob stood stock still for a moment, rather surprised at her whirlwind tactics.

"Fine, thank you, Miss Randall," answered Reading.

"I've just been dying all evening to meet a deat big mans 'ike oo. How do oo 'ike the party?"

Bob was too near convulsions to remain any longer. "Excuse me please," he said. "This dance is 'too good to miss. See you later."

The absence of her brother made Peggy feel decidedly weakened in her attempt, but a thought of the bet responded to the game spirit within her, and she continued bravely.

"Tell me, Mr. Man: Do oo really like this dwedful party?" Peg inquired, employing all the arts that had made Mae Stewart a social figure.

"Tell you the truth, Miss Randall, I didn't, but now that I've met you I am beginning to think it's a whale of a success," replied Mr. Reading.

This remark was rather a sad blow to the plotting Peggy. She had hoped he would excuse himself and leave her, thereby showing his disgust. But to her dismay he seemed charmed with her manner.

"Oh, don't call me that please. I'm just li'l Peggy. Don't forget."

"And I'm Jack."

So "li'l Peggy" and "deat big man" continued their conversation throughout the dance. Much to Peggy's concealed disgust, Reading seemed to become more fascinated every moment by her childish prattle—so much so that he insisted upon spending the major part of the next two days in her company. During this time Peggy continued her experiment. On the morning of the third day

as Peggy and Jack were ready for a round of tennis, Peggy stopped him. Under the cooling shade of the big oak, she confessed the whole affair, adding almost in tears, "and I've failed. I did expect more from you, though."

"Well," said Jack, a playful light in his frank eyes, "as confessions seem to be in order, I have one to make as well as you. In the first place, the matter of my name might as well be cleared up now. It's Reed, not Reading. You see, I'm Jack Reed; your brother's college chum."

A delightful little ripple of laughter fell from the lips of Peggy.

"Bob said he'd tell only Jack Reed, and you're——"

"Yes," responded the culprit, his eyes filled with the pleading of a hurt child.

Peggy jumped from the bank on which she was sitting, and with a happy little laugh ran in the direction of the courts.

"Beat oo to the courts, oo deat big man," she cried.

A COMPOSITE COMPOSITION

(Miss Wood had her first, second, and third semester music classes write compositions on Handel. The following is a composite piece of literature setting forth the brilliant ideas concerning this great man according to our young hopefuls.—Compiled by Pauline Roth.)

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

Handel was born during his early childhood.

He had musical proclivities, whatever they are.

One night when he was seven years old his father heard sounds descending the stairs. It was George playing on a muzzled piano.

He put him under a teacher named Zachan.

He went to Hamburg, he went to Italy, and he went to England. And then he went blind as he was attacked by a cataract. But this did not stop his work. His death did that.

He was buried in Westminster where he remains to this day.

Faculty School Days

JOSEPHINE TREMAIN, '26

It is said by many that college days are the happiest days of life. The people who have not reached those days are apt to be skeptical about the truth of that statement when they hear of the hard work one must do in college. But the student who thinks he is overburdened with work has lost some of the spirit of youth, for it is characteristic of young people to enjoy congenial work. Likewise the student who forever keeps his nose in a textbook has lost some of that spirit, for it is equally characteristic of youth to delight in fun. Every age has its fun in college, and our faculty is no exception.

The tales told by some of the faculty members about their college life seem astonishingly inconsistent with the dignified mien in which we see them now. If you had a hard time guessing the babies in the last issue, you'll never guess the teachers by their pranks; so we shall label the anecdotes.

Miss Bucknam tells about a "Fresh-Air Fund," which was raised by the girls at her table in the dining-room at Wisconsin University. One winter they advertised with elaborate posters the coming of a minstrel show to be given for charitable purposes, as would be supposed from the words, "benefit of the Fresh-Air Fund." Admission was six cents for adults and three for children.

On the appointed night a gay throng crowded the gymnasium where the performance was to be held. It was a strange throng, too. There was a quartette of students disguised as a farmer, his wife, and two children. The youngsters had a candy cane between them which was the object of a continued quarrel. A black-faced group appeared at the door, and ascended a ladder to "nigger heaven," where they amused themselves by throwing peanuts down upon the other spectators. When the curtain was drawn, Miss Bucknam appeared as Aunt Dinah. She carried in her hand an enormous carving knife which she wielded vigor-

ously as she brought down the house with the old song, "Carve Dat Possum." Needless to say, the show was a great success.

One beautiful, snowy day shortly afterward, a sleigh drew up to the door of the "dorm," and the "minstrels" filed in. Responding to the shower of questions poured upon them by the other girls, they shouted gaily as they drove off, "This is the result of the 'Fresh-Air Fund!'"

George Washington University has offered its share of fun. Miss Hazelton had a chemistry professor there who wore a wig. Now, wigs are dangerous articles, for you never can tell what they may do. One day there was an explosion in the laboratory, and the wig blew off, much to the consternation of its owner and the amusement of the class.

A group of George Washington girls, among them Miss Johnson, decided that a goat would add to the excitement of their sorority initiations; so they purchased a toy one that was somewhat shopworn. There was no end to the merriment as each candidate for membership in the society was made to ride the goat around the room. This goat met a sad fate, however. He was carefully stowed away in somebody's closet where he provided shelter and food for dozens of moths, so that when he came out of hiding the next year he was a pitiful sight. There wasn't a bit of hair left on the poor animal, and, consequently, he was relegated to the ash heap for the rest of his days.

Wellesley College is celebrated for its ice carnivals. Miss Birtwell tells about how beautiful the lake is when it is frozen over and the surface gleams with reflections of the myriad lights festooned along the shore. A band adds flavor to the occasion, and all the girls are out to enjoy the sport. One spring day each year the seniors plant a tree. A part of the ceremony is a dancing pageant in the picturesque, natural amphitheatre. Only the

(Continued on page 25)

Why Study Physics?

Do you want to know the reason why? Most girls and boys are naturally curious, and they also like to take things apart to see what is inside, and to learn what makes them go. Physics always asks "why?" and "what makes it go?" and "how is it related to other things that go?" So, if you are curious about things around you—telephone (just fifty years old last month), trolley car, lightning, thunder, rainbow, why "heat" rises, why ice is transparent and snow is white, why the wind whistles, what's in a vacuum—try the course in physics, and find out how much you can learn about some of the processes and things that too many people just take for granted, or if they do ask the reason why, think they have an answer when some one says "it is natural."

What is "Nature"? Don't you want to learn more about this wonderful "Nature" that is all about you? Suppose Archimedes had not been curious about why some things float and others do not, how could we now design great ships and know to an inch how deep they will float before they are launched? If Torricelli and Pascal had not wanted to know more about the atmosphere, at the bottom of which people had been living for ages, we should not have the barometer, could not forecast the weather, or navigate airships. If Kelvin had not studied the capacity of condensers, we should not have had the Atlantic cable. If Joseph Henry had not made the first electromagnet at Albany, Samuel Morse could not have sent the first telegraph message from Washington. Henry laid the foundation; Morse built upon it. What about radio? Who made it? Marconi, you will answer. But who laid the foundation? Michael Faraday, James Clark Maxwell, and Heinrich Hertz. How many of you think of them when you "listen in"? Can you not understand a thing better the more you know of the foundations on which it rests? Can you know *all* about an automobile without knowing a little about Charles'

law of gases, and the relation between the pressure and volume of a gas expressed in Boyle's law? Huxley said science is clarified common sense, and Mark Twain said common sense is the most uncommon thing in the world. But science is remaking our world; so it can do no harm, but on the contrary much good, to know more about this "clarified common sense" and have more people make use of it in their lives every day, by learning what is meant by scientific method and scientific spirit.

We can learn this method and get this spirit by always trying to look at all sides of every problem, by giving every new thing or method a fair trial before we say it is not good, by thinking and working with integrity, patience and thoroughness, and by always remembering that there will be many things that we cannot fully understand now, but which will grow clearer and clearer as we live on, with our minds and hearts ever open to receive the new truth. Remember, too, that scientific method is the same for mathematics, Latin or English, as it is for physics, and that the more you carry out this method, the more good work you will accomplish in your studies now, and in your life hereafter.

Finally, think upon what some of the Eastern students who are now taking the course say about it:

"Even to read, intelligently, a newspaper, these days requires that one be familiar with the phenomena treated in physics."

"Since I have had one semester of physics I find that physics is not a study to be thought of in Room 5, Eastern High School, alone, but is closely connected to all my classes and to my life outside of school."

"Physics is a very interesting and worthwhile science, and should be studied by every high school pupil. It will aid him through his mental ability to think out things for himself."

DR. J. J. ROTHERMEL.

Semester Honors: September, 1925—February, 1926

Eighth Semester

First Honors:

Mary J. Carter
 Nellie E. Dalrymple
 Wilma M. Shively
 Josephine Tremain
 Marian E. Warfield
 William C. Lambert
 Samuel Letvin
 Robert Mullen
 Frank E. Scrivener
 Alpheus L. Walter

Seventh Semester

First Honors:

Frances Arnold
 Betty Basim
 Mary Beach
 Oneda M. Brown
 Helen R. Bryan
 Elizabeth H. Clarke
 Mary Clarke
 Mildred C. Conklin
 Edith G. Davis
 Miriam C. Fort
 Elizabeth A. Barr
 A. Laura Haynie
 Margaret T. Hoover
 Elizabeth R. Miller
 Marian Pauli
 Myrtle C. Posey
 Jessie M. Parks
 Nola C. Sanborn
 Alice H. Saunders
 Dorothy M. Schenken
 Andrew B. Drum
 Perrin H. Lowrey
 Evan H. Tucker

Sixth Semester

First Honors:

Florence V. Barron
 Margaret E. Brower
 Virginia Coffman
 Eleanor H. Froehlich
 Julia Hoopes
 Marjorie Keim
 Julia E. Wayland
 Pauline C. Walther
 Ronald F. Brown

Fifth Semester

First Honors:

James M. Brearley
 George Butler
 Harold Curran

H. Leigh Ronning
 Virginia Barrett
 Mabel Bell
 Ellice De Forest
 Gertrude Effenbach
 Merlene Everett
 Eleanor Hoffman
 Hilda E. Koontz
 Margaret Peed
 Katherine E. Simons
 Louise P. Wildman
 Leah V. Woods

Fourth Semester

First Honors:

Isadore Matthews
 Dorothy B. Allen
 Louise Turner
 Mary H. Yowell

Third Semester

First Honors:

Barbara Virginia
 Daiker
 Evelyn Eller
 Neva Enia
 Pickford Beryl Hackley
 Esther Lucille Hackley
 Lyla Rosamond Moss
 Louise Perkins
 Virginia Renalds
 Elsie Seay
 Theodore Bishoff
 James Stratton Dietz
 John Wayne Hisle
 Robert Knorr
 Chester Pyles
 Howard Everett Rhine
 Clyde C. Richardson
 James Smith
 James Straton
 Ralph W. Watt

Second Semester

First Honors:

Dorothy Ashford
 Virginia Brown Cooke
 Natale Caponite
 Estelle Kathryn Dunnington
 Lillian Groves
 Louise Carroll Meads
 Cornelia Grace Mullenax
 Lula Grace Olmstead
 Edna May Robinette

Winifred Rush
 Ruth Stewart
 Frances Thomas
 Ruby Thomas
 Edwin Alan Ross

First Semester

First Honors:

Bernadette Catherine
 Achstetter
 Elizabeth Bequette
 Mary Cynthia Eldridge
 Marion Elizabeth Flick
 Thelma Louise Geigenberger
 Jean Hoch
 Esther Fillamie Hughes
 Nina Gwendolyn Rusk
 Genevieve Seville Spence
 Helen Marjorie Swick
 Lucile Virginia Tucker
 Frederick Stewart

Eighth Semester

Second Honors:

Hildegard Cook
 Florence M. Painter
 Edward D. Andrus
 Francis W. Holmes
 Lester M. Swingle

Seventh Semester

Second Honors:

Thelma Ammonette
 Mary J. Burns
 Beulah Freeman
 Ruth H. Hamilton
 Eleanor B. Johnson
 Frances M. Roberts
 Bertha B. Schwartz
 Bertie May Talbert
 Carl O. Hoffman
 Albert B. Nicholson
 Joel Reznick
 Walter F. Rhine

Sixth Semester

Second Honors:

Kathryn E. Clark
 Eleanor M. Harvey
 Russell B. Davis
 John L. Quinn
 Elmer H. Whitney

Fifth Semester

Second Honors:

Edgar Y. Gilchrist

Margaret E. Cook
 Ruth G. Floor
 Margaret Herold
 Veturia Jarrett
 Margaret G. Mowbray
 Margaret Woods

Fourth Semester

Second Honors:

George H. Clark
 Esther Belnick
 Sylvia Gibson
 Grace M. Green
 Edith C. Kessler
 Dorothy Lawrence

Third Semester

Second Honors:

Doris Ruth Bishop
 Roberta Marie Kissel
 Pauline Patton
 Irene Swan
 Charles Louis Critchfield
 Samuel Robert Hooke
 Joseph Lare
 Jesse Stein

Second Semester

Second Honors:

Frances Marie Flood
 Frances Hain Germand
 Rosalie Jensine Goodhart
 Ruth McKinney
 Ida E. Parker
 Esther Rose Saldman
 Marie Gladys Wilcox
 William Crovo

First Semester

Second Honors:

Ethel Pasco Alexander
 Catherine Eva Bixler
 Frances Aldine Gardner
 Edith Miller Manning
 Dorothy Louise McCrone
 Marion Shirley Phelps
 Nina Powell Stoops
 Elizabeth Matthews
 Thorn
 Theodore Stanley Entwistle

Medals Awarded

Gold:

Josephine Tremain
 Wilma Shively
 William Lambert

Enameled:

Nellie E. Dalrymple
 Florence V. Barron
 Margaret E. Brower

Eleanor H. Froehlich
 Julia Hoopes
 Marjorie Keim
 Julia E. Wayland

Silver:

Marian Warfield
 Mary Hester Yowell
 Isadore Matthews

Pauline C. Walther
 Mildred A. Conklin
 Frank E. Scrivener

Bronze:

Alpheus L. Walter
 Robert Mullen
 Virginia Coffman
 Ronald F. Brown

Bronze Medals:

Natale Caponite
 Virginia Brown Cooke
 Estelle Kathryn Dunnington
 Louise Carroll Meads
 Cornelia Grace Mullenax
 Lula Grace Olmstead
 Edwin Allan Ross

SOLVED—THE PUZZLE OF THE CENTURY

Last month we published the baby pictures of our faculty with the idea of having our readers guess the names. Here is the solution:

1. Miss Arnold.
2. Miss Watts.
3. Miss Egbert.
4. Mr. Flury.
5. Mr. Hart.

6. Miss Monk.
7. Miss Hawes.
8. Mr. Shorts.
9. Miss Bucknam.
10. Mrs. Byram.
11. Mr. Rick.
12. Mr. Haworth.
13. Miss Knee.
14. Miss Milliken.
15. Miss Lohman.



Editorials



THE SPRING PLAY AND COOPERATION

The recent production of *Arms and the Man* furnishes a splendid example of the great success achieved through cooperation. To those outsiders who witnessed the performance, it might seem solely the work of the cast and coaches. This, however, is not altogether true. These people do deserve an enormous amount of credit, but the final success was contributed to by practically the whole school. Of course, the work done by the stage hands was of paramount importance.

Then there were the classes in journalistic writing and oral English which took charge of publicity. Their efforts resulted in the large attendance on both nights. Mrs. Byram's orchestra added much to the production with its selections from *The Chocolate Soldier*. The art department was responsible for the picturesque posters. Mr. Flinn's boys printed the tickets and programs. The domestic science girls made and sold candy. The bank took charge of the sale of tickets.

In one way or another, the whole school assisted in the final triumph, for even those who were not on committees did their duty by attending the play, thus inspiring the actors to do their best.

Thus with the cooperation of the entire school the Spring Play of 1926 has entered the pages of history as one of our greatest dramatic successes.

L. K. B.

SNAP OUT OF IT!

All pupils above the first semester have discovered, no doubt, that high school is a

place of joy and fun with a reasonable share of hard knocks and disappointments thrown in.

How often our most cherished dreams of school life tumble into the valley of disillusionment! How frequently do we grasp for something really worth while, only to have it slip from between our fingers.

There is nothing more injurious or foolish than the futile brooding over lost opportunities or broken hopes. The shattered dreams of today only make the golden visions of tomorrow nearer the attainment. Even if you feel as blue as a jazz song, laugh off the grouch, and enter your activities with new vigor and new resolve.

G. R.

CHOOSE YOUR HOBBY

The education outside of the classroom is just as important a part of your schooling as that acquired in the formally conducted class.

School work for us is the "vocation," and the extra curricular activities are our "avocations."

At Eastern our extra-curricular activities cover a field wide enough to please the most exacting tastes. Dramatics, journalism, athletics, art, science, target practice, social work, language, debating, music—all are included in our list of activities.

Surely from among these you'll find a hobby to please you.

Choose your activity and support it loyally. It helps round out your education and raises the value of your school, and your value to the school.

E. M. B.



Dramatics

The recent success scored by the Spring Play well repaid the time spent in the production of it.

Bernard Shaw's well-known comedy was executed with a finish worthy of a professional company.

The actors responsible for the success constituted a double cast.

Raina, Myrtle Posey, Nellie Dalrymple; Catherine, Mary Burns, Betty Basim; Louka, Roberta Harrison, Beryl Edmiston; Bluntchli, Billy Heintz, Albert Nicholson; Sergius, Edward Andrus, Kingsland Prender; Major Petkoff, George Finger, James Willey; Nicola, Eldred Wilson, Carl Hoffman. Alpheus Walter was stage manager.

The Band

The band, aided immeasurably by Mr. Ludwig Manoly, is progressing rapidly. Two cornets and two saxophones have been added recently. Besides the regular Thursday afternoon practice, the boys have been performing in the assembly hall during the lunch periods once each week, on Tuesday. And now that good weather is approaching, the band is planning to practice and hold regular concerts in the stadium.

At the recent dedication of the new Western High School Auditorium, Eastern's band was a featured attraction. The music made such a hit with the Western students that they refused to leave the hall until the band had played several encores.

Playing at games, at assemblies, and on special occasions, the Eastern band is a prominent organization, backed both by fac-

ulty and students, and no boy with a knowledge of any band instrument could do more for his school than become a member of it.

Orchestra

The orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Byram, added greatly to the success of our Spring Play. Since *Arms and the Man*, by Bernard Shaw, has a musical version, "the Chocolate Soldier," selections from this were played.

Glee Club

The Cantata, *Lincoln*, presented by the Glee Club before the student body some time ago, was received with as much enthusiasm as the Paul Revere cantata of last year. At the March Home and School meeting, tremendous success was achieved by the interpretation of "Allah's Holiday."

Boys' Rifle Club

Under the leadership of Captain "Eddie" Hayes, the Boys' Rifle Club has achieved success for itself and honor for the school. By dint of hard and faithful practice, our boys, on March 10, defeated the Western team in a four-stage match on the Eastern range, with the score of 1,087 to 977. The Eastern riflemen hung up a high mark, led by Sgt. Bean with 189. Others were Hayes, 187; Denslow, 182; Harbin, 181; Andrus, 177; and Stein, 171.

The boys are now practicing for the rest of the inter-high matches.

Teacher in study hall: "I'll read the list; let me know if any of you are present".



A Successful Season Completed

One of the most thrilling of high school basketball seasons has ended with Eastern and Central tied for first place.

Brilliant playing has featured all the contests, but the Central-Eastern games furnished the "big punch" of the season. After losing the first game, Eastern succeeded in tying the series by winning the second. In the last moments of play, "Cy" Hogarth entered Eastern's "hall of fame" by dropping in two free throws, thus putting us ahead at the whistle.

The play-off was another breath-taking battle, Eastern coming from behind to tie the score at the end. Again Hogarth played the hero, dropping in a long shot as the whistle blew.

It was decided not to play the series off;

so the 1925-1926 basketball championship will remain undetermined.

Captain Radice then led his team to the University of Pennsylvania Tournament, where they made a splendid showing against some of the best teams in the country. Renova Catholic High first fell victim to our boys with a score of 49-7. The strong Waite High School of Toledo, Ohio, winner of 22 consecutive games and considered one of the favorites to win, was next beaten 42-31. St. Joseph, last year's champion and ultimately this year's, finally overcame Eastern in the semi-finals.

Radice, Heeke, Elliot, Scruggs and Capelli, all varsity members, will be lost to the school next year. They have done great work for Eastern and will be hard to replace next year.

Eastern's Baseball Team in Condition

Spring is here, and with it baseball! Out in the "back-yard" of Eastern, a group of about twenty-five boys is practicing daily for the 1926 inter-high school baseball season. Some of them were members of last year's champion team. They are: Quinn and Frager, pitchers; Rankin, catcher; "Beany" McAllister, second base; Hogge, third base; Scruggs, first base, and Talbert, right fielder. These boys did very well last year and "Chief" Guyon hopes that they will do better this season in order that Eastern may retain the championship it now holds.

At present the squad is playing consistent ball. Quinn and Frager are rounding into

shape splendidly. They both claim that their pitching arms are in fine condition. "Peppy" Rankin is successfully holding down the fast shoots of Eastern's stellar pitchers. Although he is probably the shortest catcher in the high schools, Rankin handles himself like a "Muddy" Ruel. He has improved since last year; so the baseball fans may expect a good showing from him.

Our Hogge-to-McAllister-to-Scruggs combination bids fair to rival the Bluege-to-Harris-to-Judge combination of the Nationals. Their work is excellent. If they will keep it up, Eastern has a good chance of winning the championship.

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

Overcoming the school tradition that Seniors are the Champions, the Freshmen of '26 established a new precedent.

The little girls of Eastern overcame the Juniors in a closely contested game which closed with a score of 26-20. The surprise caused by this victory was followed up by a greater one when these same girls came out on the lucky side of 14-12 in the Freshman-Senior game. The youngest of their competitors, the Sophomores, were the only ones to conquer them and though there was some fine playing, the game closed 37-15, Sophomores leading.

In the final game, however, the Freshmen scored 22 points to the Sophomores' 14. The champions at last!

Elizabeth Stull, the captain of the team, and Elliot, both forwards, did exceptionally

fine work in the series. Dennison, the Freshman center, conducted herself equally as well as the forwards. The combined efforts of these three had much bearing on the winning of the championship.

But six girls are necessary and each did her full share. The line up was as follows: forwards, Stull (captain) and Elliot; center, Dennison; side center, Cockrill; guards, Snyder and Fick; and alternates, Baily, Storm, Thorn, and Imlay.

At the games Miss Fosdick and Miss Stockett each refereed a half. A large crowd attended the contests and the cheering was unusually enthusiastic.

So, Seniors, take your caps off to the Freshmen. At last they excel you in something!

R. V. HOLT.

AN EVENT THAT LED TO AN EVENT

Father often tells us stories just before we go to bed, but out of all the stories I pick this one for my favorite.

When grandfather was a young man he was known as the best skater in the country. He was invited to many skating parties just to help some of the poorer skaters, if for nothing else. At one of these parties he met a girl named Mary Mills. Mary was a fine skater; so in a short time she and grandfather were racing. To the surprise of the

group of rooters, Mary ended the race a foot ahead of grandfather.

A young man in the group of rooters thought that he had let Mary come in first on purpose; so he arranged to race with her next. In a few minutes after they turned the bend a scream for help was heard. Grandfather led the band of rescuers, and in a few minutes, reached a hole in the ice. The young man and Mary were rescued, and now Mary Mills is known to us as grandmother.

BETTY LANE, 2091.

A GENTLEMAN OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

(Continued from page 8)

that." And Nan looked through the window over Laurie's shoulder.

Shivering, a young man without an overcoat was walking down the street.

"Why," exclaimed Nan, "it's Vincent Shawn! Where's his coat?"

"Probably in shop with his car," chuckled Laurie. "Now, Lady Dora is all hitched up back there waiting to make that belated trip to old Miller's."

"Let's go through the back door. The idea! Coming out on a night like this without a coat." Nan caught her coat and hat as she ran.

"Mother, Laurie and I are going sleighing.

If anyone comes to see me—I'm out," she called.

"Of all the nerve. What do you suppose it means?" she asked Laurie.

"It means what I've been trying to tell you by my silence. That Shawn's a four-flusher. Rented the scenery for the blowout. The whole gang's like that—pretense. He's no worse than the rest. Now this is what's real—crisp air, a good horse, and true companionship."

Nan loosened her scarf so that the piercing wind fanned her throat. It was rather wonderful. Anyway it was good to listen to Laurie.

SCHOOL news



Perhaps you noticed, some weeks ago, parties of wise and sagacious personages strolling behind some chesty senior who was singling out the attractive features of the school.

The first thing which penetrated their ears was the alluring sound of coin clinking upon a table, the sound of which drew inquiries as from whence the sweet sonification reverberated. It proved to be our well-ordered bank into which the educators strolled. They were beginning to see the efficient manner in which the business of the bank is conducted when there suddenly wafted into the air mighty strains of oratorical eloquence from a neighboring English room. This unusual event was investigated and turned out to be the aspirants for the glorious prize of the Constitutional Oratorical Contest.

Miss Bucknam and Miss Gardner, of the history and English departments, respectively, were attempting to aid the Demostheneses in preparation of the "big contest." Miss Bucknam was also diligently bestowing her efforts on those who confine themselves to the pen, viz: the entrants in the American Legion Creed Contest.

The senior guide then took his charges into

the assembly hall where they beheld the dramatic protégés of Miss Monk. The love scene between Raina and Sergius was at its emotional height. This was the Spring Play in the making.

And thus from room to room went the visitors until, finally, they came upon that busy center of noon-day life—the lunchroom. Here, it seems (excuse our entering the field of fantasy), was a banquet. Gathered around some pork chops were five stalwart fellows and a gentleman of vast proportions. These, the out-of-town principals found, comprised Eastern's basketball quintet. The visitors were invited to join the festivities when the clear sound of a bell rang through the air. Hordes dashed with unrelenting swiftness in the general direction of the auditorium. When the commotion had ceased to some degree the senior guide explained to his amazed listeners that it was merely one of our weekly movies.

Even educators like Harold Lloyd! so the natural result followed—they saw the picture. It is fitting that we leave our N. E. A. folk in the happy mood of laughter and gracefully lay aside our pen until next issue.

THE DRILL'S THE THING

The spring session brings the Cadet Brigade prominently before the eyes of the school and the general public.

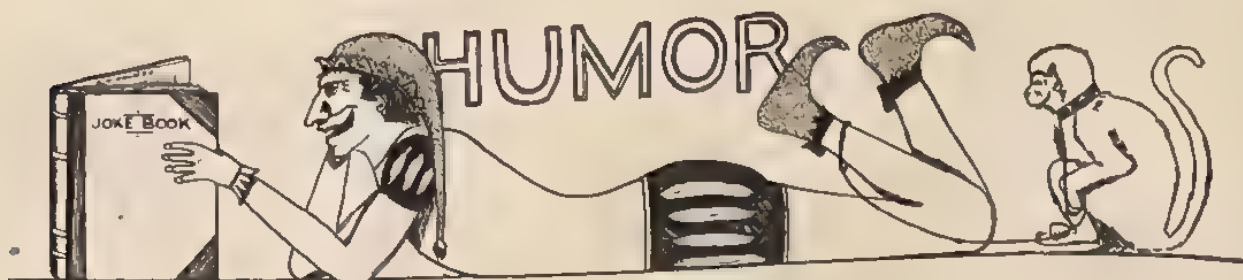
On March 4, the annual presentation of commissions occurred at Central High School.

The boys are drilling conscientiously and enthusiastically in anticipation of the big drills to come. On April 29, Major Gibbs will lead our boys on the field to compete in the Battalion and Band drill. Eastern and Western cadets will drill as a unit on May 6 in the Regimental competition. The Brigade

Inspection and Review takes place on May 10.

All these drills, however, merely lead up to the biggest event of the school year—the Company Competitive Drill. As usual, the American League Ball Park will be the scene of this, the culmination of the year's efforts. June 1 and 2 are the probable dates, according to latest available information.

Not since 1923 has the adjutant turned toward an Eastern company. This year he *must* and *will*, if the boys' determined efforts are any indication.



Make a sentence using the word:

1. "Ministering."

Ma, Ministering the cake. May I have the spoon when she's through?

2. "Ahem."

Ahem sandwich is better than a cheese.

3. "Falsify."

Of course it's falsify say it.

4. "Beautify."

My wife's a beautify do say it myself.

5. "Octagon."

Octagon home long ago.

• • •

Vital statistics: Four out of five don't buy English paper, and the fifth guy has lunch that period.

Twelve out of twenty studes who go to the library get sent out. Four of these go back to study hall and the other eight get caught by Miss Watts.

I have had three hair cuts, and three colds this year.

Three billion paper clips last year were used for combative purposes.

Five of the seven dates you told the fellows you had, were spent at home with your head buried in a history book.

• • •

From the Test Papers: An octopus is person who looks on the bright side of things.

• • •

Our idea of an ultra polite man is the fellow who butts his head into a mirror and says, "Excuse me."

• • •

When throwing snowballs, it is more blessed to receive than to give.

• • •

Teacher to Frances Boynton: "Was Maude any relation to you?"

Frances: "Yes, she was my brother."

Mr. Guilford to John May: "John May, did you study your lesson last night?"

John May: "Yes, Ma'am."

(Laughter.)

Mr. Guilford: "That's all right. I've been 'Yes Ma'amed' for five years, so it doesn't make any difference now."

• • •

Mrs. Denning in Latin: "Miss Porter, will you give me the nominative plural of 'the Gauls' in Latin?"

Miss Porter (after hesitating): "Golly!"

Mrs. Denning: "Correct!"

• • •

When a teacher says, "Now, get out and stay out," suppose we'd take him literally?

• • •

We thought it quite amusing that a newspaper photographer, on a dual assignment, should be sent first to Eastern to take pictures, and then directly to the jail for the same purpose.

• • •

Miss Monk: "Eleanor, will you please go up to Miss Prince's room and get Clarence?"

Eleanor: "Clarence who, Miss Monk?"

• • •

Dr. Rothermel (in Physics): "Now boys, look at your watches and see how many have 'non-magnetic' printed on the face."

Harbin: "Dr. Rothermel, mine says Ingersoll!"

• • •

When a person says that he "galloped" through Latin, we wonder if he means on a pony.

• • •

"Herby" Miles: "Going to the movies in the assembly hall Friday during the seventh period?"

Dyson: "Yeah, I don't mind seeing a picture twice."

One boy writes that he wants to see "the leaning tower of Piaza."

* * *

On English papers: "Good literature stimulates immigration." (He meant "imagination.") "He died from a wound in his distant cave."

* * *

It was a freshman's night after the first day at school. The ringing of the bells and the changing of rooms had made a deep impression on his mind. That night his alarm clock accidentally rang. The poor "freshie" grabbed his pillow under his arm and went down and slept in the kitchen.

* * *

Clara Storm: "Were your Easter eggs dyed?"

Elizabeth Stull: "No, dead."

* * *

Just because your gold rings turn green, it's no sign you're Irish.

* * *

Teacher in class: "All those who failed in this test raise their hands."

Tappan: "Oh, this is so embarrassing."

* * *

Rebecca Carter: "Can you type by sight?"

Phyllis Boyer: "No, I use my fingers."

* * *

Study Hall Teacher: "What section are you in?"

Friend Student: "2222."

Outburst from rear of room: "What's he doing? Playing train?"

* * *

1st Grad: "Now that you have finished school, how do you intend to make a living?"

One spoken to: "I'm going to rent my physics and chemistry laboratory notebooks to students."

* * *

Friend at George Finger's house: "Is George in?"

Mr. Finger: "Yes, he's doing his homework."

Friend: "I'd like to see him."

* * *

The 57 varieties of pitch may be found in any first semester music class.

Henry Talbert: "Can you imagine a guy flying kites out in the rain?"

Ray Talbert: "Who did that?"

Henry: "Benjamin Franklin."

* * *

Roses are red; violets are blue;

He loves himself; I do too.

* * *

Sophomore: "Seniors are the smartest people I know of."

Senior: "Thanks, I wish I could say the same thing of sophomores."

Sophy: "You could if you were as good a liar as I am."

* * *

Moses: "Are you dragging Rebecca to the dance?"

Ike: "Why drag her when she's got a car?"

* * *

Once upon a time a little worm got up real, real early in the morning and an early bird got him.

Moral: Don't get up early.

* * *

Movie Director: "In this act you have to carry two small children and an armful of packages through a mob of people. Do you think you can do it?"

Alumnus: "I know I can; I used to eat in a high school lunch room."

* * *

Teacher: "What is an anecdote?"

Chester Grove: "It's something you take when you have taken something you shouldn't have taken."

* * *

Question on *Kidnapped*: "When David remembered to send a present to the girl who had helped him escape, what did it show?"

Bernard: "A keen interest in the girl, I'll say."

* * *

Miss Monk: "What did Sir Walter Raleigh write when he was in prison?"

Henry Talbert: "The Prisoner's Song."

* * *

Merle Suter: "How long can you get tickets for thirty-five cents?"

Jack Vivian: "About four inches."

ALUMNI



Those of us who have admired Tom Howard's work behind the foot-lights here will be interested to learn that he recently appeared in "Nothing But the Truth," presented at Wilson Normal by the Bankers' Association of the city. In this play, Tom changed his usual lover role for that of the father of a family, with white hair "an' ev'rything." And he was really convincing, too!

Cecilia Martin, '21, better known as "Jack," writes an interesting column about girls' sports for the *Washington Herald*. "Jack" is well qualified for such a position, as she herself has always been prominent in athletics.

Wilma Shively, '26, famous as bank president and valedictorian, is attending Washington Business College.

Francis Holmes and James Bridges are working in Riggs Bank. William Ford and Robert Mullen, two more February graduates, are now with the District National Bank.

Karl G. Pearson, '23, winner of the Firestone Four Thousand Dollar Scholarship, is continuing his studies at Princeton after having spent last summer in Europe. At the end of last semester he received a general "first group" average which is the highest scholastic standing Princeton gives. In Latin he stood highest among the ninety men taking the course.

SPRING

Spring came in a-crying
As though she'd lost her way—
Dropped her crocus kerchiefs
Till the dawn of May.
May unrolled her taffetas,
Spring smiled through her tears;
Decked herself in color,
Soon forgot her fears.

Now Spring passes, laughing,
Through bright Summer's door;
Her short stay is over,
But she'll come once more.
See, her flower-children
Droop in pale young grass;
Bow their sweet heads lower,
Grieve to see her pass.

ELISE SCHARP, '27.

A SONG OF THE NIGHT

Dark is the sky, and stars are clearly beam-
ing.
Over the fields, the moon drops silvery
light;
Under its spell the brook is dancing, gleam-
ing.
Lovely and 'witching is the summer night.
Down in the grasses, night insects are sing-
ing
O'er to themselves the night's soft melody;
All the bright ripples in the brook seem
ringing
With the same tune, as they flow on to sea.
Hark! 'tis the night wind, in the treetops
playing,
Rustling and laughing in the cool night air;
And to the tune, the forest trees are swaying,
Rocking the sleeping birdlets everywhere.

RUTH BELL, '28.



Rookyville Heights News

There is a new occupation being developed at Eastern. Mr. Lyons, a pioneer in his work, has for some time been experimenting at board cleaning. He has at last, after years of training with the board-wizard, Miss Taylor, perfected this art and announces that he will be glad to receive patronage after May 1.

Mr. Collins has decided to have a "rookie" philosophy class at Eastern. His latest method of reasoning is:

1. All rookies are green.
2. Some Seniors are green.
3. Some Seniors are rookies.

The Freshmen appreciate this new sound reasoning.

A "make up" party was held in Room 205 at the close of school on March 10, at which square root extracts were served. We were informed that it was a very successful affair.

At a recent Latin Test many E's were consumed by "ignis" (fire).

A certain member of Rookyville Heights was seriously injured by an explosion caused by failing to return to the library the book, *Dynamo*, on time.

A. N. Emerald was a pleasant caller on Mrs. Hall last month. Mr. Emerald consulted Mrs. Hall on the expediency of installing penny slot chewing gum machines at Eastern. He is a true "rookie" benefactor.

HELEN SWICK, '29.

THE LATIN CLUB

Last semester, Mrs. Denning decided to give extra merits to the pupils who read *Julia*, a Latin book, which those who made a certain number of points were entitled to read. The best way to do this, we decided, was to organize ourselves into a club, of which the following are the present officers: Frederick Stewart, President; Genevieve Spence, Vice-President; Lois McGee, Recording Secretary; William Markley, Corresponding Secretary.

Through Mr. Markley, we have secured a number of Latin games, which help us very much in our work. We play these after our business meeting. We are also making a scrapbook of advertisements which use Latin

words as trade marks, such as "Teneo [I hold] Snap Fasteners" and "Imperator" [commander-in-chief] Salt." When this semester began, Mrs. Denning informed us of her intention to give extra credit for attendance to the club and also for winning a certain number of games. We agreed to invite all the second semester pupils who made excellent or good in Latin last semester to join and to help the deficient and fair pupils to bring up their averages.

Of course, we aren't very popular as yet, but we are growing fast, and shall some day prove to Eastern that Latin is a lot of fun after all.

DOROTHY McCRONE, 3152.



Although we receive excellent exchanges from all parts of the country, from our Washington schools come many which are among our best. It is, therefore, altogether fitting and proper that we should say something of these publications.

The Western Breeze is one of the best newspapers with which we have the pleasure of exchanging. The paper is really newsy; the departments are all handled excellently; the sports are covered in a truly professional style and the makeup is also good. We always enjoy the visits of the *Breeze* and hope that it breezes in often.

The Tech Life, although smaller than the *Breeze*, shows the Tech spirit. The editorials have life; they seem to express the feelings of all true Techites, and when reading them one feels that it is his duty to do his best for his school. The exchange department is always interesting and the Razoo never fails to bring forth its quota of laughs.

The Central Bulletin does not arrive here often, but the issues we have received have all been excellent. The thing we noticed in the *Bulletin* was the scope of the news.

Among our exchanges we were pleased to see many new publications and we extend to all these newcomers a hearty invitation to visit us again. *The Toddler*, from the Brent School in the Philippine Islands, was very interesting and from the appearance of their second issue they have the material for a very successful paper.

Old Hughes, Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, and *The Forester*, Forest Park High School, both newcomers, are attractive and excellent magazines. The cover of *The Forester* especially attracted our attention and approval.

Comments on the Easterner

Cum Magna Gratia

The Eastern Echo, Eastern High School, Baltimore, Md.:

This is about the best magazine we received this month. The originality and humor are unique. Your class news section is quite a new idea. We like your cover, too. Your ads. and stories are fine.

Smedley Broadcaster, J. G. E. Smedley, Junior H. S., Chester, Pa.:

You have the best organized paper yet received. It is interesting, and contains many very original and commendable ideas.

Retina, Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio:

A fine book with an interesting literary department. Your poetry is good. School news, generally difficult for a feature, is well handled. The writer of "Turned Tables" pictured a situation common to all high schools.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.:

Such an interesting magazine! One's attention is held from cover to cover.

Fine Yarns, Gastonia High School, Gastonia, N. C.:

We were startled to find what a practical thing a high school publication can be, when we took a peep at this one. There must be some first-class writers on your staff, E. H. S., and there must be some clever ones, too. We find that your exchange editor keeps and publishes a diary of the first impressions that he has of his papers. The idea was so novel that we were tempted to copy it.

The "Feature Fabricator" was very entertaining. We like and appreciate your paper very much.

MAKE-UP AND MAKE-BELIEVE

(Continued from page 9)

us; but we must not forget that it was there, during thirty years of work, that the foundation was laid for *Arms and the Man*.

On coming to the new school, those students dramatically inclined revelled in such unheard of luxuries as the dome, beautiful blue and gold draperies, wonderful lighting, and roomy dressing rooms.

In quick succession there followed long and short plays, *Rollo's Wild Oat*, *The Pot Boiler*, *The Wonder Hat*, *The Night at an Inn*, *Bimbo the Pirate*, *Her Tongue*, *Adam and Eva*, *Irene Obliges*, and now *Arms and the Man*.

Since entering the new school, certain names remain in our memory. Margaret Beasley, as Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Goldy in *Rollo's Wild Oat*, completely won her audiences. Paul Doerr in the same plays and in several fall shows was a great success. Asenath Graves, with two Spring Plays and a Fall Show to her credit, is remembered for her charming character parts. Nathan Clark, Wilton Gibson, Graham Lowden, Josephine Tremain, Gerald Coe, Roberta Harrison, Gilmore Wheeler, "Billy" Hientz, "Eddie" Andrus, Nellie Dalrymple, Myrtle Posey, and many, many others have all been names to conjure with.

If we were possessed of sufficient courage, we might make predictions for the future, but perhaps you had rather do the guessing, for guess is all you can do. That little "rookie" who sits beside you in the lunch room may be greater than any of these in three or four years. These present stars will be dim memories then. New constellations will burn brightly and find glory in their work. And so it will continue. Always there will be plays at Eastern, and boys and girls to act them, for the lure of the stage is irre-

sistible and there will always be some who must answer its call.

FACULTY SCHOOL DAYS

(Continued from page 12)

seniors may participate in the event. Miss Birtwell was a nymph of Bacchus on Tree Day when her class celebrated. We didn't hear of any mischievous doings in which she took part, but we hardly expected it, for one can see that she must have been a very demure and proper maiden. But perhaps she did not tell us all!

Miss Gardner counts it a wonderful opportunity to have lived in Boston the four years that she was attending Boston University. Indeed, who would not feel himself privileged to live in the midst of such culture and romance as there is in the very air of that famous old city? It was Miss Gardner's privilege to hear words of wisdom and inspiration from the lips of Edward Everett Hale and Phillips Brooks, two of America's greatest clergymen, and to listen to the voice of Oliver Wendell Holmes as he read his beautiful lines, "The Last Leaf." Pilgrimages to Lexington and Concord, and to the homes of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Louisa Alcott, all added to the thrill of college life. At a performance of the opera "Lohengrin," Miss Gardner recalls how she was amused as she sat up in the "peanut gallery" to see a cat run across what was supposed to be the bottom of a river in one of the scenes.

It is evident that our teachers have followed the advice of Roosevelt to "work hard while you work; play hard while you play." We would do well to emulate them if we are to reach the success in the world which they have attained.

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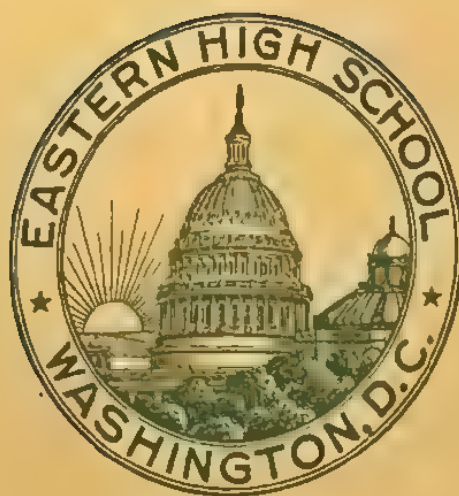
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WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE, 1926

No. 5

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EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL



HOSMER M. JOHNSON

In Memoriam

Mr. Hosmer M. Johnson, who died in this city on May 30, 1926, was intimately associated with the early years of the Eastern High School, as teacher of physics from 1892 to 1896, and as principal of the school from 1896 to 1900. Becoming in that year supervising principal of the ninth division of the public schools, he continued his educational service to our section of Washington until his death. He was closely linked to Eastern also by his marriage to Florence E. Bowman, of the class of 1894, in whose early death Eastern lost one of her loveliest and most promising graduates. Throughout the more than twenty years that have elapsed since his leaving, Mr. Johnson has never ceased to feel strong enthusiasm and love for his former school. He was present at the memorial service for Eastern boys who lost their lives in the Great War, and spoke with deep feeling of the dead whom he had known. He was with us again when we came to make our home in the present building. He has followed the fortunes of Eastern always with eager attention, manifesting an undiminished interest in his former associates on the faculty and in our graduates. And now, though he has passed from earth, the unselfish service of those years of living is in the hearts of hundreds who hold him in grateful remembrance.

To the wider field of his later activity Mr. Johnson brought the same helpful qualities which distinguished him as teacher and high school principal. Chief among these was his un-failing friendliness. His sympathy, his understanding, his courtesy endeared him to all who knew him. The teachers who were privileged to work with him felt for him a genuine affection. In him they trusted; to him they gave their loyal devotion. He is remembered, not as an instructor, nor as an administrative official, but as a friend. To think of Mr. Johnson is to think inevitably of

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

A good man has left us. A true friend is gone. Our own heavy sense of loss strengthens the sympathy which extends to his immediate family, and to that larger family of former pupils and teachers under him who found in him a kind and affectionate father.

B. L. G.



CHARLES HART
Principal



MARY J. WATTS
Assistant Principal

A Tribute

THERE is at Eastern an indefinable, intangible something, which seems to fill the air about us with joy. It is mirrored in the smiling faces of a multitude of students; it speaks in the words of our cheers; it finds expression in the faithful work of classes, of teams, of cadet companies, of all loyal Easternites. We call this something "school spirit."

But what is school spirit? Is it some mysterious property of the atmosphere which we inhale as we breathe? No. It is love for Eastern which makes us want to smile, to cheer, to be faithful. And who fosters this school spirit that it may increase and be ever more glorious? Surely no one more than our honored Principal with his able Assistant.

A great debt it is we owe them. The way to remove our indebtedness is by continuing our devotion to Eastern, and by keeping ever bright the flame of our school spirit.



MAIN ENTRANCE

Class of '26

'Way up in the musty old garret of the Class of '26 I came upon the plush-covered album in which a careful record had been kept of the Class' achievements while at Eastern.

It was a delightful old book—this, filled with interesting snapshots and yellowed newspaper clippings; and I spent a wonderful afternoon buried in the album of the class that had made its very name a symbol for success and glory.

When I turned the first few pages a delicious fragrance of green things stimulated my olfactory nerves. There was an article written denouncing in seathing terms the "rookies" who dared enter Eastern, and setting forth dire predictions as to their ultimate failures.

Of course, you may be sure, the article was a symposium from the brains of the average senior, junior, and soph; but I discovered that the austere faculty was quick to realize that here was material as rare and as promising as good old Eastern had ever known.

How we lived through those memorable days at the old school, amid the teasing of the upper classmen and the D's of the teachers, was tenderly written down; yet even I could not help but smile at the snapshot of Arthur Garrett, who had taken seriously the injunction about rookies' wearing green neckties, and had worn one to the delight of the more exalted Easternites.

There were several more pages in this section filled with jolly good fun and interest.

Pictures of Margaret Hoover with long hair and skirts, Myrtle Posey in panty dresses, and Nellie Dalrymple without Eddie, all summoned back the past from the hidden recesses of memory.

In the Sophomore section the Class of '26 was already beginning to assert itself. Its members entered activities, cheered at games, and taunted "rookies" with all the proficiency of their new elevation; and as the pages of the album revealed triumph after triumph, I fully realized why '26 was such an important year in the world's history.

Junior days. Oh, happy times they were! Successes in dramatics with most of the young successsfuls, juniors; successes in athletics, with "Julie" Radice and Angus Heeke already in the fore; successes on the EASTERNER, with the Junior Class ably represented.

The old book devoted a whole page to the brilliant play of '25, *Adam and Eva*, and the newspaper write-ups and photographs showed how prominently juniors figured in it. Roberta Harrison, Laura Barrett, Angus Heeke, and Marvel Douglas all had their pictures taken as stellar actors. Over in the corner of the page, however, was the most interesting picture of all. Two lovers, very much engrossed with each other, were seated on a sofa and underneath the picture was the caption, "Here's where it started."—Yes, it was Nellie and Eddie.

I could not help but linger over the junior section, with its snapshots of happy, care-free boys and girls, its tales of genuine scholastic achievement and joyous good times—the glorious Eastern spirit, a bit of which seemed held within the pages of the old book.

However, it was with anticipation that I turned the golden fly-leaf stamped "Seniors," and delved into the history of a year I knew so well, but delighted in living over and over again.

Pictures snapped at school on those early September mornings of '25 gave the recently elevated Seniors a look of dignity which their junior snaps not even hinted.

Studies were resumed, prominent seniors held offices in practically every activity, and

school was once more begun with the Class of '26 at the helm of Eastern destiny, and "King" Prender as its president.

The EASTERNER, led by its talented editor, Evelyn Burns, and composed chiefly of seniors, was unusually successful; and the album was pasted with articles of praise from the exchanges all over the country.

It was the Class of '26 that gave Eastern its colonel, in the capable person of Edward Andrus, and a banner year in cadets was enjoyed.

Dramatics had one of the most brilliant seasons in its history at Eastern, when George Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy, *Arms and the Man*, was presented with an artistry and a dash that secured for us the coveted Brown U. Alumni Cup for the best high school spring play. Every member of the cast except one was a senior.

The fall show, earlier in the year, was a veritable fairy tale of entertaining music and lovely dances, combined with a rare and genuine humor in *Irene Obliges*.

I reveled in the victories that the album told. The basketball and baseball championships, the winning of the girls' rifle championship, all combined to give me a real thrill. There were "Boots" Scruggs, Angus Heeke, "Julie" Radice, and many others snapped in action.

Spurred on by the glorious success of *Arms and the Man*, the dramatics classes of Eastern presented *The Boomerang*, a frothy little comedy of love-sick patients and susceptible doctors. It was a great success, *The Boomerang*, and the picture of Angus and Ruth Apperson in the fade-out kiss brought back the tension felt behind scenes when the curtain that night refused to close.

Finally, blazoned across the page in banner-head type, was written, "Eastern Wins Oratorical Contest for Second Successive Year." Once more the scene of that afternoon came back to me. A hurried call to assembly, with the inspiring oration of Myrtle Posey still ringing in our ears; a half-whispered rumor; occasional bursts of enthusiasm; and finally

(Continued on page 69)

Class Officers February 1926



WILLIAM CORNELIUS LAMBERT

Class President; Medal for best experienced cadet; Gold Medal Honor Student
Cheerful, happy, "Fats" Lambert plans to take a medical course at Georgetown.

ALICE LOUISE MORGAN

Vice-President of Class; Lunch Room Staff; Merrill Club; Dramatics—Senior Class Play.
Our vivacious "Shorty" is attending Normal and intends to come back and teach beside Miss Murray.

MARIAN ELIZABETH WARFIELD

Les Camarades; Hiking Club "E"; "Easterner" Business Staff; Honors (7).

Marian, who at Eastern had the reputation of being a splendid worker, is reaping fresh laurels in the work-a-day world.

ROBERT SYLVAN CLIFFORD

Class Treasurer; Captain of Company G, '25; Letter man in Football.
Robert intends to become a "Lumber King" some day.

GEORGE ROLLIN BARKER

Glee Club; Student Council; Honors (3).
George is making his deep voice and flashing eyes popular at Bliss Electrical School.

MARION LOUISE BARRETT

Rifle Club; Hiking Club; Les Camarades; Lunch Room Staff; Ushering Staff; Captain, Senior Hockey Team; Junior and Senior Basketball Team; Tennis Manager, '25; two "E's" in Hiking; First Prize in Y. W. C. A. Camp Poster Contest.

"Barney," our lithe young athlete, is coaching a class of girls at Bridgewater State College in Massachusetts.

ERNESTINE RAMEY BOTTs

Lunch Room Staff; Ushering Staff; Class Play—"Teeth of the Gift Horse."

"Ernie" has taken her lovely brown eyes to college, but we don't think they need the training.

HELEN MAE BOVEY

Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff.
Demure little Helen spends most of her time dreaming of the romantic castles of Europe which she is going to visit.

JAMES FRANKLIN BRIDGES

Bank; Baseball Team; Honors (1).
"Jimmy" is working in Riggs Bank. Later he will enroll in G. W.'s Medical School.

NORMAN ELLSWORTH BUDESHEIM

Honors (1).
Norman left his buddy, "Ferdie," in February to work in the Federal-American Bank.

HENRY BENHAM CANDEE

George Washington is Harry's chosen Alma Mater for his training in civil engineering.

MARY JANE CARTER

Hiking Club; Glee Club; Les Camarades.
Mary, otherwise known as "Cicero," is at Normal eagerly waiting for her title, "model school teacher," which is sure to come.

EMMA AUGUSTA HILDEGARDE COOK

Hildegard graduated in February but she decided to stay till June, thus giving us full benefit of her merry giggle and her skill in art.

HARRIET MADELINE CORNELL

Lunch Room Staff; Merrill Club.

"Maddie" who delighted us with her rhythmic dancing, is now at Wilson Normal dreaming of teaching in Cuba.

MARIE BEULAH FERRI

Lunch Room Staff; Les Camarades.

Marie's ambition is to come back to teach history.

ERMA LOUISE FORD

Les Camarades; Rifle Club; District Winner in Home Lighting Contest; Honors (1).

Erma hopes one day to be an aviatrix. In the meantime she practices with her car.

WILLIAM HENRY FORD

Honors (1); Best Experienced Cadet Medal, Company D, '24; Best Experienced Cadet Medal Company D, '25; Vice-President of School Bank.

William is attending Maryland U. to prepare for the day when he becomes a bank president.

FRANCES ETTA GALATZO

Captain of Senior Basketball Team; Hockey; Rifle Club; Hiking Club; President of Les Camarades; Junior Basketball Team; Lunch Room Staff; Ushering Staff; Basketball "E."

Frances is now attending G. W., hoping some day to return to Eastern as Miss Stockett's assistant.

MARION RUTH GAYLORD

Prize in Home Lighting Contest; Honors (3).

Marion plans to attend the University of Rochester.

ALBERT JUDSON GEORGE

Numeral in Football; Rifle Club.

"Juddy" has gone to New Jersey to enlist.

EVELYN GERTRUDE GREENAWALD

Rifle Club; Merrill Club.

Evelyn liked us so well she stayed until June to play for us to dance. She will attend a secretarial school in the fall.

BLANCHE NAOMI GRIMES

Merrill Club; Les Camarades.

Blanche is a stenographer now, but she is preparing to be a private secretary.

ROBERT HANSCOME

Glee Club; Cadets; Honors (3).

After working for a while, Robert intends to enter college and study law.

CHARLES DANIEL HILD

Football; Baseball; Basketball; Track.

Charles is one of our industrious graduates who plans to work and attend G. W. at night.



**FRANCIS WESLEY HOLMES**

Dramatics—"Waiting for the Bus," "Step Lively"; Cadets; Honors (4).
Miss Prince lost a versatile and clever artist when Frank left us to begin his training in Commercial Art.

DOROTHY ESTELLE JACOBS

Dorothy left in September to work, but came back to graduate in February.

RUTH MINERVA LEECH

Ruth is now attending the Washington School for Secretaries.

SAMUEL LETVIN

Samuel is studying at Maryland U. to become an electrical engineer.

BEULAH CORINE LOVEJOY

Les Camarades; Lunch Room Staff.
Beulah is one of those rare mortals who delight in Math.

GEORGE ARTHUR MAIN

Dramatics—"Her Tongue," "Step Lively," "Pot-Boiler," "Rollo's Wild Out"; "Easterner" Staff.
Histrionic ability has brought him fame at Eastern. We expect to hear from him at G. W.

ROBERT WILSON MULLEN

Bank Staff; Honors (4).
Robert is attending G. W. and perfecting his tennis arm.

IVAN BARR MUNCH

Glee Club; Track; Honors (1).
Ivan is planning to work for a while before entering college to study electrical engineering.

FLORENCE MINNIE PAINTER

Class Poet; Lunch Room Staff; "Easterner" Staff; Les Camarades; Secretary of Debating Society; Basketball; The Cubs; Prize in Lighting Essay Contest; Honors (8).
"Caesar" is attending Normal, pursuing her hobby of reading.

LILLIAN MARY PETTIT

"Lil" is one of our quiet, shy girls. Her steadfast loyalty will help her to realize her ambition to become a private secretary.

ANNA ELIZABETH RICE

"Betsey" is working now. They say after office hours she is some little "Charlestoner."

LETTY LOUISE SHARPBACK

Les Camarades; Hiking Club.
"Tubby" intends to complete her education at Indiana University before becoming a concert pianist.

WILMA MARGARET SHIVELY

Valedictorian; Gold Medal Honor Student; President of Bank; Les Camarades; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff.
 "Will," one of our truly brilliant students, is taking a secretarial course.

ANNE JEANETTE SILVERMAN

Bank Staff; Les Camarades; Honors (4).
 We miss Anne's friendly smile from behind the bank bars since she began her business career.

ROSE SINROD

Rose is a quiet and gentle little girl with a great gift of impersonation.

LEAH SUGAR

Les Camarades; "Easterner" typist.
 "Lee," our efficient typist, left in February for the business world.

ELEANOR RUTH THOMAS

Ruth seemed to spend all her spare time in tripping the light fantastic toe. The Armory misses her.

HELEN NAOMI WRIGHT

Helen, too, left in September, but came back to graduate in February.

**HOWARD MALCOMB ANNIS**

Cadets.
 Howard is attending G. W. U.

GEORGE EDMUND MURRAY

Football; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, Alumni Show, '26.
 We can imagine good-natured "Reds" Murray "buck and winging" his way through college and into a career in journalism.





NOTE—Honors, by semesters, are listed through February, 1926, only.

KINGSLAND PRENDER

President of the Senior Class; Treasurer of the Cubs; "Easterner" Staff (2 years); Secretary of the Students' Council; First Lieutenant of Company B; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "Arms and the Man."

"King" has served us well in all his undertakings. He has, however, chosen journalism as his special delight, and will study at G. W.

HELEN ROSENA BRYAN

Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff; "Easterner"—Business Staff; Dramatics Fall Show, '25, "Holly Tree Inn," "The Boomerang," "Op-o' Me Thumb"; Honors (4).

Helen's inimitable giggle will be missed at Eastern but welcome at Normal next year.

ROBERTA HARRISON

Secretary of Senior Class; President of Merrill Club; Student Council; Glee Club; Dramatics—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Fall Show, '24, '25, Alumni Show, '25, "Adam and Eva," "Arms and the Man"; Honors (5).

A graceful ease in acting, a sweet contralto voice, a charming unassuming manner, a firm desire to make Eastern better for her having been there—these have placed Roberta's name on the list with our greatest.

ANGUS JULIAN HEEKE

Football; Baseball; Basketball (letter man in all three); Dramatics—"Adam and Eva," "Holly Tree Inn," Fall Show, '25, "The Boomerang."

Athlete and actor, Angus will carry the Eastern spirit to West Point.

THELMA LEE AMONETTE

Honors (8); Les Camarades; Debating Society; Glee Club. Let G. W. U. Hospital run up its banner! Thelma has chosen to pursue a nursing course there.

DON DARREL ANDREWS

Happy-go-lucky Don is uncertain what the future holds for him, but we wish him success in whatever he undertakes.

HELEN ELIZABETH ANDREWS

Merrill Club; Rifle Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, '25, Alumni Show, '25, '26; Office Staff; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff; Golf Club.

Someday Helen is going to be a beloved teacher. In the meantime, Eastern regrets the departure of an enthusiastic worker.

EDWARD DELEVAN ANDRUS

Colonel of Brigade; Editor-in-Chief of "Adjutant," '26; Orchestra; Band; President of Glee Club, '25; "Easterner" Staff (2 years); Track Squad; Rifle Team; Dramatics—"The Trysting Place," Alumni Show, '25, Fall Show, '24, '25, "Adam and Eva," "Arms and the Man," "Irene Obliges"; Honors (1).

"Eddie's" capacity for fun and for work will be lost next year from Eastern, but found at West Point.

RUTH HUFF APPERSON

Merrill Club; Glee Club; Golf Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "The Boomerang," Alumni Show, '24; Lunchroom Staff; Office Staff.

"Ruthie," the ideal and model of feminine loveliness, is bound for Cornell.

KATHERINE SOPHIA ARENDS

Glee Club; "Cub" Staff. Katherine, another of our young journalists, is undecided as to her career.

FRANCES EMILY ARNOLD

Valedictorian; Gold Medal Honor Student; Les Camarades. Frances is going to G. W. after graduating, to add fresh laurels to her scholastic crown.

LEONARD JOSEPH BAHLMAN

Leonard is another industrious citizen who is entering the work-a-day world.

THERESA KATHERINE BAILEY

"Billy" with her mop of golden curls and her affectionate manner will make a charming teacher. She is going in training at Normal next year.

ELIZABETH ANN BARR

Les Camarades; Honors (5).

Elizabeth says she is going to carry her brief case to G. W. next year, but we don't think "Elizabeth" will carry the B. C.!

LAURA KATHRYN BARRETT

Merrill Club; Glee Club; Debating Society; Lunch Room Staff; "Easterner" Staff, '25; Assistant Editor of "The Easterner," '26; Dramatics—Merrill Club Vaudeville, '22, "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Adam and Eva," "The Boomerang," "Rollo's Wild Oat," "Her Tongue," Fall Show, '25; Gold Medal Honor Student.

Laura-of-the-twinkling-smile will return to the South to Agnes Scott College. We remember the grace with which she uses her hands when acting.

ISABEL IMELDA BART

Imelda is one of our "small package" type of girls, whose likeable qualities have won her many friends.

MARJORIE MAY BARTLETT

Merrill Club; Glee Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "The Boomerang."

Marjorie is going to Maryland University next year.

BETTY BASIM

Hockey; Glee Club; Merrill Club; Orchestra; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "Holly Tree Inn," "Arms and the Man."

"Betty" has interpreted her various roles with such exquisite shading that it is difficult to determine when she is more charming—over the footlights or in the every-day world. She will go to Normal.

MARY ELIZABETH BEACH

Les Camarades; Honors (4).

Normal receives another true Easternite in Mary.

JOHN THEODORE BEUCHERT

Glee Club; Fall Show, '24.

Some college will be helped by Jack's cheerful presence next year.

EVELYN TRUTH BIXLER

Merrill Club; Glee Club; Basketball (3—"E's"); Dramatics—Merrill Club Vaudeville, '23, and Fall Show, '24, '25.

Evelyn is noted for her ability in basketball.

PAULINE BLUMBERG

Les Camarades; Lunch Room Staff.

Pauline intends to become an expert stenographer for some lucky employer.

VERA RUTH BONHAM

Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff; Fall Show, '25.

Vera has won an excellent reputation at Eastern—that of never having been tardy. She will enter the business world next year.

CATHERINE ELINOR-RITA BRADY

Merrill Club; Golf Club; Dramatics—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Alumni Show, '24, Merrill Vaudeville, '23, Fall Show, '24, '25, "Grand Uproar."

"Kathleen" is going away for a year; then, to Trinity College.



**Nineteen Twenty-six
June**



MARGARET EMMA BROWER

Merrill Club; Orchestra: Business Staff of the "Easterner" Honors (7).
As a pianist and an honor student, Margaret has achieved remarkable distinction. She is graduating in three and one-half years and is going to go to college.

ONEDA BROWN

Les Camarades.
Oneda's natural marcel will wave at G. W. next year.

DOROTHY MAE BUEHLER

Merrill Club; Les Camarades; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25; Glee Club; Honors (2).
"Dot" is completing her course in three and one-half years. She enters Normal School in the fall to train for kindergarten work.

KENNETH COALE BURGESS

Cadets, Second Lieutenant, '25, Brigade Sergeant, '26, Fall Show, '25, '26, Circulation Manager of "Easterner" Staff.
Kenneth's ability to "tickle the ivories" is the envy of us all. We shall miss his music when he leaves Eastern for the Marine Corps School.

EVELYN MARIE BURNS

Editor-in-Chief of the "Easterner"; "Cub" Staff; Glee Club; The Cubs; Merrill Club; Debating Society; Dramatics—Alumni Show, '25; Prize in Home Lighting Contest; Lunch Room Staff; U-hering Staff, Class Poet; Honors (5).
Evelyn's poetic genius is sure to reflect fame on Eastern's, as well as her own, name in the years to come.

MARY JEANNE BURNS

Honors (5), Merrill Club, Lunch Room Staff, Dramatics "Arms and the Man," "Op o' Me Thumb."
Mary came all the way from California to attend Eastern and now she is leaving us for Notre Dame Business College.

FERDINAND ALOYSIUS CAPPELLI

Cadets; Basketball; Baseball.
"Ferdie" has proven his athletic ability and his good fellowship while at Eastern. Good luck, "Ferdie"!

GERALDINE BLOIS CARPENTER

Debating Society; Glee Club; Dramatics.
Geraldine's curls will be the envy of the girls at some college next year. Her ability will win her success wherever she is.

DOROTHY ANNE CHARNLEY

"Dot's" hobby is French; so she thinks of majoring in that language at Maryland U.

MARY CATHERINE CLARKE

Merrill Club; Glee Club; Dramatics—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Fall Show, '25, Alumni Show, '26; Honors (3).
Our petite and smiling Mary will attend Temple University next year.

ELIZABETH HAINES CLARK

Honors (8); Les Camarades; Office Staff.
Because of her friendliness and dependability, Elizabeth will be a valuable student at Normal School.

SYLVIA MARGUERITE CLIFTON

Lunchroom Staff; Hockey; Basketball.
Witty "Sue" is going to Maryland U. in the fall.

JOSEPH COHEN

"Joe" will enter G. W. next fall.

DOROTHY CHRISTINE COLLIFLOWER

Merrill Club; Basketball; Fall Show, '25.
Gay, fun loving "Dotty" is as yet undecided which school she will attend.

MILDRED ANTOINETTE CONKLIN

Honors (5); Debating Society; Les Camarades.
"Middy" will enter George Washington University where we are sure her high record in scholarship will bring her further honors.

DONALD LAWRENCE CONNOR

Track (letter).
Don's polished manners are sure to win him friends at Georgetown.

LILLIAN ERICSON CRAWFORD

Lunch Room Staff.
Lillian is going to G. W., and after graduation, plans a tour of the world.

NELLIE ELIZABETH DALRYMPLE

Secretary of Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff; "Easterner" Business Staff 3 years, Assistant Manager, '26; Basketball Manager (2 years) 5 Letters; Ushering Staff; Merrill Club; Dramatics—Alumni Show, '25, Fall Show, '24, Merrill Vaudeville, '24, "Irene Obliges," "Adam and Eva," "Arms and the Man"; Honors (8); Students' Council.
Nellie has attached herself to every activity at Eastern, including the cadets. She expects to enter the business world.

CHARLES KIRKWOOD DAVIES

Cadets.
Charlie, famous motorist, is unsettled as to his plans for the future.

EDITH GIBSON DAVIS

Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff; Honors (2).
Edith aspires to social service work, but will go to Normal School first.

ALLAN STANLEY DELAND

Cadets.
"Al" has not decided what will become of him after graduation, but his pluck and good nature will make him popular wherever he goes.

BERTHA ESTELLE DENISON

Merrill Club; Rifle Club; Dramatics.
"Bee" is going to Normal, but later intends to specialize in interior decorating. She is a good cook, too.

CLEMENT ALBERT DIDDEN

First Lieutenant, '26; Assistant Stage Manager; Track.
"Clem" is another Senior whose college has not been fully decided on.

CHARLES DORMAN

Track; Glee Club; Cadets; Dramatics—Fall Show, '22, '23, Alumni Show, '25.
Charlie has delighted us with his singing and his humor. He has not told us where he is going after graduating.



Nineteen Twenty-Six June



MARVEL ANNA DOUGLAS

Vice-President of the Students' Council; Secretary of the Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff; Secretary of the Golf Club; Ushering Staff; Dramatics—"The Trysting Place," '25, Fall Show, '25, "Adam and Eva," "The Boomerang."
Marvel, our golden haired actress, dreams of a dramatic studio "all her own." In the meantime—Normal and G. W.

ANDREW BOGGS DRUM, JR.

"Andy" has been with us only a short time, coming from New Orleans, but he is a good sport and we are sorry to lose him.

ELINOR ELIZABETH DUNNIGAN

Merrill Club; Golf Club.
Elinor, the sedate little sister of the laughing Regis, is going to Swarthmore to prepare for teaching languages.

MARGARET REGIS DUNNIGAN

Merrill Club; Rifle Club; "Cub" Staff; President of Golf Club; Lunch Room Staff; Ushering Staff; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, Alumni Show, '26.
Regis plans to be a newspaper editor, but she is going to Randolph Macon first.

SAMUEL EISENBERG

"Sam" has applied himself assiduously to his studies; as a result he gets his diploma half year ahead of time.

HILDA MAE EISENSTEIN

Merrill Club; Dramatics—Alumni Show, '26, Fall Show, '25.
Hilda will take secretarial training at Temple Business School.

ANNA MARIE ERB

Les Camarades; Hockey Team; Basketball Team; Honors (3).
"Shorty" is going to continue her business study at the Washington School for Secretaries.

OLIN WILLIAM EVERETT

Vice-President of Debating Society, '24, '25; Honors (1).
While at Eastern, Olin gained fame as a silver-tongued orator who knows but what our grandchildren will some day study him as the twentieth century's Patrick Henry?

GEORGE FRANCIS FINGER

Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, "Adam and Eva," "Arms and the Man"; President of Debating Society; Editor of "Cub," '26; "Easterner" Staff (2 years); Track; Cadets.
Will George give his deep rich voice to the world via the "boards," or turn his energies to his facile pen? G. W. will perhaps find the answer.

EDWARD ALBERT FINLAYSON

Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "The Boomerang."
"Eddie," or "Tom," as it pleases a certain young lady to call him, is going to Maryland U. next year.

MIRIAM CATHERINE FORT

Les Camarades; Lunch Room Staff; Honors (2).
Miriam, with her capabilities, is going to be a business woman after graduating.

JULIUS FRAGER

Baseball "E"; Championship Baseball Trophy.
Julius is going to make Georgetown U. famous for baseball.

WILLYE BEULAH FREEMAN

Hiking Club; Track; Les Camarades.
 "Billy" goes to Normal School. With her quiet friendliness, she is sure to be a well-loved teacher.

GLADYS YOUNG FRENCH

"Frenchie" is going in training to be a nurse. Then all of us will want to be ill!

THELMA MARGUERITE FREYMAN

Hiking Club; Les Camarades; Typist, "Easterner" Staff.
 Thelma is undecided—shall she go to G. W. or launch a business career? Which ever it is, good luck!

ARTHUR LINWOOD GARRETT

Cadets; Glee Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, '25; H. Y.
 "Pat" will carry his flashing grin and dancing feet to Transylvania College, 'way down in Kentucky.

ALBERT EUGENE GATES

Cadets, First Lieutenant on Staff, '26; Football; Track; Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, '25, Alumni Show, '25.
 "Gene" has not yet decided on his Alma Mater.

ELIZABETH MCCOY GEIGER

Merrill Club; Honors (3).
 Elizabeth completed her four-year course in three years—and without giving herself entirely to books. Next year she will park her car near Normal.

COUNCIL LINWOOD GERMAN

Cadets; Rifle Club.
 Council, with his propensity for wild neckties and "hot" socks, will continue his "sheiking" elsewhere.

CHARLES VICTOR GIBSON

"Charlie" fools you with a quiet reserve under which lurks an irresistible, dry humor. He excels in math.

LUCILLE VIVIAN GIBSON

Vice-President of the Merrill Club; Glee Club; Student Council (2); Lunch Room Staff; "Easterner" Staff; "Cub" Staff; Ushering Staff; Golf Club; Hiking Club; Dramatics—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Fall Show, '25.

"Rusty" has associated herself with nearly every activity, incidentally allying herself with every heart at Eastern. She will go to college.

MARGARET HACKETT GIBSON

Honors (3); Secretary of Les Camarades, Senior and Junior Hockey; Basketball "E."

Normal will open its doors wide for Margaret of the-sunny-smile-and-friendly nature.

VIRGINIA JANE GIBSON

Glee Club; Fall Show, '25; Merrill Club.

Virginia is going to Normal to study kindergarten work.

LEE ARTHUR GLASCOCK

Lee has bent all his art toward "glorifying the American Man" and his result is a model of what the well-dressed man should wear.





ETHEL MARGARET GLAVIN

Sophomore and Senior Hockey Teams.
Ethel came to Eastern from Tech a year and a half ago. She intends to be a model stenographer.

WILLIAM ESKEW GRANT

Cadets; Hi-Y.
Eskew, one of our radio enthusiasts, will study electrical engineering at G. W. next year.

ALICE JEAN GRAVES

Merrill Club; Vice-President of Glee Club; Fall Show, '24, '25; Alumni Show, '25; Sophomore Basketball Team.
Next year Alice Jean's name will appear on the register at Hood, but "someday," hums our singer, "at the Metropolitan Opera."

GORDON DENSLOW GRONBERG

Rifle Club; Special Sergeant on Brigade Staff.
Gordon is enrolling in G. W.'s Foreign Service School. He is a boy who stood out for his fine school spirit.

RUTH HELEN HAMILTON

Les Camarades; Hiking Club; Honors (2).
Ruth Helen is graduating in three and a half years. She will become a librarian.

JAMES WILBUR HARBIN, JR.

Assistant Captain of the Rifle Club; Rice Medal, '25; School Band; Glee Club; Fall Show, '25; Hi-Y; Honors (2).
"Jimmie" is to study medicine at G. W.

ANNIE LAURA HAYNIE

Les Camarades; Class Historian; Gold Medal Honor Student.
Laura is going to G. W. next year, there to continue her high scholarship.

WILLIAM HAZES

Cadets; Bank Staff; Honors (1).
"Bill" is off for a ranch in the "wild and woolly west," after graduation.

ALBERT JACOB HEADLEY

Cadets; Rifle Club; Baseball.
"AL" Miss Boyd's right hand man, is bound to be indispensable at college somewhere next year.

DAISY NAN HEDGES

Les Camarades; Glee Club; Dramatics.
Daisy is another Eastern girl who has chosen G. W. as her new Alma Mater. She is an enthusiastic swimmer.

CLARA BARBARA HEINRICH

Honors (4).
Clara is famed throughout Eastern's halls for her beautiful profile. She has not decided what she will do after graduation.

WILLIAM WAGNER HEINTZ

Cadets, First Lieutenant, Company A; Football (letterman); Rifle Club; Dramatics—"Holly Tree Inn," "Adam and Eva," "Bimbo the Pirate," "Arms and the Man," "Op-o' Me-Thumb"; Honors (2).
"Billy," one of our soldier actors, goes to make a sailor of himself at Annapolis next year.

EVELYN MARGARET HEWITT

Merrill Club; Golf Club; Glee Club; Senior Hockey Team; Basketball; Lunch Room Staff.

Evelyn is going to the Marjorie Webster School. She says she may return to Eastern as Miss Stockett's assistant.

CARL OSCAR HOFFMAN

Cadets, Corporal's medal; Baseball; Hi Y; Rifle Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "Arms and the Man."

Our tow-headed actor and cadet is undecided as to his future plans.

GEORGE WALTER HOGGE

Baseball—Captain, '26; Football; Dramatics.

Central gave us this able athlete and actor for his last two years.

MARGARET RUSSELL HOLT

Les Camarades; Ushering Staff; Lunch Room Staff; "Easterner" Staff; "Cub" Staff.

"Peggy" is responsible for a great many of the clever and charming posters that decorate our halls.

THEODORA MARGARET HOOVER

Gold Medal Honor Student; President, School Bank; Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff; Students' Council; Dramatics—"Holly Tree Inn," "Sauce for the Goslings," Fall Show, '25, "The Boomerang."

Margaret will follow a secretarial career.

ROBERT LEWIS HUTCHINSON

Cadets, First Lieutenant, Quartermaster, Battalion Staff, '26, Rifle Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '23, '24, '25.

Speedy "Bob" goes to Lehigh next year to become an electrical engineer.

JUDSON SMITH HUTCHISON

Track; Football; Cadets.

"Juddy" goes to make a way for himself at G. W. among the "Medics."

ISABEL MARIE JAEGER

Honors (2); Merrill Club; Hiking Club.

Isabel is a swimming enthusiast and spends most of her summer pursuing her art.

ELEANOR BELL JOHNSON

Merrill Club; Hiking Club; Dramatics; Honors (1).

Eleanor is going to Normal School next year. She is one of our youngest graduates.

RUTH ANITA JONES

Honors (4).

Ruth is sure to do well at G. W. since she has needed only three and one-half years to complete her course here.

DURWOOD KEATS

Debating Society—President, '24.

Durwood came to us from Kentucky. He won much success here in his favorite occupation, debating.

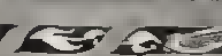
HARRIET ELIZABETH KING

Les Camarades; Dramatics.

Elizabeth says she is not going to tell another person of her intentions of becoming a nurse. Everyone is "so" discouraging!



Nineteen Twenty-six June



FRANCES VIRGINIA KNEE

Merrill Club.
Frances, who is to part from her inseparable Lillian, is going to Normal School.

WILLIAM LUTHER KNOTT

Track.
Here's another of our famous class to join the "Medics" at G. W. Good-luck, "Bill!"

LOIS KOERTH

Les Camarades.
Lois is that pretty blonde whose friendly smile is so much admired.

ALAN FRANK KREGLOW

Cadets. Second Lieutenant, Company A. Winner of Platoon Drill; Rifle Club; Hi-Y; Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, '25, Alumni Show, '26; Business Manager of "The Easterner" and "The Adjutant." "Kreggie" will seek success at G. W. next year and later as a doctor.

WILHELMINA DOROTHY KROLL

Honors (2).
Wilhelmina is going to G. W.

ALBERT LEO LATHAM

Cadets; Track; Glee Club; "Cub" Staff.
"Al," our jester, will help to make G. W. lively next year.

GEORGE FITZHUGH LINKINS

George will have good luck wherever he goes next year with those freckles and "golden locks."

ROBERT WILLIAM LOCKRIDGE

Rifle Club; Cadets (1); February cadet medal, '25; Orchestra.
Robert has been at Eastern only a short time but he is well known for his high scholarship and cheerfulness.

PERRIN HOLMES LOWREY

Cadets; Fall Show, '24, '25; Hi-Y; Honors (1).
Perrin, with his unobtrusive manner and his mellow accent, is sure to succeed in whatever he selects to do after graduation.

ALLENE MYRTLE LUCAS

Merrill Club; Rifle Club; Student Council.
Allene will make a good markswoman for some college next year.

LILLIAN LAMAR LUCAS

Honors (2); Lunch Room Staff; Merrill Club; Hiking Club.
Lillian hasn't told us where she is going to do her hiking after graduation.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH McDONALD

Catherine has been as quiet as a little mouse, doing most of her talking with her expressive brown eyes. She is going to Normal.

ELIZABETH MARGARET McVEARRY

Merrill Club; Dramatics; Lunch Room Staff; Honors (3)
In spite of the supposed handicap of long hair, Elizabeth possesses a distinctly winning way with the gentlemen.

MARY CATHERINE MEANY

Les Camarades.
Mary, who is graduating in three and one-half years, will prepare for the teaching world at Wilson Normal School.

CLARK GUSTAVUS MILITZER

Cadets; Cadet Medal; Track.
Our dignified, golden haired Clark will study at Maryland U. next year.

MARY HELEN MILKIE

Glee Club.
Mary will matriculate at G. W. next September

ELIZABETH REBECCA MILLER

Les Camarades; Gold Medal Honor Student
Elizabeth is to uphold the name of Eastern at Randolph Macon.

PEARL MAE MILLER

Merrill Club; Honors (2).
Pearl is to make a name for herself in the business field.

KEMP HAMMOND MISH

"Bill" is going down to Florida to college.

ALBERT BASSOCH NICHOLSON

Football; Track; Dramatics—"Holly Tree Inn." "Arms and the Man"; Honors (1).
"Nick," our unforgettable "Chocolate soldier," is going to West Point to become a "real" one.

JESSIE MARGARET PARKS

Les Camarades; Debating Society; Honors (4).
Jessie has finished her course in 3½ years and is now planning to go to Normal.

MARGARET LIVINGSTON PARSONS

Art Editor of the "Easterner"; The Cuba; Honors (2).
An artist of rare ability is Margaret. She plans to follow the profession after her graduation from college.

MARION ANNA PAULL

Honors (2); Merrill Club; Dramatics; Rifle Club; Glee Club.
Marion's three and one-half years at Eastern will be followed by four years at Cornell.

DOROTHY TOMLIN PHILLIPS

Merrill Club; Dramatics; Glee Club.
"Dot" will be a valuable addition to the Freshman class at Maryland U. next year.



Nineteen Twenty-Six June



JOSEPH HARRY PORTCH

Captain of Company C, '26; Track; Honors (5).
"Happy" is going to continue his studies, but he hasn't decided where.

MYRTLE CATHERINE POSEY

District Winner of Oratorical Contest; "Easterner" Staff the Cubes. Dramatics—"Irene Obliges," "Op-o'-Me-Thumb," "Arms and the Man"; Honors (5).
Myrtle hopes to allow her spark of dramatic genius to flame some day. Meanwhile, she will study at G. W.

JULIUS JOHN RADICE

Students' Council (2 years); Cadet Medal as best corporal; Gold Basketball, '24; Captain, Basketball, '26; Football; Baseball; Gold Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, '25, "Adam and Eva," "The Boomerang"; Assistant Manager of Dramatic Association.
"Julie" has a place in the heart of every Easternite for his cordial friendliness, his cheerfulness, and his good sportsmanship. We lose to U. of Va. a splendid athlete and dramatic star.

JOEL REZNEK

Cadets; Rifle Club; Tennis; Track.
"Joe" is going to Maryland U.

WALTER FREDERICK RHINE

Glee Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, '25, "The Boomerang"; Track, First Lieutenant, Company B; Honors (2).
"Ike" is going to Maryland U.

FRANCES MARIE ROBERTS

Honors (2); Les Camarades; Hiking Club; Basketball.
"Fran" is going to Normal to learn to be a teacher.

GEORGE MARTIN ROTH

"Easterner" Staff, 2 years, and Assistant Editor, '26; Dramatics—"The Boomerang"; Debating Society, '25, Secretary, '26; Orchestra, 4 years; The Cubs; Cadets; Glee Club; "Cub" Staff, '25; Honors (1).
A poet and musician, George plans to continue his education at G. W.

FRANCES ALDRICH ROZELLE

Merrill Club; Captain Sophomore Basketball Team; Captain of Hockey Team.
Frances intends to study commercial illustrating at the Abbott School.

NOLA CORA SANBORN

Merrill Club; Orchestra; Dramatics—Fall Show, '24, '25, Alumni Show, '25; Honors (5).
Nola intends to take herself and her "fiddle" to Mount Holyoke.

ALICE HENRIETTA SAUNDERS

Les Camarades; Honors (3).
"Al" plans to enter G. W. in the fall.

DOROTHEA MAE SCHENKEN

Merrill Club, Drama—"Mid-summer Night's Dream," Fall Show, '24, '25, Alumni Show, '24, '25, '26; Honors (2).
Dorothea, our clever little dancer, will attend Temple U.

BERTHA SCHWARTZ

Honors (4); Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25.
While at Eastern Bertha has gained fame as a silence chaser. There is never a quiet moment when little Miss Schwartz is around.

FRANK EDWARD SCRIVENER

Cadets, First Lieutenant, '25, '26; Dramatics—"Midsummer Night's Dream," "Waiting for the Bus"; "Easterner" Staff; "Cub" Staff, '26; Debating Society; Honors (5).
Frank is an Easternite bound for G. W.

WILLIAM HAROLD SCRUGGS

Basketball, 2 letters; Baseball, 2 letters; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "The Boomerang."
"Boots," one of our pluckiest basketball men, as well as star first baseman, will surely shine at Maryland U.

THOMAS HARDIE SEAY, Jr.

Cadets (4 years); Track.
Hardie will spend his next four years at G. W. U.

JULIUS SHAPIRO

Cadets; Cheerleader (1); Football.
"Shep," famous for his cheerful grin, plans to enter Maryland.

ISABEL RUE SHANK

Les Camarades.
Isabel, with her snapping brown eyes and golden curls, left in February to work. We are glad that she has not forgotten us entirely; she still visits us.

JOSEPH CHARLES SHAW

Cadets; Track; Rifle Club; Junior Play.
"Joe" plans to enter Georgetown next September.

CYNTHIA CARENE SHERRY

Les Camarades.
Carene plans to go in training as a nurse at Sibley Hospital.

JAMES HARRISON SHIMP

Honors (1).
"Jim" will continue his study of chemistry at G. W. next year.

LAWRENCE SMALLWOOD

Baseball; Football (letter man); Track; Basketball; Manager of Basketball, '26; Orchestra; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, "The Boomerang."
Maryland State will gain next year an invaluable asset in our versatile "Smallie."

EFFIE MILDRED SPAHR

Glee Club; Honors (1).
Mildred just can't decide what to do with herself after graduation.

MERLE SUTER

Track.
Merle wants to spend his next four years studying at Haverford.

PAUL FRANCIS SUTTON

Football (letter man); Basketball Manager, '25; Cadets.
Paul is another of Eastern's athletic contributions to Maryland.



Nineteen Twenty-six June



LESTER MONROE SWINGLE

Cadets, Lieutenant, '25, Captain of Company D, '26; Stage Force; Honors (7).
"Les," the last of the famous Swingle brothers, leaves Eastern for G. W.

BERTIE MAY TALBERT

Merrill Club; Rifle Club; Lunch Room Staff; Honors (3).
May will enter Wilson-Normal in September.

WILLIAM RAYMOND TALBERT

Track, Captain, '26; Baseball (letter man); Cadets, Major, '26. With his quiet determination, "Ray" is bound for Massachusetts Tech.

RUTH ROSANN TEATES

Hiking Club; Rifle Club; Les Camarades; Basketball, '23, '24, '25; Miss Stockett will miss Ruth at basketball time next year.

GEORGE CHESTER THOM

Cadets, Captain of Company A; Orchestra; Band; Dramatics; "Easterner," '25—Advertising Manager, '26; Honors (1).
"Ches" will "carry on" in his quiet manner at G. W. next fall.

JOSEPHINE MARIA TREMAIN

Ushering Staff; Merrill Club; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff; "Easterner" Staff, Business, '25, Editorial, '26; Section Representative, '25, '26; Dramatics—"Midsummer Night's Dream," "Rollo's Wild Out," Fall Show, '24, '25, Alumni Show, '25; Gold Medal Honor Student.
Tiny "Jo" with her Titian curls and shy manner, is the winner of the Alumni Scholarship to Swarthmore.

EVAN HUGHES TUCKER, JR.

Honors (2).
Evan will continue his education at a business college next year.

ROBERT LOUIS VOUGHT

Cadets; Glee Club; Fall Show, '25.
"Bob" is undecided as to what college he will attend.

VIRGINIA GERTRUDE WALLING

Merrill Club; Basketball; Hockey.
Virginia will seek success in the business world.

ALPHEUS LAUCK WALTER, JR.

Cadets—Captain, Company B; Football, letter man; Cheer Leader, '26; Easterner Staff (Business, 2 years, Editorial, '26); President of Students' Council, '26; Dramatics—Fall Show, '24—Stage Manager; Honors (4).
Al, as stage manager, has done invaluable work for the school. He is going to study medicine.

ETHEL MAE WATERS

Les Camarades; Students' Council.
Ethel has a charming gift of making flowers grow for her. Mrs. Wilkins and the green house will miss her when she leaves for Normal.

JAMES ADAMS WILLEY

Cadets; Glee Club; Dramatics—Fall Show, '25, Alumni Show, '26, Junior Play, '24, "Arms and the Man."
"Jimmie," famed among other things for his Argentine tango, is going to attend business college and then, perhaps, specialize in law.

ELIZABETH SUSAN WINE

Merrill Club; Dramatics—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Fall Show, '24, Alumni Show, '25, '26, Merrill Vaudeville Show, '24.
Elizabeth's daintiness and grace have been a valuable addition to all the dance groups in our various shows.

JOHN HERBERT WYATT

Cadets; Football; Art.
John is going to work next year as an artist.

ANDREW JEAN ZERVOULEI

Cheer leader, '24; Football; Basketball.
"Zev" takes his "pep" to Georgia Tech next year.

HERBERT JENNINGS ELLIOT

Football; Basketball; Dramatics; Honors (1).
"Hubby," famed for his curly red locks, has gained much popularity during his three years at Eastern. He hasn't decided what college he will attend.

**RAYMOND OPIE DUVALL**

Honors (2).
Opie is going to business college to learn to be a famous business man.

MARGARET ELSIE ESTEP

Elsie left us in February, but she is coming back to graduate with us.

NORMAN CLAYTON HOMILLER

Norman has shown while at Eastern the ability to defend his arguments.

GEORGE FRANCIS MADIGAN

Football; Baseball; Basketball; Dramatics—"The Turtle Dove," Fall Show, '25, "The Ghost Story."
"Skinny," star actor and athlete, is bound for West Point.

FRED JOHN WAPLE

Baseball.
Fred's beautiful "school girl complexion" early won him the name of "Rubesco" from Mr. Padgett. After graduation, Fred will continue his work at Georgetown.

CONSTANCE WATERS

"Connie" of the lovable smile will win many friends at William and Mary College.



TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL CLASS—FEBRUARY, 1926

TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

FEBRUARY, 1926

CLASS OFFICERS

President—HARRY MELVIN CARVER

Vice-President—FLORENCE EUNICE HAYES

Secretary—CLARA HANCOCK BOWER

Treasurer—RICHARD LYNCH COUNTS

ESTHER BELNICK

Esther, the class valedictorian, has often charmed us by her dainty mannerism and by her playing. She is going to night school.

KATHERINE REBECCA BOSS

Katherine has never been tardy during her high school career, a fine record for one who hopes to be a secretary.

ELEANOR MARGARET BOSWORTH

Eleanor, our quiet girl, is very fond of dancing.

CLARA HANCOCK BOWER

Clara, our little song-bird, wants to become a nurse.

MELANIE ELIZABETH BOYER

Melanie has never missed a day from school since she's been at Eastern. She's had honors twice.

ALICE MAE BROWN

Alice is a young Lenglen on the tennis courts. She will be a stenographer.

MARGARET PRITCHARD CAMPBELL

Margaret is studying beauty culture.

MARY LOUISE CHAPPELEAR

Louise has decided to giggle her way through two more years at Eastern.

DORA COHEN

Dora will continue with a secretarial course at some business college.

MARY LOUISE COX

Mary Louise is the vivacious young person who found it so hard to pass a geography test. She is now studying at Strayer's.

EDNA AILEEN DAVIS

With Edna's graduation, the business world received a new and competent stenographer.

LENNETTA MARY FREY

Lennetta, despite her propensities for giggling in class, is well qualified for a successful stenographic career.

SOPHIE GINSBURG

Sophie is doing stenographic work with great success

GRACE MARY GREEN

Grace intends to continue her studies at Emerson Institute.

FLORENCE EUNICE HAYES

Florence is going to business college.

EVELYN LOUISE HEWITT

Evelyn wants to become an expert bookkeeper.

CATHERINE HOLDEN KING

"Jo," who was section representative for two years, is going to be a stenographer.

FRANCES ADELINE MULLEN

Frances, famed for her dimples and skill at basketball, is going to be a stenographer.

JEANETTE ELIZABETH OAKES

BEATRICE MAUDE PESTELL

"Beatie" started with the academic course; but she liked typewriting so well, she graduated from the business course.

POLLY ANITA RITTENHOUSE

Polly plans to study for social service work.

EDNA ELMYRA SCHWENK

Edna is very enthusiastic about basketball. She is going to be a secretary.

MARY DEVONA STOOPS

Mary is destined for a position in the business world.

VIOLA LOUISE WEAVER

"Vi," of the dreamy eyes, plans to become a piano teacher.

HARRY MELVIN CARVER

Harry hopes some day to become an expert bookkeeper.

RICHARD LYNCH COUNTS

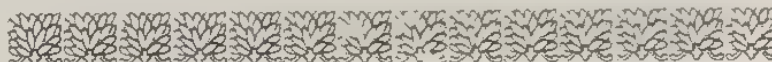
Richard aims very high—"Someday I'll be President." Watch him!

FRANCIS ALOYSIUS FLANAGAN

Some day Francis expects to be an electrical engineer.

ANDREW FRANCIS OEHMANN

Francis intends to enter Annapolis some day.





TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL CLASS—JUNE, 1926

TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

JUNE, 1926

CLASS OFFICERS

President—HAROLD CHRISTIAN WITHERITE*Vice-President*—FLORA EDNA ROBINSON*Secretary*—ALMA IRENE SOUTHWORTH*Treasurer*—JOSEPH MARION LARE

MAE MARGARET ALLNUTT

Mae was once one of our rifle shooters in the Girls' Rifle Club which is now winning fame in the matches. We have high hopes for Mae's earning equal fame in the business world.

RITA MARIA ANAYA

If efficiency and accuracy count in being a good stenographer, we are quite sure that Rita is well prepared for any office.

EDYTHE MYRTLE BAILEY

In her two years at Eastern, Myrtle has made many friends. Her ambition is to become a secretary.

MARGARET LEE BALL

Margaret is rather quiet; so we haven't heard much of her during her stay here. She will go to work next winter.

THELMA ELIZABETH BERKELEY

Thelma is one of our favorites. With her sunny nature she makes friends wherever she goes.

MARGARET BEUCHERT

HELEN VIRGINIA BODINE

Three cheers for the progressive army of stenographers—and three cheers for Helen, who will soon join their ranks.

EDITH LYLE BOSWORTH

Her sparkling eyes and happy smile
Make all her classmates' lives worthwhile.

LYDIA ELIZABETH BRITT

Lydia Britt, who is full of wit,
Is very good fun, and every one knows it.

MILDRED AMELIA BUDESHEIM

Mildred is one of the most popular girls in her class. We like her blue eyes and her merry laugh.

CHRISTINA CAMPBELL

When Christina graduates, Eastern will feel the loss.

HELEN PAULINE CAMPBELL

Helen is very, very studious. And just think,—she has never been tardy to school!

MARGARET EVELYN CECIL

If you've noticed a girl with lazy brown eyes and the same sort of smile, it's Margaret Cecil.

DAISY MARGUERITE CLEMENTS

Daisy's time has been well spent at Eastern, not only in studying but in earning true and loyal friends who will miss her greatly when she leaves for her venture into the business world.

ANNETTE MARIE COOPER

Annette is going to Europe some day. In the meantime, golf is to be her favorite pastime.

HELEN LEAH CORNWELL

Helen is the little brunette who was so faithful to her studies. The teachers will miss her.

GEORGIANNA MADISON COVINGTON

The hand of destiny has written, "An unsurpassed business career," for Georgianna. So "George's" success is certain.

MARY CLARA CROWN

Mary is one of those who is always good to have around, and we shall surely miss her when she leaves Eastern. With her she takes a merry spirit that will brighten any business office.

REGINA MARY DEENIHAN

Thrills, thrills, thrills! That Regina's best hobby. Here's hoping she will have plenty after she leaves the biggest thrill of all—Eastern.

DOROTHEA FRANCES DEPOY

Dorothea, an honor student during her two years at Eastern, is planning to enter the business world, at least for a while.

ALBINA RITA FALASCO

Albina is not very big, but she is a good worker.

SARAH ADKINSON FINLEY

Sarah is one of those girls who enjoy dancing. "I want to be a stenographer," says Sarah.

MARGARET ELIZABETH FISHER

Margaret is another of our girls who is leaving Eastern for the great business world.

LOYOLA ANNA FLAHERTY

Loyola is another popular girl who has decided to remain at Eastern four years.

SYLVIA MAE GIBSON

Sylvia Gibson, with the nick name of "Dick,"
Is as sweet as the candy and as slim as the stick.

EDNA LEE GRUBB

"Eddie" is thinking about coming back in September. We hope she will.

ESTHER MAY HALIDAY

Snappy, brown eyes and a ready smile—that's Esther.

ELIZABETH HOPE HARDING

MABEL HOPKINSON HESSE

Mabel is quite a baseball fan. If you don't believe it, look at her dictation notebooks.

AGNES ELIZABETH HOBBS

Agnes is quite an expert bookkeeper. After leaving Mr. Darby's tutelage she intends to keep "real" business books.

FRANCES IGLEHART

Who doesn't know Frances with her dimpled smile and cherub glances?

VERA MARIE INSCOE

Vera is the dainty little blond who, with her merry giggle, is so popular with our class.

BLANCHE KATHERINE KAUFFMAN

Sweet, graceful and charming—that describes Blanche who is sure to brighten any office into which she may go to serve as stenographer.

ISABELLE ANNA KECK

Isabelle finds it rather hard to read shorthand notes. And shouldn't it be when one has a most disconcerting dimple?

ANNA KATHERINE LASLEY

Katherine is full of "pep" and fun. She is very fond of dancing and enjoys traveling.

CATHERINE LAW

Catherine is one of the pretty blondes of the commercial class. She is planning to work and to attend Strayers' at night.

ELSIE MARIAN LEWIS

Elsie is going to be a stenographer. "But," warns she, "the boss must be good looking!"

VIRGINIA MARGUERITE McARTHUR

MARGARET ELIZABETH McCORMICK

Margaret has been with us only two semesters but she has gained a place in our hearts in that short time.

HARRYETT ELIZABETH MEYER

Harryett wears high heels to make her look tall, but she needs no aids to friendship.

LEILA GERTRUDE MILSTEAD

After the summer vacation, Leila intends to work. Her sparkling wit and good humor will be sadly missed by her many friends at Eastern.

MARIAN RUTH OBERG

Marian hopes some day to be an English teacher. She says she'll be very lenient with baseball fans.

MARY LOUISE OLIVER

Now that summer, with its opportunities for swimming, is here, Mary's heart is glad. She is going to be a champion swimmer some day.

MINNIE PAULINE PATTON

Pauline has received honors at Eastern. We are sure she will keep up her record in her capacity as stenographer.

ELSIE EVELYN PAYNE

Evelyn has not yet decided what to do after graduating. Whatever it is, however, we are confident she will succeed.

LOUISE FRANCES PERKINS

Louise's high scholastic record won for her the office of class valedictorian.

ODA REBERHOLT

Oda—light haired and blue eyed, with intelligence and wit. What more could a future stenographer have, or want?

VIRGINIA ERNESTINE RENALDS

Virginia is noted for her gentle smile and winning personality.

LYNETTE DAY RICE

When questioned as to her hobby, her reply was, "Eating tuna fish sandwiches!"

THELMA LOUISE RIEDEL

For general vivacity and prettiness, Thelma ranks high. She is popular with all.

FLORA EDNA ROBINSON

Flora has stood out in her class for her high scholastic record. She likes us so well that she will return in September. Lucky we!

MARY LEE RUSSELL

Several in our midst may not be acquainted with Mary. Why? Because Mary finished her course at Night School, but she has come back to graduate with us.

ALTA MAY SHEPARD

Alta is one of the best girl athletes of the school. She served in the sophomore basketball team and in the first girls' track meet.

MARY LOUISE ELIZABETH SIEVERS

Mary intends to be secretary to some future occupant of the White House. Good luck, Mary!

ETHEL CECILIA SOPER

A friend, ever staunch and true, is Ethel. She knows quite a bit about Commercial Geography, too; ask Mrs. Sams.

MILDRED PHILENA SOTER

Just a wisp of blond loveliness, with a charm that is sublime—
This little Miss Mildred Soter will be a stenographer sometime.

ALMA IRENE SOUTHWORTH

Alma is one half of the famous Southworth Twins. She is our class secretary.

THELMA INEZ SOUTHWORTH

Thelma has a scholastic record many can envy. She is the other half of the Southworth Twins.

EDNA MARIE SPROESSER

Edna launches into her stenographic career with many friends.

DOROTHY VIRGINIA STANSELL

Dorothy is another one of our young hopefuls who is going into the business world as a stenographer. We have no fear of Dorothy's success if she continues the good work she has done at Eastern.

MADELINE LOUISE STUART

MARIE KATHERINE TANNER

Marie hopes one day to return to Eastern as a geography teacher.

GWENDOLYN EVELYN TELLEFSEN

DORIS JANE THIELE

Doris turns frowns into smiles. She'll be a valuable asset in any business man's office.

JANE ELLEN VANDEGRIFT

Jane is a pretty girl with big brown eyes and a captivating smile. She is not going to leave us, for she is going to continue with two more years of academic work.

MARGARET KATHLEEN WELSH

For our friend "Billie" nothing but the best can be said. She has been an honor student and plans to return to Eastern to complete the four-year course.

HELEN LOUISE WILCOX

Helen is very gay and bright. She is especially fond of dancing.

GWENDOLYN GRACE WILLIAMS

CATHERINE VIRGINIA YOUNG

Catherine leaves Eastern much to the regret of all.

WILLIAM LEE BEACH

In school, William is a quiet boy; but outside—you'd be surprised!

JAMES CLAUDE BLACKWELL

Although he has not been at Eastern long enough to enter its activities, he was a cadet in 1925. He expects to enter the business world.

ELDRED LEPREUX CLARK

Eldred is ever to be seen in the locker room or in Coach's office. He is a high-class outfielder.

ROBERT EDWARD CRUMP

Robert is class prophet. He has participated in football and baseball.

EDWARD EUGENE FEINDT

"Shorty" held the very important job of washing dishes in the school lunchroom. He is a wide-awake chap, with a sense of humor.

JAMES SAMUEL KERR

James is sure to come out on top, for he has the wonderful gifts of perseverance and tenacity.

JOSEPH MARION LARE

"Joe," who served his class so faithfully as treasurer, has been an enthusiastic athlete while at Eastern.

VICTOR STEPHEN McCLOSKEY**ALVIN ABRAHAM MORGANSTEIN**

When Alvin, better known as "Doughboy," graduates, he intends to enter the baking business. This is a warning to the District bakers.

HORACE ELMER OLIVER

Elmer had left school, and gone to work, but he decided that he liked school better than work; so he returned to us. He now intends to be a bookkeeper.

HOHMAN RUSSELL**GRIMES LINCOLN SENIFF**

Grimes is a sincere enthusiast of clog dancing under the instruction of Mr. Simon. He intends to go into the newspaper field.

FRANK HARLON WEAVER

Unequaled in bookkeeping.

He heads the class all year;
In the other subjects he's keeping
In the lead or very near.

HAROLD CHRISTIAN WITHERITE

Harold is president of his class, and end on the football team; but, more than all, he is a good fellow.



America's Contribution to Constitutional Government

MYRTLE C. POSEY, '26

LET me open for you a book, the world's guidebook, the nations' textbook, a musty, age-old book with well-thumbed leaves. And yet the ink of the last few pages is still fresh, and the book lies unfinished, and people call it the science of government.

Through its pages I have sought the beginnings of constitutional government and democracy and found them: First, in the city republics of ancient Greece; second, in the medieval cantons of Switzerland; third, in the England of the Middle Ages; and fourth, in the United States of America. And which one of these was it that finally revolutionized the governments of the world? Was it those tiny Grecian republics? No. They lived and died in a day. Was it those ancient Swiss cantons? No. Remote from other countries, and under conditions peculiar to themselves, they drew no attention. Was it the island of Great Britain? Yes, partly. These three were forerunners which prepared the way for another; one which caused the greatest political upheaval of all times, which fired France to rebel, which stirred the principles of liberty and freedom in the many people of the world so that they never forgot, which shook old forms of government to their depths so that they were finally dislodged. "And which was this?" you ask. None other than our own America. America, who awakened the world; America, who, through the experience and guidance of those others, has laid the foundations of modern constitutional government; America, who today has become the inspiration and guide to never and upstruggling democracies.

And what are those solid principles and unique features which so startled the world and make up America's contribution to constitutional government?

Probably the greatest is the theory and practice of the written constitution. When our constitution, a written contract resting upon the authority of state and people, was brought forth from that little Philadelphia meeting house, the world laughed. But scorn turned to admiration and confidence, and the written constitution became an ideal that took Europe by storm. Paper plans of government spread over the continent like the waters of a flood. When the waters receded, and the nations dropped their hasty and ill considered documents, here and there was a constitution that remained fixed. Such constitutions stand today practically as they were created. But nations, like individuals, must learn by experience, and so it is that years have spun their never ending cycles and nations have fallen and risen again. And today thirty four countries of the world stand as witnesses and monuments to this principle, the theory and practice of the written constitution.

Another contribution that deserves very special attention is that combination of federal and state governments which has been so successful in practice now for one hundred and fifty years. These two authorities, each supreme in its own sphere, are limited and defined, one by the other. Each modifies the other and equalizes the distribution of power in both. The nations had sought for such a balance of power for many years and they seized upon America's idea with eagerness. Canada and Australia, though colonies of England, changed their provinces into states when they established their commonwealths, and brought about the same system of two governments, merged one with the other.

A third contribution was the idea that governments derive their power from the consent of the governed. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people is a phrase that, when incorporated into the constitutions of nations, has raised their peoples from slaves and subjects to freemen and citizens.

Closely bound to this principle of democratic rule are the guarantees of personal liberties to the common people: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, religious freedom, the writ of habeas corpus, the home inviolable, equal taxation, equality of all men, safeguards of property—all conceived for the common people and dedicated to oppressed humanity. Turkey and Persia are among the latest converts to a government by the people in which the liberties of the people are carefully protected.

Fifth, I would enumerate the separation of church and state with religious liberty for all. This was indeed a new doctrine which America gave the world, a right for which our ancestors fought, suffered, and left their homes, a principle which laid the foundations of a great nation, our nation. Many countries, notably France, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, have followed our example in divorcing the civil and religious powers in the interest of freedom of conscience.

The separation of powers of government into the legislative, executive, and judicial departments is still another famous principle of our constitution. The limits and checks which the law imposes upon these three departments have been found invaluable in securing better government.

Its most distinctive, original and most American feature is the Supreme Court. This was a complete departure from any known judicial practice, and has proved to be one of the most successful principles of our constitution, of which it is the sole interpreter.

As the Supreme Court is the final authority in our political system, the constitution is the supreme law of our land. Other nations have been careful to establish this rule, to guard their freedom and insure internal peace. And our constitution, a document of liberty, order, and self-restraint, stands with but one interpreter, the Supreme Court.

These eight great pillars of our government, the theory and practice of the written constitution, a combination of federal and state governments, a government deriving its power from the consent of the governed, guarantees of personal liberties to the common people, separation of church and state with religious liberty for all, the principle of the separation of power, the Supreme Court, and the constitution as the supreme law of the land are all American principles which have been embodied in governments in both hemispheres, in every continent.

And I close the time-tried book of government with its white unfinished pages, and I think with a fierce pride and a high heart how glad I am that I am an American, one of those millions who live under a constitution that has imparted so much to the world; one of those millions who live in a country which shines as a beacon light to far distant lands. And I bring the challenge of duty to all who are Americans to carry on as others before you have so nobly carried on, to watch that light with ardor and tend it with devotion, to keep its flame pure and its lamp unquelled. Then our America which has given so much in the past, which is doing so much in the present, will in the future pass on the light to yet other nations, until throughout the earth, everywhere, north, south, east and west, shall glow the eternal fires of freedom.



MYRTLE C. POSEY

THERE are two elements upon which success in any public enterprise depends, each as important as the other. One is character, a latent power, a magnetism which assures the reward of victory, and attracts to itself the compensation of achievement. The other is a belief in the undertaking, a faith that, in its simplicity, permits one to speak with a sincerity that carries with it the force of conviction and purpose accomplished.

And so, it was due to these two that honor for the third time was brought to Eastern when, before the three judges, Dr. J. J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education; Judge McKenzie Moss, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; and Mrs. Harry A. Colman, former National President of the League of American Pen Women, and a sympathetic audience, Miss Myrtle Posey gave her oration, that in its stirring appeal, won for her and her school, the privilege of appearing in the finals of the National Oratorical Contest. A pecuniary reward of three hundred dollars, and a three month's inspirational tour of Europe, happy in the companionship of the six other finalists from the various parts of the United States, are added laurels to Miss Posey's personal success.

The hopes of Eastern, in a year already memorable as one in which achievement has been so active, are, at this writing, centered upon the results of the final contest to be held on June 4, at the Washington Auditorium. With the position of alternate for the District of Columbia in the first year, the winner for the District the second year of the contest, Eastern now, holding again the place of winner in its district, encourages Miss Posey to a final victory, tendering to her a support warm in its interest, firm in its trust in her ability, and lasting in its pride in one, who through her efforts, has brought to her school a fame national, even international, in importance and interest.

G. E. W.

Vacations

BERTRAM G. FOSTER, '94

(Former President, E. H. S. Alumni Association)

The older I get the less I like to labor at my daily tasks, and the more I search for excuses to take vacations from them. Whether this is the result of mature wisdom or pampered laziness, I have only suspicions. And since suspicions are apt to be misleading I prefer to make no statement regarding mine.

Let me see—if I correctly recall the Latin I studied so assiduously at old Eastern, the word "vacation" comes from "vacatio—vacatus." (I can almost hear my good friend and former teacher, Mr. Swartzell, say, "Right, as usual, Foster." Would that I again could hear him address me as his pupil!) And "vacatus" retranslated means "empty, free or unoccupied," does it not?

Harking back to those old times, while I never recall Mr. Swartzell nor other teachers who led my willing feet along the paths of learning, using the Latin term, they did occasionally make remarks in understandable English regarding my recitations that might be regarded as fairly accurate translations of the word. So in one sense while that portion of my physical being that extends from my neck upward, may have been "vacatus," still when so designated, neither it nor I was having an enjoyable vacation in the modern acceptance of the term. Indeed, such sternly enunciated statements tended to destroy vacation thoughts. Was it not Cowper who wrote—

"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed?"

It was my custom, therefore, to hurry home to spend the hours intervening between the close of school and the session of the next day, in trying to fathom the military or engineering ability of Julius Caesar, locate something beautiful in Chaucer's crude conceptions, ponder on why Alexander didn't die of infantile indigestion instead of iniquitous

inebriety or wonder why mathematics should be classed as an exact science when I was continuously proving it otherwise. And so I burned the midnight gas, possibly illuminated also with certain works of learning pressed upon me by my good friend and crony, Croissant—yes, Dr. DeWitt C. Croissant, professor of English at George Washington University.

For the good Doctor—then just plain Croissant—was even at that early period of his career, a collector of books and was certainly showing a cosmopolitan taste in a wide range of subjects. For example, I recall very vividly well-thumbed copies of editions in English of Caesar's Gallic War and Cicero's Oration. He had on his shelves (or was it in a drawer?) a key to the solution of algebraic problems, and I remember his showing me with secret, or rather secretive, pride a copy of Chaucer's Tales done into modern English. To me who was a seeker of those beauties that hide in the original tongues and are lost in translations, to me, as a solver of the mysteries of science, such works were merely of passing interest—and I finally passed.

Of course I do not recommend to the present students any unseemly line of action, but I think it was no less a poet than Butler who said in "Hudibras,"

"Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts 'o the Nation?"

That may have been poetic license. But in those days I thought I was a poet, and as a natural consequence was entitled to give my conscience a poetic license to take vacations, which it always willingly did.

As to regular school vacation periods, I remember I was always ready and anxious to start the school year and get again among my classmates. A benison upon them all. I love them each and every one today! I worked along fairly faithfully up to the

Christmas holidays. That leisure period made study difficult for the remainder of the year; we had no extended Easter vacation in those times. I recall that I kept tab day by day from January, of the number of days remaining to the end of the year. And when the bells had rung for the last time, and the resounding tramp of the youthful hosts in the corridors and on the stairs ceased, and the class-rooms settled down to the brooding silence of summer isolation, I forgot books, schools, mandates, and restrictions and became the occupant of another world.

And such, in my judgment, is vacation. It is not a time for doing nothing, but a time for doing something different—to get out of the rut that has become the commonplace thing of life and try other things, for the fun of the thing, or for the value of it as may be pleasant or necessary. We have laughed over the age-old humor of the “heir-ess” and the “man of wealth” who first met at the seaside and met a second time as hard-working clerks behind the opposite counters of a department store, he selling shoe-strings and she dispensing pins. But that vacation had done them both good. They were better sellers of shoe-strings and pins than before their vacation, and no doubt if they married, as unquestionably they did, they lived together happily ever after and annually annulled the humdrum of life by playing the

parts of gentleman and lady of leisure. And it was good for them.

As for me, surrounded as I am by matters that require thought, study, analysis and decision, my vacation pleasure is to get away from mental tasks and undertake bodily ones. One year I planted trees, hoed potatoes, repaired and painted a barn; and I came back with soil ground into my knuckles and paint under my fingernails. But I also had a mind refreshed, a body reinvigorated and a greater respect than ever for the army of unknown fellowmen who have made it possible to create orchards, whose business it is to labor that we may have our daily bread, and who are able to build that we may preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth.

So the student in summer vacation should not merely idle away the time but betake himself to summer camp activity, to clerical employment, to manual labor, to whatever his hand findeth to do. And let him do it with his might. It will refresh him, it will broaden his mind, make him more active and self-reliant, give him new and unexpected views of life and of his fellow creatures, and fit him better to take up the schooling that is, for the present, the daily task before him. Thus it shall redound not alone to his individual use and credit, but it will have a wider sphere of influence, perhaps unknown, but none the less real.



SIR GALAHAD LOVED THE BONNIE LASSIE

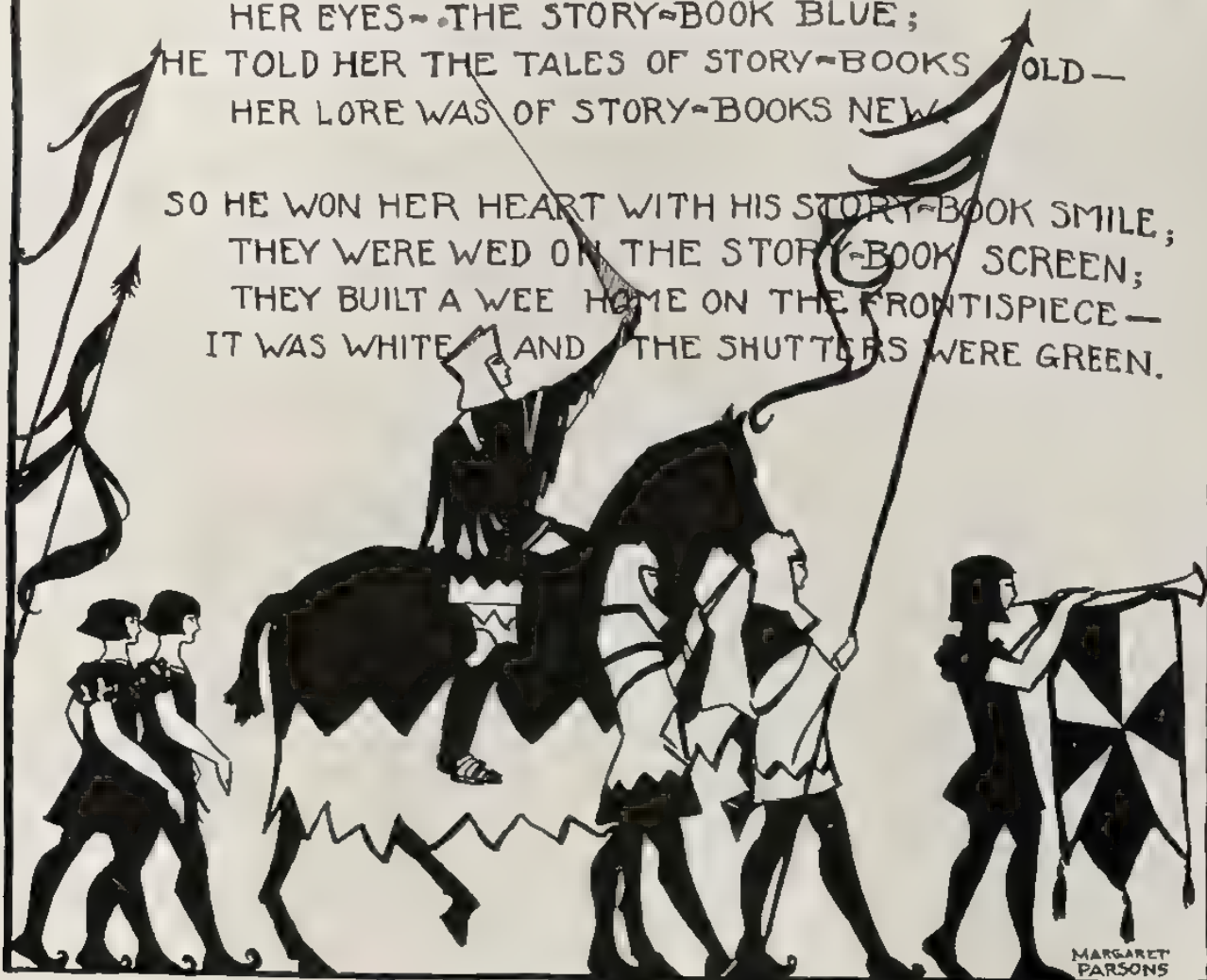
EVELYN MARIE BURNS

HE RODE OUT OF A GAY STORY-BOOK,
THIS FINE BOY-KNIGHT, I'M TOLD;
AND THE STORY-BOOK VOLUME HE RODE FROM WAS BLUE,
EMBOSSSED IN FIGURES OF GOLD.

THE STORY-BOOK LOVE WAS IN HIS HEART,
THE STORY-BOOK GOLD IN HIS HAIR;
SO HE LOVED TO DWELL WHERE STORY-BOOKS ARE
AND THEY HAD THEIR FIRST MEETING THERE.

HIS HAIR REFLECTED THE STORY-BOOK GOLD,
HER EYES - THE STORY-BOOK BLUE;
HE TOLD HER THE TALES OF STORY-BOOKS OLD -
HER LORE WAS OF STORY-BOOKS NEW.

SO HE WON HER HEART WITH HIS STORY-BOOK SMILE;
THEY WERE WED ON THE STORY-BOOK SCREEN;
THEY BUILT A WEE HOME ON THE FRONTISPIECE -
IT WAS WHITE AND THE SHUTTERS WERE GREEN.



MARGARET
PARSONS

Three Little Maids from School

GEORGE ROTH, '26

One fine June morning, a year ago, the good ship *Minnekahda* left the New York harbor much in the same fashion as it had left many times before. There were the usual handshakings and farewell smacks prior to embarkation, and the general air of relief after person and baggage were safely deposited.

Amid the flurry of excitement that preceded the ship's departure, there was a grand scramble for seats. Among the scramblers were four ladies, who, although usually the very personification of dignity, enlisted vigorously in the heated competition for deck chairs. After several minutes of successful team work, our friends recovered their dignity and proceeded to congratulate Miss Boyd, the champion seat procurer, on her proficiency in this line.

The party was as delightful a little group as ever sailed the ocean blue. There was Miss Bucknam, authority on world events from Adam to General Mitchell; Miss Johnson, teacher of Latin; Miss Boyd, Eastern's famous librarian; and Mrs. Bucknam, mother of the well-known history teacher.

Ten lovely sunlit days were spent at sea, days filled with delightful little bridge parties and exciting deck sports—days made enjoyable by interesting conversations and by new and charming acquaintances. On July 2 there was a costume ball, a rollicking affair alive with a gay, laughing crowd curiously dressed and bent on joyous revelry. July 4 was celebrated in typical American fashion, with speeches in the morning, sports in the afternoon, and a concert at night.

It happened that the chaperone attracted the attention of the ship's Beau Brummel, and 'tis whispered, he courted her in the dignified fashion of the old school. Like a knight out of the story book, the *Minnekahda's* Sir Galahad would kiss her hand, much to the amusement of the lady in question and her party.

Early on the morning of July 6 our friends

sighted the southern coast of England, stretching off in the distance; and on the next day—a day replete with luggage and porters—London was reached.

A few days were spent in joyfully discovering new wonders of the great city, during which our friends joined the English-speaking Union, through which they were accorded special privileges.

Early on the morning of July 9 our friends set off for Hampton Courts through the loveliest of English countrysides. On the way they passed the spotless little towns with their quaint dolls' houses, donkey carts, and little autos all in the right proportions, and marveled at the gorgeousness of the flowers that made the fields seem waves of beautifully blended color. On reaching the palace at Hampton Courts our heroines reveled in the loveliest garden of their visit. There were huge beds of flaming color; there was a pond of water-lilies, red, pink, and white ones; there were swans on the canal and deer in the park; there were the king's private gardens and the great grape vine. It was indeed a glorious visit and an unerasable memory.

At the palace the great figures of English history were viewed in portraiture which Miss Bucknam explained, pointing out the various relationships much as one is wont to do with the family album.

There were several more days in London and its vicinity, during which the theaters were visited and the great London Tower (or "tar" as the English call it) was climbed. The Tower has about a thousand narrow, steep, dark, winding stairs which our party climbed up and down. They saw the little prison rooms, the crown jewels, Traitor's Gate, the block and axe, and the scaffold of ancient days.

Our friends next visited numerous little villages reached by motor through woods bordered with hawthorn hedges set before quaint old houses, and saw the historical home of the

Marquis of Salisbury with its huge banquet hall and the room in which Victoria slept on the night of her ascendancy to the throne. Then there were more days in London visiting the great galleries, the museums, the theater, and the parks.

Canterbury, an hour's ride from the foggy city, proved exceedingly interesting to Miss Johnson and Miss Boyd. They saw the spot where Becket was murdered, the tomb of the Black Prince, and over in a nave of the cathedral, the most thrilling of all—the Stars and Stripes.

It proved a most interesting trip, although Miss Johnson vowed she'd give the whole cathedral for a glass of ice water, an American necessity apparently unheard of in England. Incidentally, their thirst was quenched by a glass of warm, peppery ginger ale, a poor substitute for the effervescent American product.

On returning to London, Westminster, with the tombs of England's great literary figures, was visited.

A trip to the Houses of Parliament was rich in historical interest and significance. On the walls were great pictures illustrating the important moments in English history; while pasted on the hooks in the cloak room of the House of Lords were names that made one's heart leap. Our friends saw St. Stephens Hall where Parliament sat until 1836 and the great banquet room where Charles I and Warren Hastings were tried.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the entire trip was the rare privilege of seeing the Houses of Parliament in session. The House of Commons was visited by Miss Johnson and Mrs. Bucknam while the House of Lords was viewed by Miss Bucknam and Miss Boyd.

In the gallery of the House of Commons they saw the mother of Parliaments at work.

In the House of Lords the party saw the Chancellor sitting on the woolsack and heard an interesting discussion of the "summer-time" bill which is in reality our daylight saving under a new name. (The Lord Chancellor and clerks still wear the gowns and wigs of earlier days and a glimpse of this austere

body seemed entirely out of keeping with a world of electric lights and chewing gum.)

As they left Parliament they saw a typical English wedding procession, ladies in large hats and the men in the usual top hat quite common in London. On the street, vendors were selling souvenirs of the wedding—paper napkins stamped with flags, cupids, and statements as to the bride and groom and the royal wedding presents.

After the memorable visit to the shrine of English government, our friends started off for the shrine of English literature, Stratford, hidden away in the lovely Avon country. During the stay at the village of Shakespeare's birth, they saw a beautiful production of *Love's Labour's Lost* and *A Winter's Tale*, visited the cottage of Ann Hathaway, and took delightful little strolls along the Avon.

After Stratford there was a visit to the glorious North Devon coast and then to the rocky Cornwall district. There were delightful visits to numerous little villages, each lovelier than the other, a visit to St. Ives of nursery rhyme fame and Penzance of piratical lore. There were long motor trips through the country with the broad Atlantic stretching in the distance on one side and great Moorlands of purple heather waving rhythmically on the other. There were visits to century old churches and picturesque castles. There were sojourns at the many inns where literary lights were wont to meet. There were Roman ruins and mediaeval fortresses of such historical significance as to grip the visitor and make him feel the shortness of human existence and the endurance of human achievement.

It was with some reluctance that our friends departed once more for their homeland, for in their short stay they had learned to love the hospitality of the English people and the beauty of the English countryside.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—*Pope*.



EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

ON GRADUATION

*This is the hour before the dawn; our souls
Are drawing to a new and stranger day;
The hours now left behind but point the way
To fresh endeavor, and our shining goals
Lie in the distant future wherein rolls
The ocean of achievement, and its spray
Washes the shores of true success. We pray
That we may reach it through our heav'n
planned rôles.
Now slowly breaks the morning light, and we,
Armored in knowledge, face the glorious
strife;
Our banners gleam in the new-risen sun;
Our voices rise for victory, clear and free,
Eager for battles to be fought and won.
We go, we go upon the field of Life.*

GEORGE ROTH, '26.

SONG TO A LITTLE HOME

*I cherish little things of life,
The small, dear things I love—
A kettle singing on the fire,
A plate-rack just above.

A window shining gaily through
The muslin curtains, ribbon-tied,
A potted plant and blind thrown back
To draw the morning sun inside.

I love a little house—a home
Upon a knoll—a little hill,
A little tree outside the door
That birds may live near by my sill.

The flowers love the little home,
And gently raise their heads
To whisper to the little home
From out their border beds.

And oh, my heart is full of mirth
And sings as homely tasks I do;
For in the little home there lives
Love, my dear, and you.*

EVELYN BURNS, '26.

TO MACBETH

*Macbeth! Oh, fair was foul and foul was fair.
You planned to fill the place of one so kind.
How could your soul to truth have been so
blind?
Dids't thou not know that never free from
care
Would be that man who without God did
dare
To set himself above a nation's mind,
In the blind hope that never would it find
His guilty soul beneath a face so fair?
In conscience let my freedom be, that so
The world I face with true sincerity;
This be the fount from which all comfort
springs.
And thus as on my humble way I go
Through faith, through hope, through simple
charity,
I feel that I am greater far than kings.*

ALPHEUS L. WALTER, '26.

LIGHTNING

*I watch the raging storm,
The giant flashes pierce the darkened sky,
And light it bright as day.
Yet unafraid, I stand and watch it still.
Do you recall that night not long ago,
We stood and watched the vivid, fiery
tongues?
We laughed, and then in silence closer drew.
You said, "If that flash came, and pierced
our hearts
And carried us upon its zigzag flight,
Were we together, dear, we should not care."

Tonight I am alone.
The flashes come, oh, very near!
If that flash came, and pierced my heart—
So very close it comes—
If that flash came, I, being alone,
I would not care.
And you somewhere, alone,
You would not care.*

SONGS OF THE WIND

*The sharp wind moaned in the bare tree-tops
 Ere the first snow-flakes came down;
 The branches bent as the wind passed through,
 A-sweeping the frozen ground.
 A call from the wind, a whistle shrill,
 Waking cold echoes which long had been
 still,
 And the spirit of winter came over the hill,
 Lured by the wild wind's song.*

*The wind's clear voice was heard in the trees
 As the snow began to melt;
 The gray clouds melted 'neath the rays of
 gold,
 And the world new vigor felt.
 Then, clear and sweet, from over the hill,
 A bird responded, with joyful thrill.
 Came the spring, with her green dress and
 flowery frill,
 Charmed by the wind's clear song.*

*The wind sang low in the fresh-robed trees,
 And in fields where tall grass swayed.
 There came an echo from every side
 Where the wind with the wild flowers
 played.
 And down in the forests, glad and free,
 The brooklets hummed on their way to the
 sea
 That the summer had come to forest and lea,
 Drawn by the wind's soft song.*

RUTH BELL, '28.

MUSIC

*Whene'er I see a twinkling glance,
 And eyes that seem with joy to dance,
 I know that there behind those eyes
 A soul that's full of music lies;
 And though its notes I cannot hear
 I gather something of its cheer,
 And find, despite my heavy load,
 Myself a-singing on my road,
 And at the finish of my day
 Look back upon a brightened way.*

PETER F. MANGANARO, '27.

COQUETTE

*From a window Love is laughing,
 Throwing me a kiss;
 In the woodland Love is calling,
 Ah, what joy is this!
 Love sits in the clovered meadows,
 Beckons with a smile—
 I have followed Love, alas,
 Many a lengthy mile.*

*In the garden Love is tripping,
 Laughing, and then sighing;
 In the dark, deep, wooded glen,
 Frightened, Love is crying.
 Love came to my arms with weeping,
 Teasing air, apart—
 Love is now a bit of me,
 Deep within my heart!*

ELISE SCHARF, '27.

TWO BRIDGES

*A builder planned a mighty bridge
 That spanned the flowing river wide;
 A thousand men, a thousand wheels
 Passed daily o'er from side to side.*

*A poet breathed a lovely song
 Of imagery both sweet and wild.
 His heart poured out its melody;
 Two lovers softly heard—and smiled.*

*The builder's name is lost in dust;
 The poet's lives while decades roll.
 The builder bridged from land to land;
 The poet bridged from soul to soul.*

GEORGE ROTH, '26.

A JUNE VALENTINE

*To thee, dear one, on bended knee
 I voice a lover's fervent plea;
 That we may stray where violets blow,
 To sing our love songs, sweet and low.*

*For though the mountains lose their height,
 And the stars, their glimm'ring light,
 And though the earth melt into sea,
 I'll pledge my love to none but thee.*

FRANK E. SCRIVENER, '26.

Our Trophy Cases

MARGARET HOLT, '26

Eastern's victories have been many throughout the years of her existence. They have spread her fame far and wide. Vaguely, we



hear of the earlier ones even now, but time has cast a fanciful veil of tradition over them. The excitement and joy of those victories have faded with the passing of the classes responsible for the winning, but we still have

tangible reminders in the eighteen cups resting in our trophy cases.

The cases themselves are deserving of no little attention. The one standing nearest the business office was presented to the school by the Class of 1916. The seniors of today remember when it stood in the corridor outside of Mr. Hart's sanctum at Old Eastern. However, as the years passed and the fame and rewards of Eastern increased, this one case became seriously crowded. Thereupon, the Class of '23 presented the case near Miss Watt's door.

The oldest cup in the entire collection and the first to be placed in the case is the one which was awarded Eastern at the inter-high track meet in 1903. Then, in 1905, the Alumni Association awarded a cup to the senior girls for interclass athletics. In 1916, according to the inscription on the cup, the boys won it. What the cup did or who held it during the intervening years is under a cloud of mystery.

Most of the loving cups were rewards for athletic prowess. However, athletics are not the cause of all of those shiny (or otherwise) trophies in the hall. As we review the years

we find that Eastern High has been active in every line of competition.

In 1916 we were awarded the Princeton Alumni Cup for baseball. Eastern had won it in 1913 and 1914, and Central in 1915. So, in 1916 it found its final home at Eastern. In 1921 the senior girls' rifle team added to the already large collection, the Martin Cup for marksmanship. History repeating itself rather rapidly brings again a cup for championship marksmanship won by our girls in the inter-high contest this spring.

Prominent among the trophies, because of its beauty and size, is the large cup won in 1924 in an inter-city basketball series and presented by the *Baltimore Evening Sun*.

However, there are two cups of which we are perhaps prouder than any others. They are the American Women's Legion Trophies presented to Captains Miller and Cheek, respectively, as winners in Competitive Drills. When Captain Miller received the award in 1921, it was the first time the Legion had ever presented a cup. Captain Miller was before our day; but Captain Cheek and his winning company we remember well. Shall we ever forget that wonderful occasion when he was presented with the Allison Naylor medal? Doesn't it all come back? The thrills of fear and hope that you felt in that tense uncertain moment before the presentation will ever be real with the cup as a reminder.

And last but not least is the Brown University Alumni Cup, our very latest acquisition, awarded for excellence in dramatics this spring.

The cups are all beautiful trophies of the achievements of Eastern, past and present. They symbolize the undying spirit of Eastern that is becoming known far and wide. Behind each trophy stand the memories of students who gave untiringly and enthusiastically of their best for their school. A year or two more like 1926 will make the purchase of another case necessary. Easternites, always "do best."



SCENE FROM "ARMS AND THE MAN"

THE WINNING OF THE BROWN UNIVERSITY ALUMNI CUP

"It is a beautiful cup!"

Of all the eloquence that might have been used to express the school's happiness in winning the long-striven-for Brown Cup, Miss Monk selected this simple phrase. And that was enough.

Those who witnessed the performance of *Arms and the Man* know the reason for the decision of the board of judges awarding the cup to Eastern.

The excellent management, the intelligent direction, the beautiful settings were what counted much in making for the play its great success. The exquisite character interpretation, the fire and enthusiasm of the young actors added the other factor.

Greatly contributing, however, to the success was something which is too likely to be overlooked—minute attention to detail. Nothing was haphazard, nothing ill-considered;

everything was intensively studied, planned and executed. Whole-hearted, selflessly each threw himself into his assigned duty. Time, work—nothing was too much or too hard. After supreme and delightful labor came the result—*Arms and the Man*.

We remember the fire and the beauty of Myrtle Posey's Raina, the dignity of Mary Burns' Catherine, the grace of Albert Nicholson's Bluntschi, the arrogance of Roberta Harrison's Louka. We remember the suavity of Edward Andrus' Sergius, the blunt humor of George Finger's Paul, and the ease of Eldred Wilson's Nicola. And we know the efforts that stood behind the presentation. We are aware of the unremittant work of those unseen hands and heads that helped. We know, too, that over all Miss Monk waved her fairy baton of delicate and unerring intuition.





THE GARDEN



OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL

NIGHT SOUNDS

EVELYN BURNS, '26

On a night when everything is perfectly quiet (such nights do occur once in ever-so-often) one feels more inclined to think, speculate, plan according to one's turn of mind, instead of sleeping. Most of us are still babies, waiting for the soothing music of the water dripping into the ice-pan or a nasal lullabye from the radiators, before we can fall asleep. Each of us has an individual preference, however. For instance, if you are of a Wendy temperament, Peter Pan will slide in through an open window and take you to ride on the clouds. This is the best way to sleep; your goose-feather pillows are poor substitutes. But if the fairy dust has grown dry on your shoulder blades (namely, when you have to squeeze to wiggle your foot into a size 3) you must resort to something else.

If you never deny Pan, even after your foot's too big, he may find a lullabye for you—a substitute for the music the stars make. Sometimes it's the crickets. They make you so drowsy that you fall asleep dreaming about

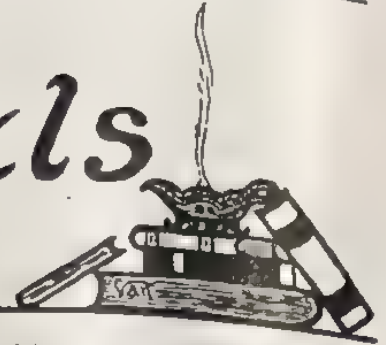
roses and honeysuckle and roly little pick-aninnies.

Or, maybe, the bullfrogs will play their bass violins for you and that's magnificent! You know, they wear very tight green waistcoats and very high collars—and they're dreadfully proud of themselves. So, they entertain you the whole evening on the slightest invitation.

Sometimes it rains, and I almost believe that is the sound I love best. Rain, oh! delicious—it pours a symphony on the roof. It rings tinkly little bells outside my window. It dances a furious tarantella on my window sill. Or it pipes the drowsiest, go-to-sleep melody in the world—and you do, holding tight to the cadence of its delicious sleepiness. It runs a rippling little river of lilting loveliness all through your dreams. When you wake up next morning you feel your mouth watering and you think, "Oh! I'm a poet, I dreamed, and I held my dream." And then—you discover you are smelling waffles for breakfast!



Editorials



FROM THE GRADUATES

Eastern, dear:

We came to you trembling and unformed, eager and yet afraid. We placed ourselves in your hands—resignedly. And now we are glad. Eastern, what have you done? Placed perfected, finished products beautiful in their glory, in the world? No. But you have done this:

You have given us the desire.
You have intimated the way.
You have started the process—
And this of success.

We do not mean success in the limited sense of wealth, of fame, or of position—but this: the success of a well-lived life—a life in which our powers and faculties will be developed.

You have not given the knowledge itself—but rather the love of knowledge and the desire to acquire it. You have shown us the value of fair playing and clean living. You have given us friends and memories. Eastern, you have taught us to think! No, we are not finished products, but men and women in the making. The “glory of the imperfect” is ours.

And you, Eastern, will go on producing fine men and noble women for the world to complete. And we—we shall go remembering, endeavoring to make of our lives successes.

E. M. B.

AFTER GRADUATION—WHAT?

A rather pertinent question—this, but, nevertheless, one well worth answering.

There are those who will look at you smilingly when asked this question, shrug their shoulders nonchalantly, and reply, “I’ll just drift along,” or words to that effect.

There are those who will point to college

as the “after” of high school; but beyond that they will respond much as the first class.

However, after a person has graduated from high school his future should be pretty well mapped out. He should have, by now, developed to a certain extent his “knack,” and be prepared to take the worth-while problems of life with a seriousness befitting an American citizen. Any person anticipating a college education should first look ahead, decide on his vocation, and undertake a college course fitting for his particular field of endeavor.

We are now in a plastic age, and useless idleness or lack of foresight after graduation are sure to be regretted in years to come. Now is the time to develop ideals and mold character, and in a more material sense to fit oneself for the business of life.

G. R.

SENIOR VICTORIES

As leaders of the school, the Senior Class is proud of Eastern’s accomplishments for this school year. The attention of the undergraduates and the faculty is called to the following achievements:

- Winning of the Coloneley of Cadets
- Winning of the Baseball Championship
- Tying of the Basketball Championship
- Winning of Brown University Alumni Cup
- Girl’s Rifle Championship
- Award of Swarthmore Scholarship
- Winning of District Oratorical Contest

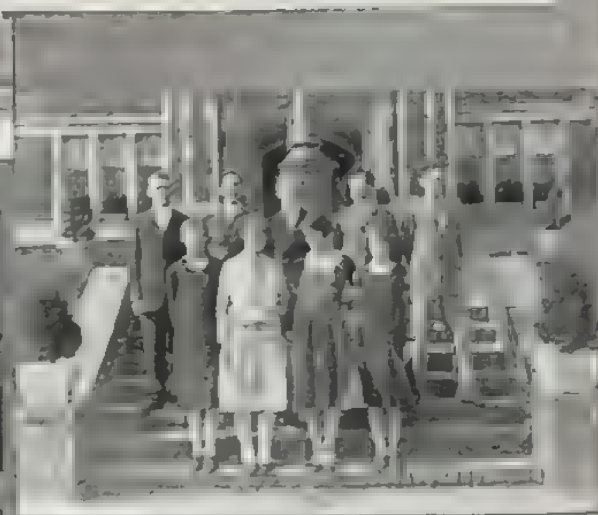
This record is left to the Juniors. There are a few things that the Seniors failed to win this year, but they have done their best in every line of activity. They challenge the Juniors to beat them, and hope that the challenge will be accepted, for the honor and glory of Eastern are as dear to the Juniors as to the Seniors.

L. K. B.

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS



OFFICE FORCE
EASTERNES STAFF
PHI ALPHA EPSILON
BANK STAFF
DEBATING CLUB



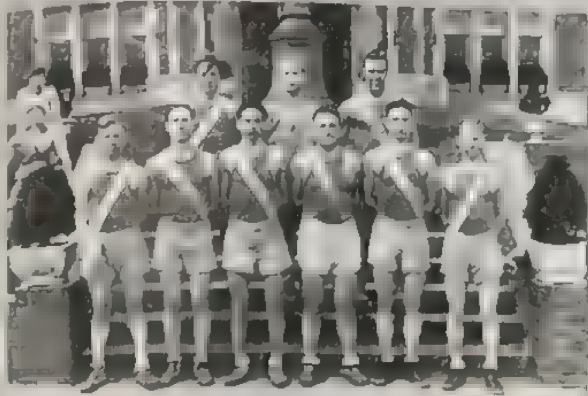
STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS



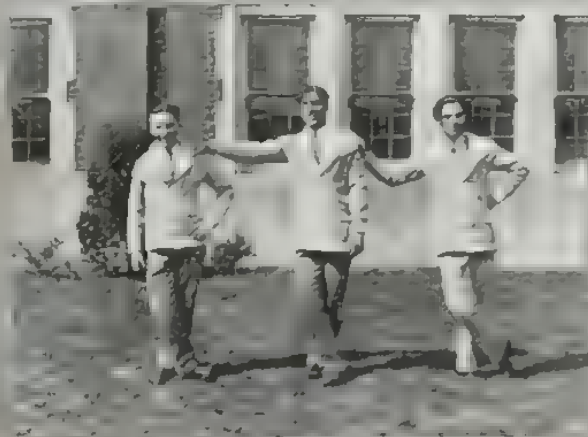
SAGE BANDS
GLEE CLUBS
BAND
ORCHESTRA
DRAMATIC CLUB



STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS



BASNET BALL
BASE BALL
FOOT BALL
TRACK
CHEER LEADERS



STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS



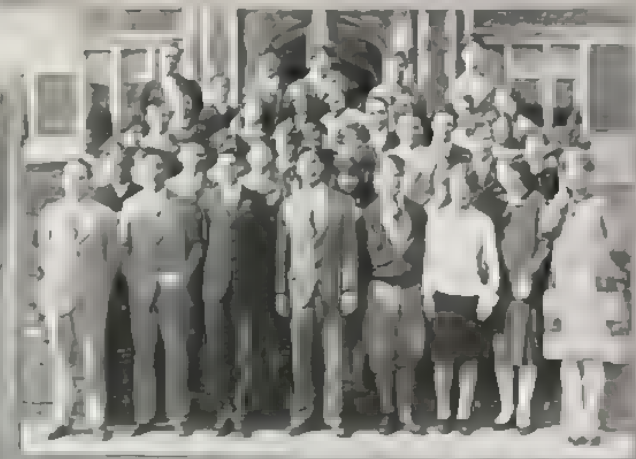
LUNCH ROOM
STAFF
GIRL RESERVES
FISHING CLUB



STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS



EPSILON PHI SIGMA
GIRLS' RIFLE CLUB
BASKET BALL
STUDENT COUNCIL
BOYS' RIFLE CLUB



NOTE. BASKETBALL—FRESHMAN CHAMPIONS



Dramatics

The year 1926 has been the banner year for the Eastern High School Dramatic Association. The first effort of the club was a vaudeville show which featured a sparkling farce, *Irene Obliges*. In this performance, Myrtle Posey made the individual dramatic hit of the year, playing "Irene," a most irritating servant. The climax of the year was reached, however, when the dramatic classes presented *Arms and the Man*, one of George Bernard Shaw's most interesting and humorous comedies. This production was awarded the Brown University Alumni Cup as the best spring play presented in 1926 by any of the Washington high schools.

Because of the tremendous success achieved by *Arms and the Man*, it was decided to present another play. The vehicle chosen this time was *The Boomerang*, by Smith and Mapes. This play was managed almost exclusively by the students. It marked the conclusion of Eastern High School's most successful year of dramatics.

Girls' Rifle Club

Eastern is and should be proud of her fair sharpshooters who have succeeded in adding another cup to Eastern's ever-growing collection. The Girls' Rifle Club has defeated Central's team for the first time since 1921. Last year the championship was lost by four points. This year the team defeated Western, Tech, and finally Central. At the assembly, when the loving cup was presented to Captain Leah Woods, she said that it was through hard work and continuous practice that the result of the club's efforts was gained.

Orchestra

The Eastern High Orchestra, one of our most popular organizations, has concluded another successful year. It was through the efforts of this group of musicians that the school's dramatic productions received their "finished" effect which has marked them throughout the year, and has ranked Eastern first among the high schools of the city in the line of dramatic achievement. The orchestra has also done much to add to the enjoyment of our assemblies.

Much credit is due to Mrs. Byram, as well as to the individual members of the orchestra, for the success that the organization has attained during the last year has been largely due to her untiring efforts.

Les Camarades

The closing school year has been a very successful as well as eventful year for the Les Camarades. The officers attended a Setting-Up Conference at Vacation Lodge at the beginning of the year. Following that, a peanut party was given in honor of the new members. As a part of the Girl Reserve program, the Club distributed baskets among the needy at Thanksgiving, sent toys to the poor children at Christmas, and clothed and entertained an orphan from the Central Union Mission. The club has sold candy, given four tea dances, and two evening dances to finance this work. Various club suppers have been given by the "Y" for the girls. The Girl Reserve year closed with a banquet given at the Blue Triangle Hut on May 29.

Boys' Rifle Club

Under the direction of Captain "Louie" Hayes the boys of the Rifle Club have attained a position in inter-high school marksmanship, never before reached by an Eastern team. The secret of this success has been persevering effort and hard work.

Among the best shots on the team are Eddie Andrus, Karlton Stein, and Lewis Hayes. In the matches with Georgetown Prep and Maryland U. Freshmen, these boys did much toward the victories of the team.

Lewis Hayes was the winner of the Rice Medal this year.

Band

The Eastern Band, which was founded only a year ago, has achieved such success that it has become a permanent institution of the school. A large portion of its success is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Ludwig Manoly, who has led the band from the time of its organization.

Besides a regular Tuesday evening practice, the boys have played in assemblies, lunch hour entertainments, and various other pro-

grams given by the school. A sensation was created at Western High School when the band entertained the students of that school at an assembly, and the students refused to leave the hall until several encores were played.

Another outstanding piece of work which was done by the band was the series of musical numbers played at each athletic event.

Although several of the musicians graduate in June, the majority will remain and form the mainstay of next year's bigger and better band.

Merrill Club

The Club started its year with a reception to the Freshmen. During the fall, it gave an entertainment every month for the benefit of the Friendship House. At Thanksgiving and Christmas, the girls distributed baskets to the poor. The Club was also represented in the Alumni Show in the Charleston number. During the winter a supper was given for all the cadets. But the club's program has not been all work. Three successful dances have been given during this year. The club closed the year's program by giving a show.



A FREEHAND DRAWING CLASS



EASTERN HAS A SUCCESSFUL YEAR IN SPORTS

Eastern has just completed an unusually successful year in athletics. We did well in football, better in basketball, and best in baseball. For the second consecutive year Coach Guyon's protégés won the baseball championship without losing a single game in the high school series.

After defeating Business by the score of 10-6, Eastern tackled Tech and downed them 11-3. The final game with Western was the real test of Eastern's ability. At the end of the seventh inning the score was 8-5 in favor of Western. The eighth inning provided the big thrill of the series from the Eastern point of view, with the bases loaded, and the count 2 and 2 on the batter. "Boots" Scruggs, of basketball fame, knocked a home run out into left field. The shower of hits and runs that followed put the game and the championship "on ice" as far as Eastern was concerned. The final score was 13-8. It was an exciting series and the Easternites well deserved the championship which they so nobly won.

John Quinn, the best twirler in the inter-scholastic series, pitched in every game and won all of them. His steady and effective pitching was a big factor in winning the 1926 championship. Willard Rankin made a remarkable showing, even better than last year. Waple, Hogarth, McAllister, and Hogge comprised the infield of the champion team. Their individual and combined efforts kept many opposing runners from scoring. Cappelli, Scruggs and Talbert "covered" the outfield. Their fielding and fleetness of foot were features of every game. Rankin, Cappelli, and McAllister were the leading bat-

ters. Hoffman, Kidwell, Perry, Frager, and Whitney were ever ready to jump to the call when needed. "Lucky" Tellefson was the manager of the champion nine.

Our victory was especially gratifying in that the Eastern team before the series began was thought to have no chance for the title. Her decisive victory was, therefore, more welcome and stands out as one of the biggest events of the year.

Eastern	AB	H	O	A	Western	AB	H	O	A
McAllister, ss.	6	4	0	3	Hilleary, lf...	2	0	1	0
Rankin, c	5	2	10	1	Lasher, lb...	5	3	0	0
Talbert, rf	5	2	0	3	Mitchell, 3b...	3	2	2	1
Scruggs, cf.	5	3	1	0	Stevens, ss...	5	2	5	3
Cappelli, lf	5	1	1	0	Batson, rf...	5	1	0	0
Waple, 1b	5	4	12	0	Owens, cf...	4	1	2	0
Hogge, 3b	5	2	1	2	Wilson, c...	5	2	2	1
Hogarth, 2b	5	1	2	3	Walcott, 2b...	3	1	2	6
Frager, p.	0	0	0	2	Brown, p...	2	1	1	0
Quinn, p	3	1	0	0	Edmonston, p.	0	0	0	0
					*Palmer	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	44	20	27	14	Totals.....	35	13	24	10

*Batted for Edmonston in ninth.

Western	0	0	3	4	0	1	0	0	0—8
Eastern	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	7	x—13

Batting Averages

	G.	A. B.	H.	Bat Ave
Waple	4	19	11	.567
Rankin	4	19	9	.473
Cappelli	4	17	8	.470
McAllister	4	19	8	.421
Scruggs	4	19	7	.368
Talbert	4	16	5	.312
Hogarth	4	15	4	.267
Hogge	3	12	3	.225
Knorr	2	6	1	.166
Quinn	4	17	2	.117

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

1. In the early games of basketball, nine men played on each side, but this was soon reduced to seven and later to five?

2. As no goals had been provided for the first basketball game, it was necessary to improvise them from peach baskets—hence the name basket ball?

The only way to keep from flunking in a Burke test is to stay home that day.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

It is with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure that Eastern's girls can look back over their achievements in athletics during the past year. Those who have followed our development in athletics with so much interest, agree that it has proved to be a most successful and outstanding year in girls' sports.

Yet this great success and all our pleasant moments, could not have been realized but for the splendid instruction, careful coaching, and the unselfish interest of our three "gym" teachers, Miss Stockett (Freshmen), Miss Fosdick (Sophomores), and Mrs. Woodin (Juniors and Seniors).

The great interest, enthusiasm, and hard work exhibited by the girls from the first must surely have repaid our teachers in a large measure for their efforts.

In the fall, a novel addition to our ever-growing list of sports was the Girls' Golf Club, which was organized under the direction of Miss Culbertson.

Another new game, introduced by Mrs. Woodin, was that of soccer, which immediately became very popular among us. This and field hockey, which proved so popular last year and even more so this year, constituted our outdoor work. The hockey teams met and played once a week, after school. Then, when the weather forced us indoors, we resorted to volley-ball, "fist" ball, apparatus work, and learned many delightful little dances.

After Thanksgiving, excitement ran high with the opening of the basketball series. The outstanding players in the spirited preliminary series were chosen for the inter-class series, which opened on February 23. In this never-to-be-forgotten series, you remember, the *Freshman* team (Elizabeth Stull, captain) was victorious, with the Sophomores running a close second. In that final game between Sophomores and Freshmen, for the first time in the history of girls' sports at Eastern, an extra five minutes had to be called, which resulted in a victory for the Freshmen. Exciting? Well, just ask some-

one from that crowd of "fans" that filled the girls' gym and cheered so wonderfully! Teachers, alumni, boys, and girls, were there to witness some of the best games ever played in the girls' gym. The Freshman team will doubtless be pleased to see its picture hanging in the corridor next fall.

When spring once more ushered in the baseball season, the girls "took to the bat" and have been putting forth games that bid fair to rival the Big League games.

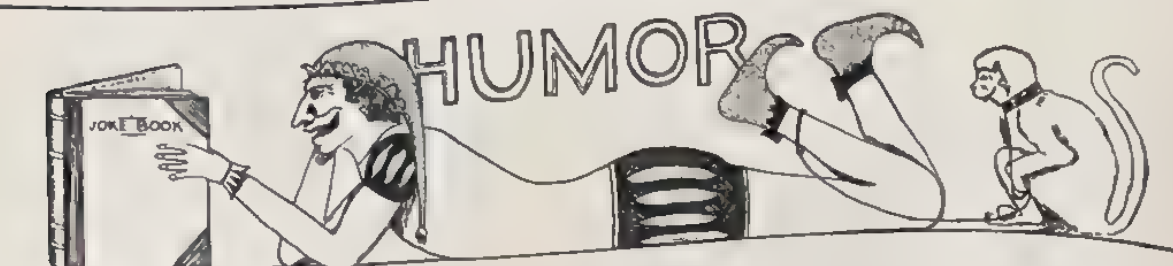
Finally, as a climax for the year, on May 7, in the girls' gymnasium, a demonstration of the activities of the physical education department was given. It included folk, elog, and English dances, apparatus work, on the rings, and horses, and amusing stunts and games.

The outstanding feature of the program was a basketball game between the champion Freshman team, and the all "E" team. This latter consisted of the players on the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore teams, who won the athletic "E," this year: Seniors, Nellie Dalrymple (Mgr.), Evelyn Bixler, Margaret Gibson; Juniors: Beryle Edmiston, Eugenia Thompson; Sophomores: Lucile Bixler, Jean Stivers, Ella Sanborn, Alice Law.

An added attraction was the introduction and commending of Helen Bryan, 2168, for her splendid record in physical training. Throughout her entire eight semesters, she has been on the "gym" floor, in costume, for every lesson, and has done excellent work. Nellie Dalrymple, by the way, holds the same record.

This year, a "ladder" tennis tournament was held, beginning on May 24. The four girls who "climbed" highest in this, on each "ladder" then played in the elimination tournament for the semi-finals and finals. The winner and runner-up received an "E."

And now at last the school year is drawing to a close; but when we leave, we shall carry away with us new ideals as to how to spend our vacations in a beneficial way, happy memories of times that have been, and great hopes for the future.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

One Friday an English teacher said to her Freshman class, "Tomorrow I'm going to have you write in class," and not a single one said, "We don't come to school tomorrow."

A student once washed his hands at school and found a paper towel to dry them.

Miss Murray once taught a history class without threatening them.

On April Fool's day the bell didn't ring before the picture was over in the assembly hall.

Every one paid his way on the street car going to the last baseball game.

• • •

The number of physics' home-work problems not done varies directly with the number given.

Love or a strong cigar will make the world go around.

• • •

This month's medal for the height of nerve goes to ———, who asked Mrs. Byram and Miss Wood to help him select pictures in the music books under which he could write the names of his friends and for aid in making tricky endings to the titles of the songs.

• • •

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with the word 'aftermath.'"

Joe Shaw: "After math I have lunch."

• • •

Math Teacher: "You two boys have exactly the same mistakes on your paper."

Tactful: "Now isn't that a coincidence."

• • •

Paul says, "I didn't join the Debating Society because I get enough practice in persuasion in trying to get Her little sister to go to the movies."

EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS

1. All examinations.
2. "Where were you the seventh period?"
3. "Is this your Mother's signature?"
4. "Did you drop a token in the box for the young lady?"
5. "Did you mail that letter?"
6. "Lo, young man, do you know what time it is?"
7. "Would you mind getting off that bench I just painted?"

• • •

"Stop! Stop!" she cried out—but she was only reading a traffic sign.

• • •

Miss Arnold, discussing Sir Philip Sidney: "After giving the cup of water to the other man, he died. Now wasn't that good of him?"

• • •

Albert Latham in journalism class: "Miss Egbert, since the English newspapers aren't being published during the strike, what do you say to our going over there and publishing *The Cub*?"

• • •

Pauline Roth asks, "What makes all flattery sound flat?"

• • •

Mrs. Sams (in commercial geography class): "Why are the Philippine Islands on the map in green?"

Class: "Because they're Irish."

• • •

On history paper: "Robert Louis Styvesant was the Dutch Governor of New York, started by the Dutch."

• • •

Miss Curtis (writing "Manhattan" in shorthand on the board): "My 'man' is a little too short."

FROM THE PEN OF EUCLID, JR.

THEOREM—Any foreign, symmetrical object, when placed on the edge of a surface elevated at right angles to the floor, will balance with 50 per cent of the object in mid-air.

• **PROOF**—Try it with a ruler on a table in the library.

COROLLARY 1—The same, if extended 1 per cent further, will fall.

PROOF—Extend it and you will see.

COROLLARY 2—If it falls, it will make a noise.

PROOF—A self-evident truth.

COROLLARY 3—If it makes a noise, the experimenter will be reprimanded.

PROOF—From personal experience.

COROLLARY 4—It is best to leave foreign, symmetrical objects in a book when one feels experimental.

PROOF—Not necessary.

RUTH BELL, '28.

* * *

CADET OFFICERS ADMITTED TO
GENERAL STAFF

General E. Speaking

General Nuisance

General Stores

General Humidity

General Conversation

General Index

General Housework

General Lee Lacking

Major Operation

Major Music

Major Drawing

The enlisted men:

Corporal Punishment

Private Baths

Private Stock

* * *

"Do you think Professor Kidder meant anything by it?"

"What?"

"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools.' I bought a ticket and it said 'Admit One.'"—*Eastern Echo*.

HINTS TO THE FACULTY

While it is not generally conceded that students should advise the faculty as to how to run the school, many of us have always wanted to. Here is where we try it. It is our first, and probably will be our last, attempt. Anyway, here are a few suggestions which we hope will be kindly received.

1. If you are a section teacher, and a pupil is habitually tardy, don't keep him after school for punishment. Make him spend an entire lunch hour writing an essay on punctuality. (This one is really helpful.)

2. When you see a senior coming up the wrong stairs, look the other way; but if it is a rookie, reprimand him severely—in other words, "bawl him out."

3. Always call rookies by their last names with Mr. or Miss. It makes them feel pleasantly important.

4. Don't give tests except when absolutely necessary, and then make them short and sweet.

Any teacher who follows these simple rules should obtain good results.

* * *

"Dinty" Hughes says that the only "general" he knew, during the World War, was General Expense.

* * *

ONE FOR MISS TAYLOR

"I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?"

* * *

Mr. Barnes (directing in music): "Start where he quenched the fires of hell in tenor and basses."

* * *

"You say that you come from Detroit," said the doctor to his fellow-passenger. "That's where they make automobiles, isn't it?"

"Sure," replied the American with some resentment. "We make other things in Detroit, too."

"Yes, I know that," replied the doctor. "I've ridden in them."—*The Sentinel*.

THE YEAR'S NEWS BY MONTHS

September—New semesters and new sections. Finlayson puts on his first long pants.

October—Eastern beats Business in football. Joe Shaw comes to school with a black eye; whence no one knows. Central beats Eastern. George Main forgets to shave.

November—Fall show. Heeke's graceful dancing makes it a success. Laura Barrett does the Charleston. Football team has big assembly.

December—Coach Guyon plays Santa Claus. Purcell receives a pair of pink suspenders for Christmas.

January—Alumni Show. Nathan Clark struts stuff. Staff team wins a war game. (Lucky.) Basketball starts.

February—Rookies come in. (Also d's.) Eddie Andrus wears a green tie to school. Cadet dances. Eastern ties for the basketball title.

March—Miss Shelp fails to call the roll! Paul Spaulding wears red socks to school. Spring Play wins Brown Cup.

April—Easter holidays. Frank Kreglow wins the Platoon Competitive Drill. Battalion Drill comes off. Eastern's battalion loses. (No connection with the "Lost Battalion.") Nicholson wins georgette potato knife in the Charleston Ice-skating Contest.

May—Eastern wins championship in baseball. Myrtle Posey wins District Oratorical Contest. Nellie Dalrymple stopped talking for two minutes.

June—Company Competitive Drill. (Outcome not known when this goes to press.) Senior Class graduates, to the disappointment of everyone except the Juniors.

H. GIFFORD IRION, '27.

* * *

Maiden Aunt: "Now, Oswald, you must eat your oatmeal or you'll never get a man."

Arnold: "Aunty, is that why you eat yours?"—*Aegis*.

* * *

Mr. Suter: "Where do phosphates come from?"

Drury Colfer: "Lemons."

FOUND IN ONE OF HELEN ANDREWS' BOOKS

(Very Original.)

Lovely, lovely is the maid
Who leans on the garden gate.
Golden hair, and blue eyes, and red lips
For her lover wait.

She breathes the sweet new air of spring
That comes from lilac boughs.
Wistfully she watches the road
And thinks of his many vows.

The golden hair is turning grey.
Will he never come to save her?
Wistfully she leans on the gate,
The gate—her lover gave her.

* * *

RAIN—RAIN—BEAUTIFUL RAIN

Rain spatters 'gainst the window in the
night,
Rows of street lamps shed a mellow, misty
light.

I sit alone and think of you, unfaithful fellow.
Come, to your promised one be true,
Return— with my umbrella.

* * *

It is feared that George Roth is making *Jesta Jester* too deep for some Rookies. At least one Rookie was overheard to say the following in regard to the reference to Rookies' riding in perambulators in a few years:

Rookies (on reading it): "Ha-ha-ha—!"

Soph: "What are you laughing at?"

Rookie: "Oh, about this perambulator stuff."

Soph: "I bet you don't even know what it means."

Rookie (indignantly): "Sure I do; it's the thing they hatch chickens in."

* * *

The book so commonly known around Eastern as "Miss Smith's Elementary Latin Book," has by common consent been changed to "Doom's Day-Book." (Teachers, please note.)

CAMERA CLICKS



SCHOOL news



THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

THE EASTERNER has just received word that Myrtle Posey has brought added honor to her school by winning second place in the finals of the National Oratorical Contest.

We congratulate her and extend to her our sincerest appreciation for the high standard she has maintained, and wish her an enjoyable European tour.

Was ever such a quantity of glorious news as we have to recount in this final chapter of Eastern's history for the year of 1925-26! We are always proud of our school, of its faculty, of the achievements of our fellow students; and now we are filled with even greater pride in being Easternites after the events of the last few weeks.

It is indeed puzzling to decide where to begin this account of our victories; but perhaps our greatest thrill is to hear again those wonderful words, "Myrtle Posey Wins Oratorical Championship of District!" Just think of it! For the second successive year a daughter of Eastern has brought victory to her school, honor to her city.

On May 12, passers-by might have seen the roof of Eastern High School raised had it not been so well fastened on; for we assembled that day to honor our champion orator; and the cheer leaders had but to say the word to produce a mighty volume of sound from the throats of eighteen hundred exultant students, when Mr. Kuhn presented to Miss Posey *The Star's* check for \$200 with his congratulations on her success.

That same assembly witnessed the presentation of "E's" to our victorious baseball team, and the drill to determine Eastern's entrants in the sergeants' competition of June 2.

There have been other "gatherings of the

clan" equally enjoyable. On April 28, Mr. Arthur Deering Call presented the Brown University Cup to Eastern for having the best spring play of the high schools.

On two occasions during Music Week, Eastern's corridors echoed joyful strains of music from happy hearts and sweet-toned instruments. Dr. Barnes led us in a "sing" on May 4, and the Inter-High School Music Festival was held in our auditorium, May 8. Our particular contributions to the program were violin solos by Evelyn Scott, an overture by the orchestra, and selections from "Mondamin" by the Girls' Glee Club.

Another shining silver cup graced the speakers' desk at an assembly on May 21. It was won by the Girls' Rifle Team in the inter-high championship series. Watch your step, boys! The girls are getting the better of you at shooting.

A group of upper classmen had the pleasure of entertaining the under classmen recently with a program of "high-class vaudeville." The purpose of this affair was to get acquainted, and we believe it was successful.

Two brilliant social affairs took place in April—the Junior Prom in the school armory and the Senior Prom at the Washington Hotel.

The final dramatic triumph of the year, *The Boomerang*, was staged on May 21 and

22. The seniors who took the rôles in a double cast are all prominent in dramatics and other activities as well. This was the occasion of their final appearance before our footlights and a fine appearance they made. We were delighted with the progress of the several young gentlemen in the art of love-making, and with the charming grace of manner displayed by our talented "fairest of the fair."

For the second time in as many years Eastern had the pleasure of acting as host to the National Oratorical finalists. Myrtle Posey, our representative, made a charming hostess at the luncheon given to her fellow finalists at the school on June 4. Eastern had an opportunity to meet the youthful orators at an assembly following the luncheon. In addition to the oratorical contestants, the school was honored by the presence of Dr. Frank Ballou, Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Stephen E. Kramer and Mr. Robert L. Haycock, Assistant Superintendents.

We are looking forward at this writing to Junior Day at which Alvin Graves, undergraduate speaker, will preside. But we can promise you even a better day on Senior Day, June 16. There are some surprises in store for you. Leave it to the Seniors!

Recently Eastern added two more awards to this year's collection. Kathryn Albaugh, of the Domestic Science Department, won first prize for the District of Columbia in the National Meat Contest. Elise Scharf carried the Eastern colors in the *Adjutant* Story Contest. She received third place.

A delightful program is promised for the Major Music Assembly, on June 9.

With the graduation of the Class of '26 we reluctantly close this thirty-sixth volume of Eastern's annals. We rejoice in the attainment it records, and we ask that in each suc-

The school wishes to obtain for the Gymnasium a second-hand upright piano in good condition. The price must be reasonable. Anyone interested should communicate with the Principal, Eastern High School.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Wednesday, June 16, 9 A. M.—Senior Class Day.

Sunday, June 20, 11 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. B. H. Melton, Ninth Street Christian Church.

Monday, June 21, 8 P. M.—Class Night Exercises of the Two-Year Commercial Class.

Tuesday, June 22, 2 P. M.—Graduation of the Two-Year Commercial Class.

Address—Joseph C. McGarraghy.

Tuesday, June 22, 8 P. M.—Class Night Exercises of the Four-Year Class.

Wednesday, June 23, 8 P. M.—Graduation of Four-Year Class.

Address—Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo.

Class Day and Class Night Speakers
Four-Year Class:

Address of Welcome—President Kingsland Prender.

Class History—Laura Haynie.

Class Poem—Evelyn M. Burns.

Class Will—Albert B. Nicholson.

Marion A. Paull.

Class Prophecies—Roberta Harrison.

Evelyn M. Burns.

Address to Undergraduates—Alpheus L. Walter, Jr.

Undergraduate Reply—Alvin C. Graves.

Two-Year Class:

Address of Welcome—Harold C. Witherite.

Class History—Mary L. E. Sievers.

Class Prophecy—Virginia E. Renalds,

Robert E. Crump, Edward E. Feindt.

Class Poem—Madeline L. Stuart.

Admission by ticket only to the Four-Year Class Night and Commencement Exercises.

ceeding year those who follow the blue and white standard may be ever ardent and faithful in upholding the name of Eastern.

It was with great regret that Eastern learned of the death of Ordell Harlan, '27, on May 31. Although Ordell was always quiet and retiring, she leaves a host of friends at Eastern who will keenly feel the loss of such a friend as she.

"Happiness, good, and success come to you in accordance with the character of your thinking. Every sincerely happy smile and every bit of kindly thinking help the world to spin on with less friction."



BRIGADE AND BATTALION STAFF OFFICERS

Cadet Notes

Our athletes and actors have retired to the wings and left the stage clear for our soldiers. As we go to press, every one is looking forward to the Competitive Drill held June 1 and 2 at the American League Ball Park—too late, unfortunately, for us to announce the result on this page.

In the drill, held so far, Eastern has failed to gain first honors, but has made a very good showing. Central won first and third place in the Battalion Drill, Tech coming second. Central also won in the Regimental Drill, but the Eastern companies, drilling with those of Western, came second. At the Brigade Review, Colonel Edward Andrus took the command. This proved to be one of

the most colorful and inspiring spectacles so far staged.

The second platoon of Company A, under Lieutenant Frank Kreglow, won the platoon drill, held on our own drill field.

An unusually interesting event was the drill held before the student body to determine which non-commissioned officer would represent Eastern this year. All the sergeants were lined up on the stage and went through the manual of arms at the command of Colonel Andrus and Major Gibbs. Majors Payne and Donovan acted as judges. As a mistake was made by a cadet, he left the stage. The excitement in the audience grew greater as the number of contestants lessened.

Finally all but Sergeants Russell Davis and Albert Bean were eliminated and on the next command only Sergeant Bean was left.

The appearance of the various armbands the last of May created the usual stir of excitement among the girls. An innovation this year is the Brigade armband. This is one of the most colorful of all, being a clever com-

bination of all the high school colors with the golden eagle in the center. A very attractive battalion armband is being worn by many girls; and occasionally we see a traitorous Tech, Western or Central band. No Business bands have appeared at this writing.

May the Eastern armband wave victorious on June 2!

CLASS OF '26

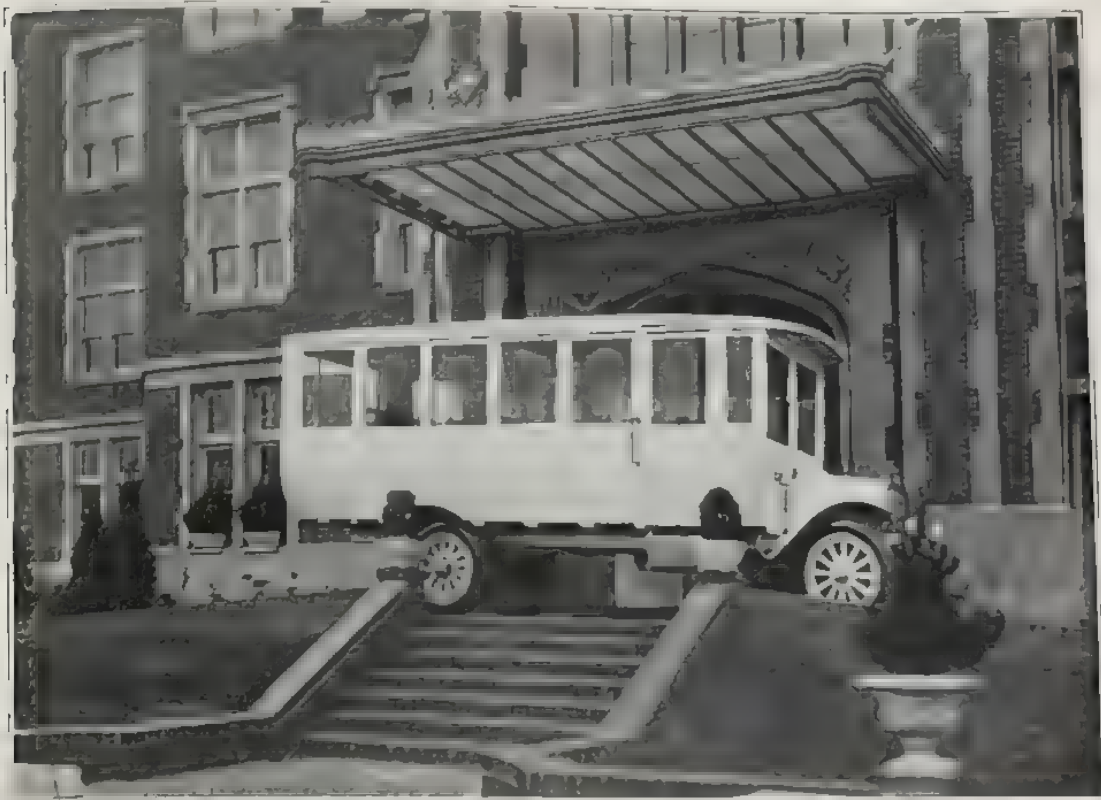
(Continued from page 13)

when the good news was announced, a thunder-clap of wild applause.

I turned the final page of the old album tenderly, cherishing the memories it had recalled. On the last page was a picture of Eastern with the Spirit of '26 waving fare-

well; and it seemed to me, as I sat in the musty old garret with the shades of evening drawing close about me, that the school responded, "Farewell, O noblest of classes. Farewell. Class of '26. Farewell."

G. R



BUS PRESENTED TO SCHOOL BY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



COMPANY A
Captain Chester Thom



COMPANY ■
Captain Alpheus Walter



COMPANY C
Captain J. Harry Portch



COMPANY D
Captain Lester Swingle



FLOWERS OF '29

Eastern's greenhouse has received much comment. The lovely plants and blossoms grown there have been the admiration of all. Yet there is another garden—a very promising garden—which was started in September, 1925, and which bids well to be more marvelous than any yet have seen.

Some of the plants have been very tender and the transplanting into high school has set them back a bit; others have been green—but refreshing. However, each little plant has grown and put forth its first blossoms.

Our girls' basketball team which has won the inter-class championship represents fully Eastern's flower, the daisy. "Dandy Lions" with flowing manes are a side feature of our class. "Spring Beauties" are a choice variety of flowers of which the Freshmen Class has quite a few (just take a peep in Section Room, 2062). Our sweet and modest girls delight us as the fragrant "Mignonette."

Those extremely wide trousers the boys wear are "Dutchman's Breeches." "Maiden Hair" is here also, but it has been cut so much it is getting rather scarce. The "Devil in the Bush" represents those people with ponies in Latin Class. "Love-in-a puff" is not exactly right as applied to our class; it should be "Love-in-a powder puff." We have Phlox and Phlox of "Baby Eyes" around school, with a likely sprinkling of "Bachelor Buttons"—although in a few years that will be a thing of the past.

And for such a garden as the Freshman Class, there must be gardeners to dig around the plants, cultivate them with careful diligence, and at last pluck their blossoms to make happy many a nook in the big, wide world. The faculty at Eastern is the kind gardener who carefully tends the blooming of the little plants, so that they may burst forth in full beauty on the world.

HELEN SWICK, '29.

ALAN BRECK

Alan Breck Stewart wore very fine clothes
Which he was quite proud of, as everyone
knows—

Gold lace on his collar, gold lace on his cuff,
And velveteen breeches of very fine stuff.
The Jacobite cause was Alan's delight,
For Bonnie Prince Charlie all day he would
fight.

At the sword and the bagpipes did Alan
excel;
And as for the heather, he knew that quite
well.

Yet he was no angel, quite human was he,

And as vain and as proud as a Scotchman
could be.

He had been in three armies, deserted them
all,

Was papered, and hunted, and ready to fall.
But good fortune assailed him and bore him
to France;

And the Scotchmen were glad enough, really,
to dance.

Let the red-coats go hunting o'er burn, bank,
and dee,

But Alan is safe and far over the sea.

DOROTHY SECREST, 2132.

BARBERS AND SNAKES

"Next!"

I climbed into the barber chair, and, after settling down, began listening to the talk floating about. It was of snakes!

A fat salesman had the floor.

"And, sir, this snake took one jump and, on my honor, he traveled at least fifteen feet!"

My barber took one severe jump of his own, and on my honor, a notch of at least two inches appeared in my hair!

"Snakes is funny things," remarked a little soldier. "One time I was lyin' down, thinkin' no harm of anyone, when somethin' moved. (My barber's hand began to tremble in sympathy, and little scallops appeared on my hair.) "I looked down," he continued, "and there coiled upon me, was a rattle-snake, big as my wrist." (The trembling, also the scallops, became more noticeable.)

"Well, I yelled to my wife, Sary, and," he paused to chuckle reminiscently, "she came in with a gun an' was so plumb scared she pulled the trigger and blew the darned snake's head off!"

My barber laughed heartily and my hair suffered accordingly.

This kept up until I descended from the chair with my hair in ruins and my head full of snakes. Then, as I opened the door, the fat salesman said, "Did you see the poor little kid taking it all in?"

My freshman dignity was outraged—to think that I believed those yarns, and above all, to call me a "kid"! I haven't really recovered yet; so if you see a person with a freak hair-cut and a face stamped with a mask of outraged dignity walking through these halls, you'll know it's I.

CYNTHIA ELDRIDGE. 2072.



THE GREENHOUSE

Faculty Notes

"If you would all a-maying go,
On Tuesday next, at four,
Be sure to wear your oldest dress,
Or you'll be very sore.
Upon the green to romp we mean
As in the days of yore;
So come prepared for heaps of fun,
Attired in pinafore."

Such was the invitation, vividly painted, that announced from the bulletin board in the office the annual faculty dinner given at Holiday House on May 18. And if the teachers tell us truly, what a time they had—in fact, such a time that they won't tell about it.

They sang between courses at dinner. After dinner there was pantomime called "Not a Hair of Their Heads," read by Miss Baldwin and executed by Mrs. Chase, Mr. Collins, Miss Walter, Miss Helen Boyd, Mr. Simons, and Mr. Kochka. The teachers were then separated into college groups, each group performing stunts, games, and charades.

We strongly suspect that they indulged in all sorts of brain teasers like Blind-Man's

Bluff, Leap-frog, and Hide-and-Go-Seek, but they wouldn't tell, not a word. The "College" producing the best talent was awarded a loving cup (furnished by courtesy of Woolworth and Co.) decorated with flowing ribbons. A privileged person was allowed to place it along with Eastern's other trophies in the case especially designed for such purposes.

We have endeavored by all known and many yet (officially) undiscovered methods to find out more of the details of this interesting occasion. We are beginning to wonder if patience is rewarded, and are now firmly convinced that curiosity *has* killed more than one cat.

We have finished another year and are glad to put our books aside for a long vacation. There are names of well-remembered spots to be visited; there are new worlds to discover. The faculty for the next three months will be cast in new rôles.

To one and to all we say, "A happy vacation."

TO A BLONDE WITH A LAVENDER SCARF THROWN OVER HER HAIR

*Sometimes I think you are a tall, slim birch
tree*

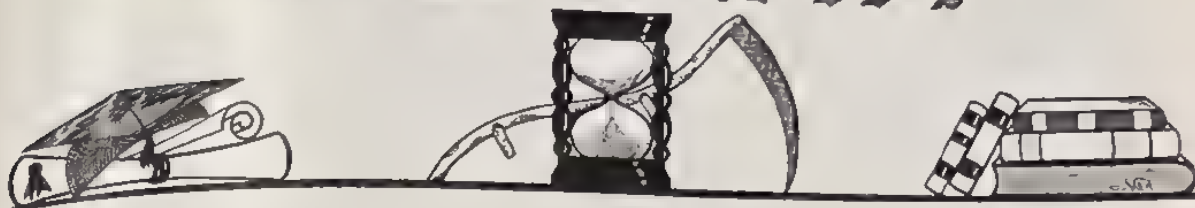
*Tilted in the wind,
The sun burnishes your top branches
And streams down your sides like liquid gold.
Then you are a lovely, white candle
Set before the shrine of beauty,
And your hair is the dull gold flame
Still and fixed in the darkened cathedral.
But the other day I saw you with a lavender
scarf*

*Thrown carelessly over your head,
And I thought of the moon
Enshrouded in a purple cloud,
With stray wisps of moonlight
From the captive net
Blown free.*



GEORGE ROTH, '26.

ALUMNI



Personals

Ella April, '23, who is now attending George Washington University, has been chosen a member of the Women's Advisory Council of the University for 1926-27, according to an announcement just made by Anna L. Rose, Dean of Women. She will be one of the three girls representing the senior class of Columbian College on the council.

The Women's Advisory Council serves in an advisory capacity to the Dean of Women. This year it fostered the Big Sister Movement, superintended the preparation of the G. W. Handbook, and is now sponsoring the May Day celebration in honor of the women athletes.

"Bill" Clementson, '24, took the part of one of the comedians last month in the first musical comedy produced by students of George Washington University. He acted in the rôle of a pseudo-poet.

The comedy, called "Just A Kiss," was written by two law students, one of whom, "Larry" Parker, is another graduate of Eastern. "Bill" Clementson is now taking work in Columbian College of George Washington, while "Larry" Parker is registered in the Law School, and is now completing the second year of his course there.

The Class of 1906 is planning to hold its anniversary in June this year. For those of that class who are especially interested in this reunion, information regarding the details may be obtained from Mrs. Ada W. Coe, McKinley Manual Training School.

"Our lives are memorial windows which we ourselves make."

In the Footsteps of Their Fathers

The old saying that "history repeats itself" has fresh proof in the fact that the sons and daughters of several Eastern alumni are now here. A student was accosted by a teacher the other day with this question, "Didn't your father attend school here?"

"Yes ma'am," was the reply.

"I thought so. You spell as badly as he used to."

Here are the members of the younger generation who are following in the footsteps of their parents:

Marjorie Keim	Alma Herrle. '01.
Meigs Brearley	Maude Meigs, '00.
Dorothy Robinette	{ Lillian Hoover, '01. Fred G. Robinette, '02.
Isabel Jaeger	Ferdinand Jaeger, '03.
Roberta Harrison	Joseph Harrison, '98.
Donald Rodier	Bessie B. Otterback, '01.
Helen Hutchinson	Mabel Simpson, '01.
Leah Woods	Georgie Forbes, '97.
Marshall Grinder	Bessie Knight, '03.
John Riecks	Mary J. Benjamin, '97.
Josephine Tremain	Lula Farnham, '95.
S. Hazen Shea	Effie Yoder, '97.
Dorris Bishop	Dorothy Hughes, '98.
Virginia Turner	Josephine McDonald, '00.

Marriages

Mary Louise Smith, '23, to Robert R. Mull.
Alida D. Hartranft, '22, to Clinton Hisle, '24.

Engagements

Dorothy Delight Rohrer, '19, Walter Clifford Scott.

TWO LOVES

*Her love is a poinsettia—
A flaming bold love,
Not afraid to confess its being.
But mine, alas, is a tiny violet
Hidden to grow in someone's heart
Waiting, longing for discovery.
So, more often it is passed by,
For few will scarch—even love.*

*When the poinsettia calls,
All pause to pay tribute to its charms,
And many, many come!
A wonderful love—
The poinsettia love;
But when it is found
Is not the violet as sweet?*

EVELYN M. BURNS, '26.

TO BETTY'S SISTER

*I came upon you
As upon a door ajar,
And a delicate freshness
Caressed my soul.
I came upon you
As upon a lilac bush,
And the rose became burdensome
In your fresh-blown sweetness.
I came upon you,
A cynical child*

*Scoffing before I half knew;
But I went away refreshed, enchanted
As I used to do after each new turning
In my childhood fairy book.
You have a beauty and a depth,
And you are ages old;
You have a beauty and a life.
And you are but a little child
Chasing spotted butterflies.*

GEORGE ROTH, '26.



THE LIBRARY



THE KITCHEN

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JOSEPH L. KOCHKA, *Chair.*

MARY F. MURRAY.

ELLA CORBETT.



Autographs

Among the new exchanges received are the following:

The Forester, Forest Park H. S., Baltimore, Maryland.

The Calendar, Hutchinson H. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Occident, West High School, Rochester, N. Y.

Old Hughes, Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Hutch-in-sun, Hutchinson High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

The P. S., The Park School, Baltimore, Maryland.

Hill Topics, Masten Park High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Toddler, Brent School, Philippine Islands.

*In years and years as numberless
As grains of sea-washed sand,
The young and old of every age
Have said, "Gee, ain't love grand!"*

• • •

"That ban a yoke on me," said the Swede, as the egg spattered on his shirt.—*Blue and White.*

PINS AWARDED PROFICIENT

The Underwood Typewriter Company gave pins recently to two pupils as an award for passing the fifteen minute test at an excellent speed. The pupils receiving this honor were Frances Green, writing at the rate of 48 words a minute, and Francis Crovo, a second semester student, writing at the rate of 40 words.

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To the osteopathic physician, the future holds no limitations. He can develop his talents with the knowledge that his own ability is the only restriction. At thirty he is a general practitioner. At forty he can be a specialist. At fifty he may be an authority in some particular field. His income grows with his increased ability.

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Des Moines Still College of Osteopathy, 1424 W. Locust St., Des Moines, Ia.

Kansas City College of Osteopathy and Surgery, 2105 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Kirksville Osteopathic College, Kirksville, Mo.

College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, 721 S. Griffin Avenue, Los Angeles.

Massachusetts College of Osteopathy, 415 Newbury Street, Boston, 17.

Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, 19th and Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia.

For further information call on any member of the District of Columbia Osteopathic Association, as published in the Classified portion of the Telephone Directory.

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THE EASTERNER



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Volume XXX



EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL



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In Memoriam



Percival Padgett

1855-1926

By a Colleague

When, on his retiring from active service in June, 1925, the *Easterner* was dedicated to Mr. Padgett, his many friends hoped to enjoy his genial personality for years to come. But it was not to be. Before the end of another school year the faculty and alumni of Eastern gathered to pay a last tribute to their beloved colleague and teacher, who had died June 17, 1926. Life for Mr. Padgett seemed to end with the close of his long years of devoted and successful teaching. Even in the delirium of his last illness he was instructing an imaginary Latin class.

Yet it was not primarily as a teacher that one remembers Mr. Padgett. He was pre-eminently an example of that high type of public offi-

cial in which the man is more than his office or position. Probably no teacher in the long years of Eastern's history has been thought of so generally by the pupils as their friend. The same feeling towards him prevailed among his colleagues in the several schools where he taught. His enjoyment of life and his cheerfulness of spirit were contagious. Laughter was never far from his voice and eyes. And yet he had a ready sympathy for any who were unfortunate. He freely gave long hours of outside coaching to pupils who needed extra help. In all these relationships the teacher was subordinate; the kindly gentleman, the loving friend was above everything else. Through the coming years Mr. Padgett will be remembered by Eastern colleagues and alumni as an example of Hilaire

Belloc's description of a happy and successful life:

From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends.

To his family, shadowed by so great a loss,
the faculty and alumni of the school extend,
through the *Easterner*, their sincerest sympathy.

B. L. G.

By a Pupil

Even when we were in the grades and Eastern was little more than an awing name to us, we had heard of Mr. Padgett. "And if you're lucky enough, you'll have him in Latin," we were told.

"Have him in Latin" or not, we all learned to know him and love him. Just like the teachers in story books, he seemed to us, with his reminiscences, his whimsical jokes, his constant good humor. How proud we were to be honored by a nickname or to be called by our names in Latin! There were *Armavalidus*; Miss *Regina*, who was Queen Elizabeth in a pageant; *Verdus*; Miss *Leo*, so tiny that we smiled to think of her commanding name of "Lion;" and many others whose Latin names we'll always remember. Long black braids—who should I be but *Pocahontas*, and my chum, always with me, Mr. Padgett called *Fidus Achates*.

Fidus Achates, you know, was the good friend of Virgil's Aeneas. For Aeneas' sake Achates bore the terrors of the deep, the wars with inhospitable barbarians, the enmity of the jealous gods. Never in years of hardship or years of fortune did Achates desert his friend.

Fidus Achates! Faithful Achates! Looking back over his life of service to youth, his un-failing interest in individuals, his ability to point out beauty in age-old epic, and his never-to-be-forgotten inspiring self, I know that to no one does the title of Faithful Achates belong so well as to Mr. Padgett.

R. A.

Autumn

Autumn is a jester
Waves a wand of grain;
Autumn goes in motley
Before King Winter's train.
Autumn is a dandy—
Wears a crown of leaves,
Dons the mellow colors
Of the garnered sheaves.

Autumn is a gallant,
Debonair and gay;
Woos the lady flowers,
Steals their hearts away.
Autumn is a harlot,
Laughing, handsome, slim;
Makes the lady flowers
Die for love of him.

—Elise Scharf, '27.

Evening

In the summer, in the evening
When the sky is turning gray
And the birds are singing softly
At the quiet close of day,
'Tis then I love to wander
In the garden o'er the hills,
In the pleasant valley yonder
By the tiny tinkling rills
In the quiet of the evening
On those pleasant wandering walks
In the valley, in the evening
Where my soul to Nature talks.

—Lois Nelson, 2161.

Happiness

Happiness, so the wise ones say,
Comes from some kindness done each day,
Not from without, but from within,
'Tis claimed by those who daily win
Smiles and sweet words from all around,
Is Happiness at all times found.

—Marjorie H. Keim, '27

Eastern Achievements, 1925-1926

Undoubtedly, many of us who are new at Eastern are not acquainted with her truly remarkable achievements of the past year, that of 1925-1926. Those of us who are not new no doubt will thrill with pride on reviewing her splendid accomplishments of last year in oratory, scholarship, dramatics, cadets, athletics, and other fields.

Probably the most significant victory of the year was the winning of the oratorical championship of the District of Columbia by Myrtle Posey, followed by her winning of second place in the National Oratorical Contest. For two successive years Eastern has had the distinction of having one of her students the District champion. Through Myrtle Posey's victories Eastern became nationally, even internationally, known.

The Swarthmore Scholarship, established by the New York and Philadelphia Alumnae Clubs, and awarded for high scholastic standing and outstanding qualities, was won by one of last June's graduates, Josephine M. Tremain, who in addition to her high attainments in scholarship had been prominent in dramatics, journalism, and in the Merrill Club.

Another of the year's achievements was the winning of the first prize of the District of Columbia in the National Meat Contest by Katherine Albaugh of the Domestic Science Department.

Last year, for the first time Eastern won the much sought after Brown Cup, which is presented annually by the Brown University Alumni to the high school presenting the best spring play. Each one who saw her presentation of George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," the prize winning play, agreed with the judges, I am sure, that a high standard of school acting and production had been reached.

Although Eastern failed to win in the Competitive Drill last June, she had an extremely high military honor for the whole year, for the

colonelcy of the Cadet Brigade was held by one of her boys, Edward D. Andrus.

In athletics during 1925-1926, Eastern's boys were well rewarded. Eastern tied with Central for the basketball championship. For the second consecutive year her baseball team brought home the championship. Furthermore, this championship was won without the losing of a single game in the high school series, surely a record of which to be proud.

The girls also did their share in winning athletic honors for the school. For the first time since 1921 the Girls' Rifle Team succeeded in defeating Central and winning the championship. Another distinction in shooting was the winning of the Girls' Individual Championship of the District by Helen Seitz, who has won this honor from Eastern for two consecutive years.

Robert Harrison, one of last year's graduates, won additional honor for Eastern when she was selected for her high scholarship and outstanding prominence to represent the District of Columbia at Philadelphia in the American youth contest, conducted by the management of the Sesquicentennial.

Surely this wonderfully successful year of 1925-1926 leaves each of us a challenge to exert every effort to attain again for Eastern that high standard of achievement.



'Tis Ever Thus Where Valor True Is Found

By H. GIFFORD IRION, '28



Much has been written of famous long runs which have won football games. The backfield here has been showered with praise time and again for the sixty-yard run in the last quarter—a praise which he no doubt deserved, but should have shared with others. To the blase spectator who requires something vividly spectacular to elicit his cheers, the seven men on the line are but filling so many positions. It is only the coach on the sidelines, the scribe in the press-box, and the keen-eyed student of the game in the stand, who notice the smartness of play on the line.

Bob Gordon had dreamed in his early youth of winning a game for Washington and Lee by a last minute rush off-tackle or a thrilling end-run. His first chance came as full-back on the frosh. The following fall he got in a few games, playing that position on the varsity. However, he met with little success, and his possibilities of becoming a star seemed slight. When the junior year rolled around, Bob's coach seemed of a mind to take him out of the back-field.

"But," said Bob, "if I can't play full-back, where can I play?"

"Tackle," briefly responded the coach.

"How about Fiske and Rogers? I can't hope to displace them," retorted Bob.

"Yes, but Rogers graduates in June. Who'll take his place next year?" was the coach's query.

The idea of giving up a chance for full-back to become substitute tackle seemed demoralizing to Bob. Still, he obeyed orders and worked hard as an understudy to Rogers.

Bob's senior year arrived, but with it a great difficulty. Dolly Draper had promised to become engaged to him if he accomplished something sensational in Washington and Lee's biggest game. Dreams of winning Dolly were sufficient to urge him to a touchdown, as full-back, but as right tackle his chance of fulfilling her wish seemed hopeless. He perceived only hard work ahead with scant reward. However, as the days and weeks passed by, he began to look forward to the big battle. At least he could do his best.

But the coach had built more wisely for Bob than he knew. By his earnestness the boy had steadily improved in his play and was even mentioned for the all-Southern conference team as right tackle.

At last there remained but two games to be played. The first of these was with a small school and was merely a warming-up contest for the big fray with Virginia. Here ill-fortune struck a cruel blow at Bob. The game, which was a certain victory for Washington and Lee, did not require any strenuous effort on his part; but Fate decided to make his way harder, for he badly wrenched his leg. After the game the team's physician announced that Gordon would be in no condition to play against Virginia. The coach, the team, and the school, all realized the tremendous loss in Bob's injury, but to himself it seemed the final crowning misfortune to bring his whole football career to a disastrous close.

The Virginia game was played at Richmond.

Continued on Page 31

Sam's Adventures As a Deck Boy

(As related to PAULINE ROTH, '27)



College and high school boys throughout the country took up the fad set by Red Grange of working at unusual jobs during the summer. Eastern, too, was represented among the followers of the fad by Sam McGlatherty, who had the unique experience of going to Europe as a deck boy.

At eleven o'clock on a hot August night, the idea of going to Scotland came to Sam and his chum, Dave Goldberg. All was excitement at the homes of Messrs. Goldberg and McGlatherty. It has not been revealed whether or not any sleep was gotten. However, bright and early the next morning they set off for Baltimore. They hastened to the dock, boarded the freighter, "West Noska," and then off for the distant shores—Scotland!

It was not long before they assumed the duties of deck boys. "Although it requires a great deal of physical labor, it's lots of fun," says Sam. Scrubbing and cleaning the deck were among the duties they had to perform. Oh, yes, and coming home they painted the

whole ship! After work, they were given time for recreation. These hours were spent in reading books and magazines, listening to the radio and writing letters. By the way, Sam said he didn't have any letters to write except to his mother—we all question this! ? ?

Many exciting experiences were encountered aboard ship—even sea fights! As in every sea story, the typical sailor was present. The sailors of whom we read in "Treasure Island" were clearly presented before the eyes of our two adventurers.

After days of work as well as recreation, thick fogs, a temperature as low as 40°, and everything that goes to make a new experience worth remembering—Scotland!

The first place visited was the Scotch Highlands, a beautiful picturesque country. In the Highlands, the people adopt the kilts as their style of clothing. In other Scotch regions the boys wear long light trousers and derby hats. The girls' attire brings back memories of the American styles of 1919. And, girls, take notice! "To the Scotch girl, cosmetics are unknown. Bobbed hair is just coming to that part of the world!" said Sam with a tragic expression.

The lakes and castles were also visited with much enthusiasm. The lakes are really magnificent, and the castles afford a feeling of quaint historic interest. The visit to Glamis, the castle where Macbeth killed Duncan, should make Sam's study of Macbeth more interesting.

Despite the raging ocean, foreign shores, quaint customs, picturesque scenery and queer costumes, there's no place like America, Sam thinks.

So ended Sam's first trip to foreign lands, but from all understandings *not* his last, for he and some other Easternites are already planning to enjoy the adventures of deck boys next year.

Revelation

BY RUTH BELL, '28

Stretching along the river front, Kennedy Street ran the entire length of the city, and claimed as its own the two extremes of society. On this account it was commonly divided, at 47th Street, into Upper and Lower Kennedy.

Upper Kennedy, the home of "our nicest people," was properly conventional and refined, and infinitely boring. Lower Kennedy, winding its snakelike course between dark, rickety houses and a lazy, oily river, was evil and mysterious, and fascinating.

Numbers 420 and 422, at the corner of Tenth and Kennedy Streets, were a clubhouse and a café, respectively. Here assembled patrons whose colorful careers were like newspaper serials. 424 and 426 were rivals for the interests of the police force, while 430 was mentioned only in whispers, and 428 stood in the shadows. Somewhere at the top of the stairs, back of the shadows that surrounded them, lived James Neilson, and across the hall his friend, Alan Connor.

A mournful cry was the wind's as it wailed on Kennedy Street. Had it been able to blow open Neilson's door, it would have shrieked in wild delight at the papers it whirled around, the scant bedclothes it ruffled, and the shivers it sent thru the slight frame of Neilson himself.

He sat on the bed, with his small table drawn close, his fingers stiff from writing and the cold, for Mrs. Geer charged extra for a fire.

A sudden current of air picked up his papers in its icy arms.

"Come in, Al," he greeted his friend in the doorway. "Have a seat!" He pushed the table away from the bed.

"Just ran in for a minute," explained Alan. "I'm on my way to see Irene, but this was in the mailbox, so I brought it up."

Alan watched Neilson, as with his long, artistic fingers he opened the envelope,—watched him as he read the typewritten slip, and slowly dropped it and the accompanying papers to the floor.

"Hard luck, old man?" asked Alan at length. "From Stedman's. My story returned with thanks." The corners of Neilson's mouth twisted humorously. "Anyway, they were polite. The *Weekly Review* wasn't even thankful."

"Too bad, Neil," said Alan, somewhat awkwardly. "Why don't you try the *Mirror*?"

"I did."

"And the *Globe*?"

"That, too."

"What about the *Citizen*?" This was a last resort.

"Oh, what's the use?"

"A lot of use, Neil," answered Alan. "But I know what's wrong with you, you're hungry. I'll bet you didn't have any breakfast! No, not a word!" as Neilson seemed about to speak. "Take this and get a good square meal at the café. It's only a dollar, but I'd give you more if I had it."

Flushing, Neilson shook his head. "I can't take it, Al. I have money—really I have. And I was just going out to lunch."

"How much have you?" skeptically.

"Fifty-seven cents. It'll buy a lot."

"It isn't half enough, but if you won't take anything" . . .

When Alan had gone, Neilson went over to the table, pulled open the drawer, and inspected its contents. Out of what had once been a pocketbook he took fifty-seven cents, fingered it thoughtfully, pocketed twenty cents, and put the remaining thirty-seven cents back in the purse.

Snowflakes were dancing in the air, racing with the wind, and powdering the streets. Coquettishly they fluttered around the dark, sinister-looking houses, defying them, caressing softly the icy river, and crunching disapprovingly as pedestrians set feet on them. They called to the children of Kennedy Street, brushed lightly their rosy cheeks, and nestled in

Continued on Page 32

Flights of Fancy

Coach Guyon's Soliloquy

With Apologies to William Shakespeare

To be or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether Eastern's football squad will suffer
The chaff and railleury of an unsatisfied throng,
Or take the field against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To win—to cop,
No more—and by a win to say we end
The heartache of these many years of trying.
A victory at last—'tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wished. To win—to cop—
But fullback! Heeke is gone—ay there's the rub;
For who will fill those shoes of his;
Who will do as well as he? That doubt
Must make us pause. Then there's center,
Which makes calamity if poorly played;
For who would bear the boos and scorns of the crowd,
The referee's error, the ruffian's tackle,
The coach's bawling out, the tough guy's punch,
The taunting ridicule of the enemy, and the bumps
That go with playing that position,
When he himself might make a name
In the spring play? Who will play the guards,
To grunt and sweat under the weary life,
But that the dread of something after the game—
The coach's reprimand, from which
No player comes happy—puzzles the mind,
And makes me rather wish I had last year's stars
Than try out new ones that I know not of,
This combination does make doubters of us all;
And thus the Eastern football rooters
Are made sick at its very thought;
But quarter-back and right end are still at school;
In this respect, we turn our ills awry,
And stir ourselves for action.

(NOTE: Don't lose sleep over it, coach. Your team's all right.)

—H. Gifford Irion '28.

Someone told "Buddy" Martin that they got milk from "Oysters's" and Buddy thought they were trying to be funny.

Dear Editor:

How does Karlton Stein make that frightful car of his run?

Flossie Flap Jacks.

My dear Miss Flap Jacks:

That's one thing even I don't know.

The Editor.

Saved By the Bell

Even Seniors wise as we
Sometimes want to widely flee
From some classroom, where we know
We are next in line to throw
Our last chance away.

The night before had somehow skimm'd
Away so fast, Mem'ry is dimm'd
As to just how, but anyway,
It did, and here we are today
With lesson unprepared.

But, what is that which sounding loud
Makes your classmates rise and crowd
Toward the doors in haste to go?
The bell! Saved by the bell, I trow!
Just in the nick of time!

—Majorie H. Keim, '27.

As Poets Would Say It

A damsel fair sat on the beach;
Round Luna shone above her,
Her beau was sitting by her side;
Each was enraptured by the other.
When either spake it was of love,
To them a passionate dream,
And the moonlight pouring from above
Let all more charming seem.
To her the young Lothario said,
"My love, I worship you."
The sweet young thing glanced in his eyes—
She said, "I love you too."

As It Really Is

'Twas a dark and stormy night
As they sat beside each other;
The back porch roof was badly leaking—
Their clothes were full of water.
"Be mine, my dear, and when we're hitched
You'll always be my boss."
She cast at him a nasty look -
"You're full of applesauce."

—H. Gifford Irion, '28.



Editorials

Hail, Green Ones!

A dignified senior, deep in thought, was walking down the corridor. She felt conscious of something unusual going on around her. There seemed a vast number of little beings running hither and thither distractedly. What was this all about? Suddenly her mind grasped the portent of the melee—"Rookies."

Her face lighted with a smile as she thought of her own "Rookiehood." She laughed outright at the thought of her visit to Mr. Hart's sanctum in search of library books; and Miss Boyd's first "Go back to study hall, and don't come back for two weeks!" Now, after three years of work and fun, she had taken her place among the exalted ones—"Seniors!" Some day these freshmen would be members of the envied fourth year class.

The upperclassmen of today welcome you, Seniors of tomorrow, for it is with you that the honor of Eastern will rest when we are gone. Do not wait until then, though, to take an active part in the school life. Start now. We want you to join our clubs, debating, dramatic, glee, athletic, and social. Remember, the orchestra needs musicians. Boys, join the cadets. Attend the games and root for our teams. Try to get on these teams yourselves, if possible. Send us your poems, stories, or editorials for publication. Be a true Easternite and help us in every way to boost our beloved school to the top, where she rightfully belongs.

M. H. K.

Patronize Your Advertisers

Well, fellows! We have your first EASTERNER out on time. And what a job we had! One of the hardest jobs on the EASTERNER staff is that of Advertising Manager. Do you realize that if it were not for our advertisers you would not have a school magazine as big and as fine as THE EASTERNER? Your advertisers are interested in what you are doing; they are always willing and ready to serve you. In return you and your friends should show your appreciation by patronizing your advertisers, and in doing so don't forget to boost your EASTERNER.

A. S. C.

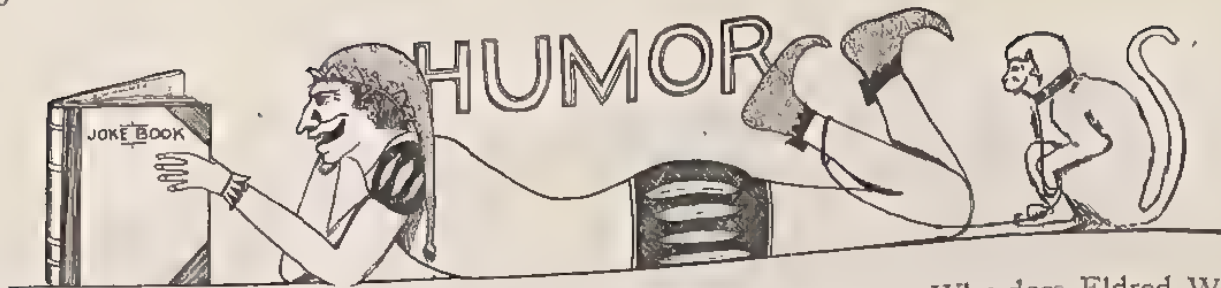
Bells At Eastern

HELEN SWICK, '29

Astounding sounds are nothing as compared with that fateful sound at Eastern—the bell! Time was when that bell, in its primitive development, was of martial sound, when it echoed and re-echoed through all the rafters and beams in Old Peabody. Slowly it has developed to its modern dependability—a crisp, shrill electric bell. Our emotions at Eastern seem to be all centered on that bell!

For instance, suppose you are two blocks from school when the 9 o'clock bell rings in the morning. "Tardy? Please report to Room 103." (Miss Watts' office.) Oh, how you hate that bell! Like a sentinel it stands, keeping guard. It never seems to let a minute slip

Continued on Page 34



Miss Birtwell—Dyson, can you and Miles do your homework together?

Dyson—Yes, we both live in the same alley.

* * *

Miss Monk—What was the occasion for Longfellow to write "Tell Me Not in Mournful Numbers"?

Read—He must have been reading a taxi meter.

* * *

I wouldn't marry a man who lies.
So you plan to be single all your life.

* * *

Roper—Vivian, where did you get that red stuff on your coat?

Vivian—Barbara Shannon must have been leaning against me.

* * *

Miss Birtwell (reading from "Burke")—What in the name of God shall we do with it?

Lenore Wolff—I haven't found out yet.

* * *

Gardner Davies (after losing \$5 worth of golf balls)—What I can't understand is how the Scotch took up this infernal game.

* * *

John, Hardesty—There goes a trainload of tobacco.

Harry Rosen—Oh, that's one of those chew-chew trains.

* * *

Elizabeth Welch—So you were out riding with Jack Bryan. I guess you passed everything on the road.

Margaret Smith—Yes, including six soda fountains and four movies.

Thelma Alexander—Why does Eldred Wilson wear his hair so long?

Frances Wright—To give the impression that his brain is fertile.

* * *

Phrenologist—This bump on your head shows you are very curious.

Charles Kohler—Yes, I know; I got that by sticking my head into an elevator shaft to see if the lift was coming up and it wasn't.

* * *

Tit—He's not living with his wife.

Tat—Why not?

Tit—He hasn't one.

* * *

Mr. Flury—Is the world round or flat?

Edna Smith—It's round.

Mr. Flury—Prove it.

Edna—Oh, it's flat, then; I don't want to start an argument.

* * *

Al Muelhaus says, "When I read a book I try to imagine the hero as a good-looking guy like myself."

* * *

Bride—Aren't you glad I studied Domestic Science? See what an attractive table I set.

Groom—But what did you cook?

Bride—Miss Jones never got so far.

* * *

What newspaper did you bring to class?

Lois Koerth—The Police Gazette.

* * *

I want a five-cent Hershey bar.

Nuts?

No, hungry.

Mr. Rath—Who sits there?

Grove—P-P-P-P-Pete.

Madison—What do you think you are, a motorcycle?

* * *

Dumb—I smell rubber burning.

Dora—That's not rubber; that's the soup in the lunchroom.

* * *

First Easternite—Do you believe in evolution?

Second Ditto—No, my people are English and come from Wales.

* * *

Dr. Rothermel—Tellefsen, take ether, for instance.

Tellefsen—Why should I take ether?

* * *

Peter Manganaro (after being called on to recite a poem in English class)—I couldn't find a poem good enough, so I wrote one myself.

* * *

History test question—When did President Grant die?

Mr. Duryee's answer—A few hours after he was assassinated.

* * *

Leah Woods (discussing jewelry)—Did you see the floating opal on F street the other day?

* * *

Preacher—What is it when our souls go back and back and back?

Stude—That's fallen arches.

* * *

Miss Shelp—If your father borrowed \$800 from me and promised to pay back \$200 a month, how much would he owe me at the end of four months?

Ladd—Eight hundred dollars.

Miss Shelp—You don't understand math.

Ladd—You don't understand my father.

* * *

Miss Egbert—Why did you select the News, because it is so small?

McGlathery—No, because it is so cheap.

* * *

Guest (examining silver)—Tudor?

Host—No, my own.



Dora: Can you yodel?

Dumb: I haven't danced much, but I'll try it.

* * *

Oh, mother, who is that funny looking man over there?

Hush, Horatio, that's the Editor of the EASTERNER!

* * *

Advice to Seniors

A grain of Glory mixed with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

—George Herbert Palmer.

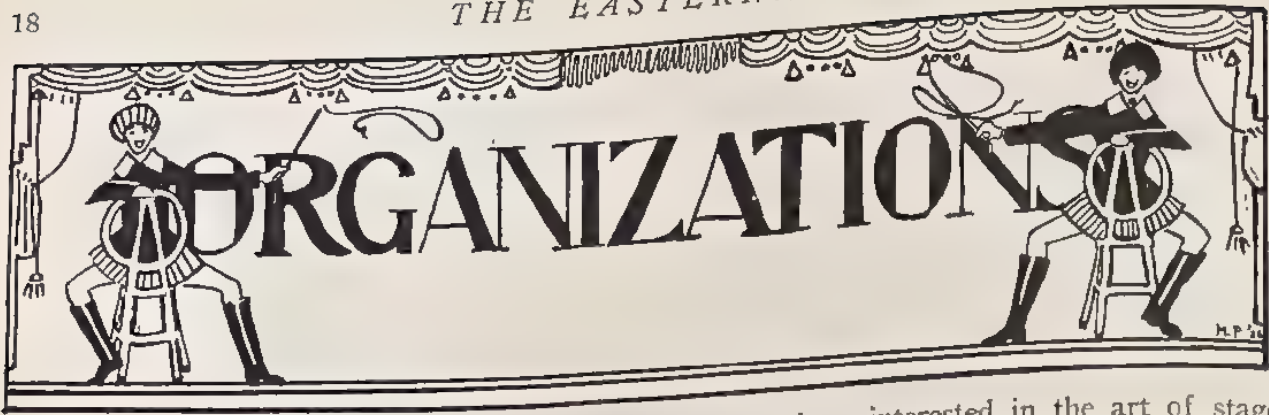
* * *

Mother—Anna, if you don't keep quiet, you will make me lose my mind.

Anna—Oh, that's all right, mother; I'll ask Daddy to give you a piece of his mind.

* * *

Mrs. Byram (in music, telling students the new way to sing an old song)—The only change is that in the last line you "swear" on three notes instead of on two.



Glee Club

The Glee Club is one of the most active clubs in school. It assists in plays and any entertainments which are given. Mrs. Byram is the faculty adviser for this club.

At the first meeting the following were elected: Margaret Cook, President; Frances Ladd, Vice President; Edith Jones, Treasurer; Mary Gastrock, Fred Randall, Secretaries.

The club will continue its activities as in former years.

Girls' Rifle Club

For the past two years, the Eastern Girls' Rifle Team has won the District Individual Championship. In 1925, when the title was first established, it was won by Leah Woods, an Eastern Girl. Last year this honor was brought to our school again. Helen Seitz was the victor.

The Eastern Team also won the District Team Championship last year.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Vutura Jarrett, Captain; Helen Seitz, Manager; Helen Terrell, Assistant Manager.

May the team be as successful this year as last!

Dramatics

Under Miss Monk's supervision the Dramatic Club held its first meeting on October 6. After the welcoming of new members, election of officers was held. The following will hold office for this season. Elwood Kidwell, Manager; Eldred Wilson, Assistant Manager; Manuel Rice, Secretary.

As a branch of this organization, the Mind—the Paint Club was organized. This is com-

posed of those interested in the art of stage make-up.

The officers are Florence Barron, President; Marjorie Keim, Secretary; Elvira Flynn, Ass't. Secretary.

This group of students will be of great assistance to the Dramatic Club.

Orchestra

The orchestra has been quite fortunate this year in securing the services of Alvin Carrol, cellist, and Michael Brook, drummer. There are a number of violins, several trumpets and a trombone. There has been a loss of two clarinet players and Mrs. Byram is very anxious to replace them.

Miss Wood and Evelyn Scott, concert master of the orchestra, have formed a violin ensemble which meets in the Music Room every Tuesday at the close of school. Any violinist in the school is invited to join.

The band has almost doubled its members and, as usual, furnished entertainment on Tuesday in the Auditorium during the lunch periods.

Les Camarades

A party was given by Les Camarades Club on October 7. Miss Marion Casey and Miss Mable Cook of the Y. W. C. A. were the guests of honor. Miss Casey gave a talk and invited the club to a dinner to be given by the Girl Reserves of all the high schools. The Fidelis Club was to serve at this supper. The entertainment committee was composed of Kathryn Clark, Eunice Smith and Ruth Jarvis.

The officers of the club are: Kathryn Clark, President; Frances Throop, Secretary; Ruth Jarvis, Treasurer; Eunice Smith, Council Representative.

Debating Club

Everyone remembers the interesting debates given by the Debating Society last year. The Club is now organized and expects to do as well this year. Under the direction of Miss Bucknam, faculty adviser, and James Dietz, president, it is sure to be a success.

Merrill Club

The Merrill Club is one of the best known of Eastern clubs. It is named in honor of Miss Merrill, its founder. This club does much good through its social service committee. With an interest in the Settlement House it has much to keep it busy. However, its work is not all social service. Plans are now being discussed for a Thanksgiving Dance.

The officers for this year are: Beryle Edmiston, President; Dorothy Black, Secretary; Helen Wheeler, Vice-President; Mildred Kettler, Treasurer.

Boys' Rifle Club

At a recent meeting of the Boys' Rifle Club, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President-Captain, Lewis Hayes; Assistant Captain, Karlton Stein; and Secretary Treasurer, Albert Bean.

As yet, the Club has not scheduled any matches, but several telegraph engagements are looked for in the near future.

To join the Rifle Club, a note must be obtained from the applicants' parents, and a fee of twenty-five cents a year paid in advance.

Things we'd like to see:

Mr. Hart in a soft collar and knickers.

Miss Egbert in curls.

Miss Gardner reading a serial in *The Times*.

Mrs. Kochka without Mr. Kochka.

Mrs. Sams walking home from school.

Mr. Flury in a violent temper.

A sorority meeting with lockjaw.

Someone who can find Miss Monk.

Advertisement Section

(This paper does not accept any but reputable advertisements.)

My little girl, Ophelia, was anaemic for three years and seemed as if the nothing I was giving her would do her no good. I discontinued giving her nothing and began to try numerous patent medicines I had heard about. These were used, but to no avail. Then one lucky day a friend (?) suggested that I try "Freshmans Feast Cakes." From the swallowing of the first cake Orphy's condition improved and now she is receiving \$300 per month with Jingling Brothers Circus as the world's fattest child.—(Adv.)

MRS. IVA PAYNE,
213 Spark Ave., N. Y. C.

P. S.—If the above story is used for advertising I hope you'll send me the \$5.00 immediately as I need it to pay the last installment on Ophelia's coffin. The first cake killed her.

* * *

A. Peza Junk

Dealer in Second-Hand Wrecks of All Kinds.

I sell the best pieces of junk in this town. Ask the sap who bought one.

Today's specials in our high school line:

1 E. H. S. Ride-Rougher.....\$10.00

Two good wheels, no tires or brakes.

Engine, \$0.50 extra.

1 Hot-Stuff\$5.00

or what have you.....

Will not run over twenty minutes at a time.

Stops on dark country roads.

* * *

Feats of Famous Eyes:

He cast his eyes around the room.

He threw her a look of despair.

His eyes caught hers.

He swept the room with one glance.

He held her motionless with his eye.

His eyes spoke volumes.

SCHOOL news



The vast halls of Eastern are again invested by the spirit of youth. Freshmen are being initiated into the mysteries of high school life. Sophomores are busily acquiring sophistication. Juniors are finding out how much they don't know. Seniors are being imitated.

Cheer leaders were chosen at a boys' assembly on September 29. They are Eldred Wilson, "Bits" Rice and Elwood Kidwell. Alternates also were chosen. At the same assembly Major Raymond G. Payne gave a talk on cadets.

A girls' assembly was held September 30. Speeches were made by representatives of the different girls' clubs. The speakers were Beryle Edmiston, Merrill Club; Leah Woods, Girls' Rifle Club; Cynthia Eldredge, Hiking Club; Margaret Cook, Glee Club; Margaret Hutchinson, Fidelis Club; Katherine Albaugh, Les Camarades.

A course in salesmanship is a new feature of the curriculum. The course gives practical instruction in selling and will combine afternoons of clerking in the stores with the regular school work.

Potential Thespians, if unable to take Dramatics, may find opportunity for the development of their talents in the Wednesday afternoon Dramatic Society meetings.

A party was given by the Les Camarades Club in room 212 on October 7. About 30 new members were present.

Eugene Stewart, a promising musician, has been awarded a scholarship to Peabody Institute. Eastern congratulates Eugene and wishes him further success.

Karlton Stein has a "new" Maxwell—'21 model. From all accounts, Max is a success. However, Karlton will have to go some to

keep up with Jack Bryan, whose Ford (model uncertain) can accommodate, beside the driver, an even dozen young ladies.

Football seems to be getting just too rough for anything. John Quinn broke his collarbone the other day in practice. Oh, well, John, the worst is yet to come—there are 201 bones you haven't broken yet.

We think the lunchroom has adopted a cat. If the lunchroom hasn't, "Sally" Latona has. We caught him feeding it one day. We carried it up to the drawing room, where the major drawing pupils have been trying to sketch it. Unfortunately, it will not pose for long in any position save that of napping.

Student Council election results are as follows: President, Karlton Stein; Vice-President, Beryle Edmiston; Secretary, Marion Gardner.

The Hiking Club, starting out to set a new record of mileage per annum, hiked from Silver Springs to Burnt Mills on Saturday, October 8. This being the first hike, it was a decided success, some 45 girls attending. Miss Stockett was chaperon. On the way home E. Scharf was afflicted with a blister on her heel, and flagged a Lincoln, which took her to the car line. En route, she discovered that the car belonged to Clark Griffith. O-o-h! Wasn't that just thrilling?

Macky—Sam just gave me an awfully dirty look.

Sparky—You had that look before you met Sam.

* * *

Rookie (passing a senior in the hall)—Excuse me.

SPORTS

Guyon Conservative in Remarks.

Eastern may have a good team this year but Coach Guyon isn't bragging yet. Owing to the fact that there are only two of last year's team returning to school many untried men will be seen on this year's varsity. Capt. O'Brien and "Sap" Allman are the seasoned "Vets." Heeke and Hugh, who last year donned the blue and white, will be sorely missed.

When questioned concerning this year's outlook, Guyon merely stated:

"Our chances are bright and we'd like to have the championship, but we'll wait until we get it and then crow."

This Year's Line-up.

L. E., Lawson
L. T., Brashears
L. G., Pyles
C., Dawson
R. G., Hayden
R. T., Holland
R. E., Cosimano
Q. B., Zambreny
L. H. B., Allman
R. H. B., Langhenry
F. B., O'Brien (Capt.)

Plans for Tennis Are Underway.

Mr. Simon promises that the first fine day in the near future will see all the aspirants to Eastern's tennis title, in competition.

Comments of a Quilldriver.

Congratulate Coach Guyon! With only Allman and O'Brien of last year's first team back, the out-

look was at first anything but brilliant. Now, as this article is being written, Eastern has a squad which should do her credit in the approaching series. Lawson, Langhenry, and Zambreny in the back-field saw some service last season and should render good football for Guyon for 1926.

As for a punter, it will be hard to replace Heeke.

The marked improvement of the team in the second scrimmage with Business over the first one, gives us hope of a very successful season.

Eastern Wins Great Victory in Game with Central

Coach Guyon's proteges proved their worth when Eastern beat its ancient rival—Central. Through the excellent passing of Langhenry to O'Brien, Eastern scored two touchdowns and won the game 12-0.

The team fought every minute of play and easily showed its superiority over Central.

Sportographs.

"Possum" Holland is showing spirit in practice and is a likely prospect for tackle.

Coach Collins, formerly of Eastern, is now making great headway with his Business squad.

Campbell looks like a good bid for end this year.

Some of Eastern's track stars are working out in the stadium, but no regular practice has yet begun.

Eastern has another victory to her credit as Ronald Brown wins the patent leather shoehorn in the inter-high fishing meet.

In life as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but Hit the line hard.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

It is reported that Jack Dempsey, who starred in "He Who Gets Slapped" by Gene Tunney, is looking for a return engagement.

Eastern's Fighting Eleven Succumbs to Strong Business Outfit.

A well spirited but sadly ending contest took place last Tuesday in the Central Stadium. A very heavy team representing Business High School took the measure of Eastern's athletes by a score of 25-6.

Throughout the game it was manifest that Business' weight was a potent factor in their victory. However, Eastern may be comforted with the fact that their boys put up a game fight. Also they may remember that Business was coached by a former member of Eastern's faculty, Mr. Collins, who is entitled to great credit for the excellent play of the O Street institution.

Little Boy: "Look, mother, there's a circus coming down our street."

Kind old lady: "Sylvester! I want you to stop making fun of those high school boys' clothes."

Girls' Athletics

Organized sports for the fair sex at Eastern this fall will be devoted to tennis, field hockey, and basket ball.

The first half of the tennis season, which consisted of a tournament of singles, was played last spring. Theresa Breen won first place and Elizabeth Stull second. This fall twenty-five girls under the supervision of Miss Fosdick are competing in the double tournament.

Hockey, which was a new sport for the girls of Eastern in 1924, is rapidly becoming more popular. Miss Stockett will coach the girls this year. The game offers a wonderful opportunity for girls to win their "E's" as well as to gain the benefits derived from exercise in the open air.

The basket ball series will be the feature event on the sport calendar during the next few months. Beryle Edmiston, the girls' basket ball manager, is enthusiastic about the plans for the coming season, and wants the support of every girl at Eastern. With the ever-increasing number of girls interested in athletics and with our splendid equipment, this should be a banner year for the basket ball teams. Three afternoons a week will be devoted to practice.

Monday, Freshmen, Miss Wooden;

Tuesday, Juniors, Seniors, Miss Stockett;

Wednesday, Sophomores, Miss Fosdick.

After February there will be a series of inter-class games, the best players being elected to play on the class teams.

The only requisites other than skill in the game are that the participants shall have passed in all their subjects and be all-around citizens of Eastern.

When the inter-class series has been completed, the best players will be awarded "E's."

Come on, girls! Help support your section and your class and try to win the much coveted "E."

Em—Look at the man's eyebrows on the front seat.

Rie—Ha! ha!

Em—I mean, look at the man on the front seat's eyebrows.

* * *

Davis—Aw, cut it out, will ya?

Miss Egbert (overhearing him)—Mr. Davis, I object to your English.

Davis—Kindly impede the spontaneous actions which you have lately been employing, if you please.

* * *

Bobby Thompson—I saw a bicycle going eight miles an hour pass an automobile going sixty miles an hour this afternoon.

Barbara Shannon—How could it?

Bobby—They were going in different directions.

* * *

M. Jordon—My hair is getting so long that there are only two things left to do.

E. Welch—What?

M. Jordon—Get a haircut or buy a violin.

* * *

Miss Shelp—Can you prove theorem 11?

Cross—I don't have to prove it; I know it.

* * *

Dr. Rothermel—Don't come to class for an exam with a pen that runs dry in the middle.

Dorothy Allen—Mine runs dry at the point.

* * *

Butz—Time out. I just lost a tooth.

Coach—Next time swallow it and don't be holding up practice.

First Rookie: That singing was terrible.

Second Dumbell: I'll say; the teacher was doing most of it herself.

Kitty Leapley, poor girl, is out of luck. She had a darling swing and then they had to put those horrid bright lights on Massachusetts Avenue. Oh deah! Oh deah!

Teacher: I've told you a million times not to exaggerate.—Exchange.



We now have at Eastern the regimental headquarters. This means we have a good chance toward winning the regimental drill.

Eastern has won this drill only once; that was three years ago, when our regiment was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Weitzell.

However, this year we plan to make a gala one and win regimental, battalion and company drills. With the co-operation of the cadets and the student body, we shall be able to do all this and bring more honor and glory to Eastern.

Have you heard the news? The cadets are getting new uniforms this year, tailored in an entirely different style. They are to have roll collars now. Just think, girls, of those snappy cadets dressed in this fashion!

No, not all of the corps are going to have them. Those who already have an old model one in good condition are to wear them this year.

But to come to business, we have four promising companies this year, and we may probably have five or even six before long. The officers this year are quite competent. It seems as though we ought, with such excellent material, to be able to retain the precedent of winning the drill the first and third years after our entering a new building.

The officers of our battalion, including the regimental staff, are as follows:

Lieutenant Colonel—K. Stein.

Regimental Adjutant—A. H. Muehlhaus.

Regimental Quartermaster—L. Hayes.

Major—J. Vivian.

Battalion Adjutant—A. D. Mockabee.

Battalion Quartermaster—C. J. Ackerman.

Companies

Roster of the Eastern Battalion

"A" Company

Captain	R. F. Brown
1st Lt.	W. E. Robert
2nd Lt.	J. W. Roper
1st Sgt.	F. D. Snell
2nd Sgt.	W. J. Muldowney
3rd Sgt.	P. Campbell
4th Sgt.	J. T. Brooks
5th Sgt.	J. S. Dietz

Corporals

C. Pyles	F. E. Ebaugh
W. Mathews	C. Hayden
F. N. Masino	G. W. Grimsley

"B" Company

Captain	R. B. Davis
1st Lt.	H. W. Curran
2nd Lt.	J. M. Brearly
1st Sgt.	A. D. Dryer
2nd Sgt.	D. D. Hartranft
3rd Sgt.	G. Irion
4th Sgt.	C. E. Curtin
5th Sgt.	T. Bishoff

Corporals

P. Lawson	R. Thompson
R. C. Portch	G. Ellis
A. Graves	S. H. Shea

"C" Company

Captain	J. G. Butler
1st Lt.	W. M. Sandridge
2nd Lt.	E. Timmons
1st Sgt.	P. Butz
2nd Sgt.	F. T. May
3rd Sgt.	G. H. Clark
4th Sgt.	W. A. Thompson
5th Sgt.	M. Cohen

Corporals

T. B. Neff	G. Didden
F. J. Whitney	B. C. King
J. B. Pruitt	F. Walter

Continued on Page 32



PERSONALS



This column wants to know why a certain young lady insists that her boy friend call her "Eddie."

Beanie McAllister spent his summer learning new dance steps. He is giving lessons in the armory during the day and at the Swanee at night.

Last year "Cy" Hogarth became a "Minute Man" when he put in that last basket. We hope he will prove to be "Old Faithful" this year.

Al Cole (Coal) certainly has a black name even though he is the favorite with a number of young ladies at lunch period.

Elvira Flynn now specializes in a business course. She expects to be a very good stenographer. Why do they always talk about the "tired" business man?

"Sally" Latona's new "car" bids fair to rival Jack Bryan's as the school taxi.

"Sap" Allman will have a chance to show his idea of brotherly love when Eastern plays Gonzaga. His brother plays an end on our opponents' team.

"Skip" Faber, manager of foot-ball, discovers that most athletes have "taking" ways.

Attention, Mr. Rath! A number of "rookie" track candidates are showing good form in circling the track during fourth lunch period.

A number of Eastern's fair maidens insist that Robert Camera makes a wonderful picture in a foot-ball uniform.

After spending the summer trying to manage a certain young lady, Skip Faber now feels competent he can be a good manager in foot-ball.

It has been noticed that our Editor has remembered to forget his English book every day in order to "look-on" with a particularly attractive blonde in Miss Birtwell's Burke class. What about this, Lois?

"Gentlemen prefer blondes" — or so it seemed at the first meeting of the Dramatic Organization. The young lady is a newcomer to Eastern—but she has the right ideas. In fact, several handsome Seniors are giving her the "grand-rush." They say her name is Evelyn-Er-Landvoight, I believe.

Sh! Seen in the "Carolina": Miss Underwood and Mr. Shorts—but not together.

Emily, Mildred, and Marjorie were seen at Annapolis recently. Can they be going to join the naval forces?

Ray Fisher says that Eastern's chances of winning the foot-ball championship are exceptionally good. We admit *his* words carry WEIGHT.

We are justly proud of our faculty. Among the celebrities of every important liner sailing this summer was to be found a representative of Eastern. How often we hear: "Yes, I picked that up in Paris."

Yes, the world has radical changes, but do not become alarmed when you see Dick La-Roche deeply engrossed in study. He is writing a number of books on important events which took place during his sojourn at Eastern.

"Buck" O'Brien bids fair to be our "Red Grange." He, too, spent his summer on an ice wagon.

Since the opening day of school "Bits" Rice has been dolefully singing "Lonesome and Sorry."

Marian Gardner is still the important angle in her "eternal triangle."

Charlie Miller's chances of making the football team this year are certainly good. We expect a number of teachers will feel a dead weight off their minds.

With the feminine members of the faculty adopting the latest styles in dress and hair bobbing, it is becoming a serious problem to distinguish them from the students. One of our pretty new teachers was recently mistaken for a lower classman by one of the seniors. Well!

Margaret Smith announced that she had turned over a new leaf in Latin. Results indicate it was merely a leaf in her book.

Marion Fick is sporting a new frat pin. We wonder if this latest will eclipse all of last spring's "crushes."

Francis Fabrizio, forgetting the dignity of his position of sophomore, spends his time coasting down the hill of Woodridge in his little red wagon. Just like a very young rookie!

Imagination runs high as to the identity of the studious senior who at midnight tried to compose poetry on a tombstone in Congressional Cemetery.

It is rumored that Karlton Stein has forsaken Eastern's fair sex and is in hot pursuit of a G. W. co-ed.

That most annoying clamor, which disturbed residents of East Capitol Street the other day,

was caused by three girls in an effort to borrow two cents from our famous and popular editor.

Catherine Bixler is much interested in the possibilities of blowing up the chemical laboratory. The other day she staggered forth nursing various cuts and burns while behind her lay a trail of broken tubes and chemicals.

Miss Egbert—What is your favorite newspaper article?

Clara Wheelock—Dorothy Dix.

Helen Dulin can shake a stunning pair of hoofs—ask the boys at Villa Roma.

Some one page "Rose" Jarvis. We sure would like to know who the boy friend is who sends the Packard down to school for you and your girl friend to play in.

If Mr. Rath doesn't stop citing cases in commercial law in which Bootleggers are used as examples—(Well, that's a bit rough—we'll stop at that.)

Gifford Irion is the only guy who can eat a cheese sandwich every day for six months and still like them.

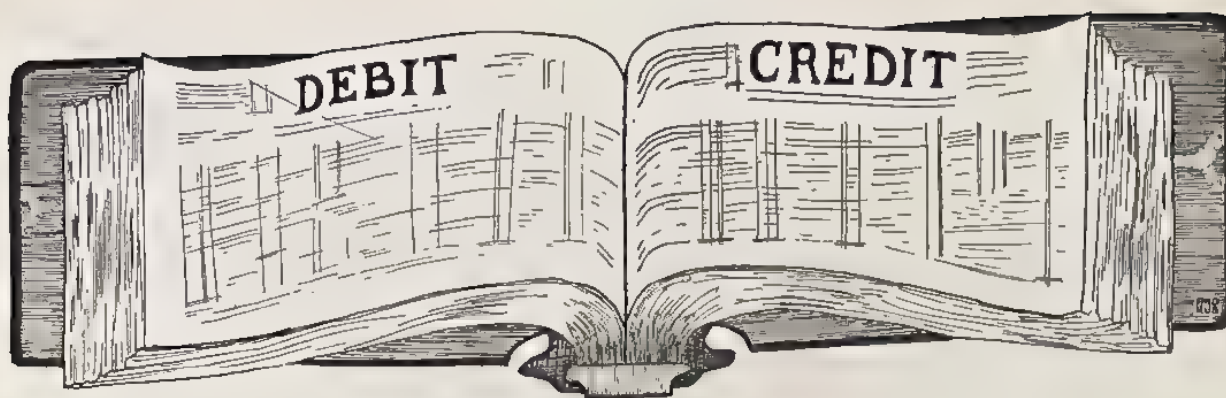
Graft received so far from withheld personals \$29.03.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Skippy, you'll have to give me more than \$.03 next issue, otherwise you're sunk!

Kathryn Clark will simply have to stop studying Burke so hard. It makes it terribly embarrassing for the rest of us.

Joe McGlathery is the undisputed sheik of the freshmen. "Flippy" Corridon, however, is threatening him serious opposition.

"Snooky" Rosen quit the cadets. Another year we lose the drill.



The Editor and Reporter of the Commercial Page welcome the reorganization of this department. We hope that the Commercial Students will co-operate in making it a success by contributing interesting material for the page.

CATHERINE SCHROEDER,
JOSEPHINE HUMMER.

A Commercial Class

The seventh period at last—and Commercial Geography too. Miss Underwood and the comparatively easy subject of corn harvesting. After a day of French verbs, English essays, tricky math theorems and economic problems—how soothing the feeling of going to a subject one could understand easily! A pretty fair-haired girl has been called on to give a topic—she has finished her speech and now Miss Underwood wants a repetition of what the girl has just said. Panic reigns—D's fall thick and fast. One girl with a boyish bob gives the remarkable excuse for not hearing the talk by saying she hadn't studied her lesson last night. A tall, dark-haired boy of the collegiate type has just given us a remarkable jumble of words that mean nothing to us or him for the matter. So one of the famous Miles brothers makes a few promiscuous remarks, and Miss Underwood is angry. Then the unhearing ones and Miles—of the promiscuous remarks—hear due threats of dismissal from class and D's for advisories. A little more talk on harvesting and then at just 2:25 the bell rings!!!!

Coach Guyon has got to stop using stray dogs around the gym to demonstrate football running.

Our Careers

Some of those among us will go to college—still others will go into the realms of art, music, and literature, and then on to great careers. But to those of us who are taking the Commercial Course there are the endless opportunities that the business world offers. Perhaps we may take the position of a stenographer. Many men and women have risen from this job to high positions in large firms. Some have even gone as far as to establish businesses of their own. There are heights of advancement that seem impossible. Advancement comes quickly to those who strive to achieve—but in striving there are much hard work and many difficulties. It is necessary for those who hope for success to be energetic, hard-working, honest, faithful, and interested in the work they are engaged in. If those among us who have ambitions to succeed will boil the secret of success into just two words, "Hard work," they will reach their goal.

Time—Monday, September 20.

Place—Fourteenth and East Capitol.

Dramatis personal—A junior and two rookies.

Two rookies were overtaken by a junior. In an off-hand way, the junior asked one of them: "What course are you going to take?"

"Oh, I'm going to take an epidemic course," said the boy.

The other rookie laughed so heartily that the junior asked him: "What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, well," he said, "the boob should have known an epidemic course is for girls."

IDA CHERNIKOFF, 3296.

FRESHMAN PAGE

A Dream

The library of Eastern was quiet except for the bright humming of Miss Boyd as she skipped about from book to book. Receiving now and then a cheery suggestion from Miss Boyd, the pupils were interestedly carving their initials upon the tables. Several of the more advanced students were building towers with books from the bookshelves. Two senior boys delighted themselves in pushing each other around on the book cart. Miss Boyd's desk, covered with Hershey bars and animal crackers, offered pleasant respite from the wearisome labors. Perched over the door, like Poe's Raven, "Beanie" and "Bits" offered a perfect harmonization of "Sweet Adeline." Miss Boyd suddenly leaned from the window to yodel a greeting to Miss Gardner on the walk below. Then she turned and sent Mac after several shivering dogs who were wandering aimlessly about the barren streets. After the dogs were fed and warmed, Miss Boyd began to look for a "Fite." Being unsuccessful she tragically drank a saucer of ink and swooned upon the floor.

Moral: Rookies, don't believe everything you read.

EMILY MAY, '27

(At a meeting of the Dramatic Club):

Miss Monk—If there is any hidden talent here. I should like to have some for the Fall Play.

Bright Student (mumbling)—I have, but it hasn't been found yet.

* * *

It Would Help Some

Miss Goodhart—Are you going to join the Makeup Club of the Dramatic Society?

Miss Hatton—I should. I am always getting mad at someone.

* * *

Miss Monk (closing a meeting of the Dramatic Club)—All who are not interested in the Makeup Club may pass out.

Trials of a Freshie

I'm just a little Freshie
And all I do is sigh
When any swellheaded senior
Walks very briskly by.

There are up stairs and down stairs
And many another rule,
I wonder what those seniors did
When they first started school?

They hold themselves aloof at last
To all the Freshies near
But they did many a wrong thing too,
When they first landed here.

Just wait till I'm a senior
Oh, won't I have some fun!
And tease the little Freshies, too,
Until they'd like to run.
—Lois Nelson, 2161.

The Wearers of the Green

The wearers of the green are we;
We take the title merrily,
For is there not a coming day,
When we'll be big and have room to say,
"The wearers of the green are *they*!"
So with light hearts and open faces,
We wait in line to take our places;
From Freshman, Sophomore, up to Junior,
Until each one's a grown-up Senior!
—Murray Bernhardt, 2141.

They Were All Rookies, Once

We have entered Eastern High,
In the corridors us, you'll see;
At first we appear so shy
But then such is a Rookie.

Our real school days are starting;
Our pleasures are so near;
That Eastern joys will be departing;
From us, we have not a fear.

A good time now, we will have;
Tho' some may call us dunce,
The Rookie part we don't mind,
For they were all Rookies once.

Herbert Hayden, 3211,

ALUMNI



"Ben Hur" was certainly a marvelous picture. Ramon Navarro did some great acting, but I am supposed to be writing up the Alumni, not reviewing shows, so here goes:

With the class of '26:

At Normal: Hildegard Cook, Elizabeth Geiger, Margaret Gibson, Evelyn Burns, Margaret Hoover, Evelyn Bixler, Helen Bryan, Eleanor Johnson, Helen Andrews, Marvel Douglas. Laura Haynie and Elizabeth Clark are members of the Students' Council.

"Shorty" Morgan is on the business staff of the *Normal News*.

At Maryland "U": "Boots" Scruggs, "Skinny" Madigan, "Julie" Radice, Carl Hoffman and Lawrence Smallwood are upholding Eastern's name for athletic fame.

While at George Washington we have: "King" Prender, "Charlie" Purcell, Lester Swingle, Perrin Lowrey, "Happy" Portch, Roberta Harrison, Margaret Brower, Dorothy Schenken, Myrtle Posey, Ruth Apperson and Elizabeth Barr.

Yes, "Al" Walter and Mary Clarke are at G. W.

Kathleen Brady is at Notre Dame Prep.

Elizabeth King is training at Sibley Hospital and Thelma Amonette at Garfield.

Alvin Graves (in Latin, after looking over some of Cicero's Orations)—Cicero certainly must have been a long-winded fellow.

Ah ha! Harold Curran, pretty boy of the upper semesters, was recently seen with "Dolly" Allen at the Carolina

Here and There

Ray Talbert is up at Carnegie Tech. He is a member of the cross-country squad.

"Clem" Didden and "Bob" Hutchinson are taking engineering at Lehigh.

"Rusty" Gibson is at Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C.

Angus Heeke is 'way down south at Georgia Tech.

Laura Barret is at Agnes Scott in Georgia.

Wilton Gibson, class of '25, was recently selected for the West Point cross-country team. He also took a leading part in the play at the Academy this fall.

Nola Sanborn is studying at Mt. Holyoke.

Bruce Kessler, '25, and "Herbie" Elliott are at American University.

Marie Miller, '25, is an assistant advertising manager of the *Wilson Normal News*.

Eskew Grant and Jack Beuchert represent Eastern at Catholic University.

"Dick" White, '25, has enrolled at Maryland U.

"Julie" Frager, "Bill" Lambert and William Ford form an Eastern trio at Georgetown University.

Marriages

Doris Gary, former Easternite, was recently married to William Myers. Helen Warfield, class of '24, was the maid of honor.

Catherine Gibson, class of '26, was recently married to Wellington Everett Miller, of Pasadena, California.

Raymond Weber, '24, and Mary McGinnis were married during the summer.

Faculty News

Miss Mary M. Murray and Mr. Joseph L. Kochka launched on the sea of matrimony at 7:30 A. M. on Saturday, June 26, at the Shrine of the Sacred Heart Church. Mrs. Kochka's sister, Miss Anna Murray, of Washington, D. C., was bridesmaid, and Mr. Kochka's brother, Mr. Charles Kochka, of New Jersey, was best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at Wardman Park Hotel, which only the immediate family attended. Then the couple again took to sailing (it being Mr. Kochka's hobby) and spent the remainder of the summer cruising. They visited Annapolis and the Sesquicentennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and spent some weeks on Chesapeake Bay, not returning to Washington and their new home at 3701 Massachusetts avenue N. W. until September 11.

Central lost a strong friend and a splendid teacher of French when Miss Rosa Foleau came to Eastern. It is a little hard to believe, but after spending over a month at Eastern, she still thinks Central a very interesting school. We hope she is having only temporary twangs of homesickness and that she will soon admire Eastern as Eastern likes and admires her.

A new member of Eastern's faculty is Miss Virginia Kirby. Miss Kirby teaches arithmetic. She went to George Washington University and at the end of this last summer school's session received her A.B. degree.

All ye sport enthusiasts, take notice! We have a tennis player in our faculty. Mrs. Ruth Martinez, teacher of Spanish, coming to us from Business, decided she must have a hobby and chose tennis. And the decision was a wise one, for Mrs. Martinez has become so very good at tennis that she won the cup in the Consolation Singles of the Tennis League of the District.

Miss Helen Zanger is also a newcomer to Washington as well as to Eastern. She brings to us from Minneapolis High School a new course, Salesmanship. She is dividing her time between Business, Central and Eastern. Miss Zanger has won the Master of Science degree at the University of New York.

Miss F. M. Koch, our third out-of-town teacher, will continue teaching bookkeeping here as she did in Buffalo.

Miss Celia Oppenheimer, our new English teacher, comes to Eastern from Columbia Junior High School. She is an A.B. of Bryn Mawr.

Mrs. Virginia H. Smith comes to us from Columbia Junior High and the pupils who have her in History or English have every reason to be very glad of it. Mrs. Smith says she likes Eastern "very much" and that we have a "lovely building."

Miss Elizabeth M. Brannen is a newcomer to our city as well as to our school, her home town being Philadelphia. She graduated from the University of Pennsylvania last year and comes to Eastern directly from West Philadelphia Evening High School, where she taught shorthand and typewriting.

Many interesting vacations are reported.

Miss Dent took a walking trip through the southern part of England, but she confesses that she did not hike the entire trip. That, however, may have been due to the bad weather she encountered. She visited Canterbury and Stratford and in the last named place saw Charlecote Park, where Shakespeare is said to have stolen some deer. Miss Dent says she doubts the truth of this statement, however, for she saw with her own eyes that deer were still in the park, so how could they have been stolen?

Miss Birtwell had a wonderful trip in out-of-the-way places in France. She saw the Channel Islands, Port Avon, Cardinac, famed for lovely scenery and frequented by artists; Brittany, where she saw the Pardon at Saint Anne D'Aurey in St. Marlow; Tours, Pyrennees, Carcarsonne, Paris, a short run to London, and—home. The trip lasted all summer, but Miss Birtwell said she would have been perfectly willing to have had it go on indefinitely.

Dr. Rothermel went to England.

Miss Moore and Miss Wilkens went abroad and sailed on the same ship with the oratorical contestants.

Miss Egbert visited a foreign country, too, though she did not go abroad. You've guessed it—Canada! She stopped in Montreal for a while, but spent the greater part of her vacation in the Adirondacks.

Miss Culbertson went to North Carolina.

Miss Russell visited in Georgia.

Misses Corbett and Stockett went abroad together. They went to see a little school in Belgium, and while in Paris, where they spent eight days, they saw the services to the French unknown soldier, which were held on the national holiday, July 14. They saw cathedrals and art galleries galore, costumes and manners of the countries and beauties of nature, and, according to Miss Stockett, "they are fine countries—to visit."

Miss Arnold visited many European countries. She saw the "beautiful blue Danube" and found it—yellow! However, she was consoled to hear the waltz played while there.

Miss Gardner and Miss Prince both went to Maine.

Miss Johnson went to Denver and all the way to Yellowstone, but was not bitten by bears, or anything.

Miss Lohmann went to a camp in Texas. She likes the western men fine, but couldn't give the snakes much praise.

Our famous dancing instructor, Mr. Simon, visited his home in Boston. We wonder if Boston has not taken to clogging.

Miss Webb visited friends in San Diego, Cal., and liked it so well she almost decided to stay. Don't go out there again, Miss Webb; we do not want to lose you.

Miss Helen Boyd went to Florida and New Orleans. She did not like the mosquitoes, but she enjoyed her trip up from Norfolk by airplane so very much that she has decided to buy a plane to come to school in as soon as landing space is provided on the Eastern grounds.

Miss Krey had two vacations this year. They were rather inclusive, too, for the first one was south and the second north. On the southern trip she went to Florida and says she didn't to her knowledge miss a single point of interest on the peninsula. She was visited by the hurricane while in Winterhaven, where she visited for three weeks. It was just the tail-end of the first and less severe one, so we still have our Miss Krey all intact.

Miss Milliken believes in seeing America first, so she stayed here this summer and saw just about all of America that can be seen in one summer's vacation. She took a motor trip to the Pacific Coast, going eight thousand miles by motor and the rest by train.

Our assistant principal is very, very interested in Eastern. She did not take a trip this summer, but spent a great deal of her time in school.



Bulo-Mayfield Breeze, Mayfield, Okla.
Red and White, Vallejo, Cal.

The Tripod, Undergraduates, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

Heigh Chime, Beall High, Frostberg, Md.

Normal News, Wilson Normal, Washington, D. C.

The Western Breeze, Washington, D. C.

The Central Bulletin, Washington, D. C.

The Spartan Shield, Huntington Park, Cal.

Dear Fellow-Students:

I'm too sleepy to write. Last night I had the sharpest date. Oh, baby, what a girl! We had a wonderful evening, but it was over all too soon. Coming home we were nearly seen by the "Personals" editor, but we managed to reach her house without being discovered. On the front porch—. Well, come to think of it, I don't believe the house had one. And her name? Now you're beginning to get interested, aren't you, Miss "Personals" Editor? I may as well tell you; it'll come out sooner or later. Her name is Peg —. I'll tell you in the next issue.

Sincerely,

ED. EXCHANGE.

'Tis Ever Thus Wh re Valor True Is Found

Continued from Page 11

The Alumni and the student body of both schools were present, besides the large assemblage of the elite of Virginia. Bob's family and Dolly were prominent among the spectators, but did not seem to share in the jovial spirit which pervaded the vast throng.

The opposing captains shook hands as each school gave a rousing cheer for its opponent; for after all, they were all Virginians—a rela-

tionship which only a Virginian can fully appreciate. The teams lined up for the kick-off and Randall was playing right-tackle for Washington and Lee. A tense moment it was as the referee shouted: "Are you ready, Washington and Lee? Are you ready, Virginia?" There was a shrill whistle, and Duncan, of Washington and Lee, received the kick-off. He carried it to his own forty yard line. Two line plunges and a forward pass gained ten yards. Then, to the surprise and ecstasy of the Washington and Lee rooters, Duncan got away, circling the end for a touchdown. It seemed throughout the first quarter that Virginia was not of a quality to stop the Lexington school. However, things evened up in the second quarter and at the end of the half the score was six—six.

It appeared evident that the second half would be a death grapple for a score, and so it proved. The Generals, through the great playing of Duncan, acquired three points by means of a drop-kick; but alas—soon afterwards, Duncan was compelled to retire from the game with a broken wrist. To follow up this calamity, Drake, the Washington and Lee right-end, and Randall, sub right tackle, were both injured. Now besides the loss of their chief offensive power, the Lexington boys had two weak spots on the right side of their line. It was Virginia's opportunity, and in the last quarter she took advantage of it. Several substitutions were made by Washington and Lee's coach, but they were ineffective and the Charlottesville team marched steadily down the field to the opposition's five-yard line. This was done mostly by runs off tackle or around the Lexington right end.

The thought of a last minute touchdown became unbearable to Bob Gordon. "Coach," he

pleaded, "you've got to put me in. My leg will stand it, and I've got to stop 'em if I die!"

The coach hesitated as two Virginia plunges off tackle gained three yards. Boswell, two-hundred pound Virginia back, was preparing to carry the ball, when the crowd was astonished to see Bob Gordon, limping, substituted in the Washington and Lee line-up. A wild cheer arose—but it was one of faint hope, for no one expected Bob to stop the powerful Virginian, Boswell.

"18 — 88 — 45 — 66 — let's go!"

In an instant there was a mass of players heaped upon one another. For a moment the crowd could not discern what had happened. The dust cleared and the players got to their feet, displaying Bob with a death-grip on Boswell. The powerful fullback had been stopped on the line without the gain of an inch.

From the throats of the Lexington cheerers came yell after yell for "Gordon, Gordon, Gordon," and "Hold 'em, Line."

Again the teams lined up. Powell, Virginia quarter-back, and although much lighter than Boswell, a speedy and fast-thinking player, carried the ball. It was a snappy, criss-cross play; so snappy, in fact, that it fooled many of the opposition and many spectators. But the keen eye of Bob was as ever, alert, and summoning all his strength, he dashed for Powell. The cheer which followed was well merited, for Bob had thrown Powell for a three-yard loss.

Even the Virginia supporters cheered this feat. Washington and Lee had possession of the ball and Randolph punted from danger. The first great threat had ended, but another, even more serious, arose. By forward passes intermingled with end runs, the Charlottesville team placed the ball ten yards from the opposition's goal, with fifteen seconds to play. An end run netted two yards. A last effort was made in the form of a forward pass. Powell heaved the oval through what seemed a clear field to the Virginia end. But now, at this eventful moment, Fate was kind to Bob. Though his leg pained him excessively, he leaped high into the air to intercept the pass. He felt someone grab him, and following this there came a

dull thud; everything swerved before him, and then—then?

When Bob awoke he felt a soft hand soothing his forehead. Very slowly he opened his eyes and there beside him knelt Dolly Draper. Others were present also, but Bob was oblivious to them, except when he heard his coach ask: "Are you sorry I put you at tackle, Bob?"

Cadet Notes

Continued from Page 23

"D" Company

Captain	A. W. Bean
1st Lt.	A. Denslow
2nd Lt.	E. H. Whitney
1st Sgt.	E. C. Kidwell
2nd Sgt.	M. A. Rice
3rd Sgt.	H. W. Cooper
4th Sgt.	R. W. Watt
5th Sgt.	T. E. Gossett

Corporals

J. P. Hebrew	H. P. Clark
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Revelation

Continued from Page 13

their curly hair, for snowflakes love children.

A different world, this, from the bare room at the top of the stairs, thought Neilson. Houses knew only the cold, but to the streets were given the beauty of winter—perhaps to lure people out to them. What, after all, mattered a lunch of carrot soup and potatoes, when the wild beauty of the snow had touched something within?

* * *

"Hiss! flurr-r-r!" sputtered the gas flame angrily, as a breath of cold air went by. It shivered and dwindled, its teeth chattering.

There it was again! Up came James Neilson's head from his work, the pencil fell from his fingers, and a half-written poem slid to the floor.

What could it be, this curious, muffled tap outside his door? Crossing the room, Neilson opened the door. In tumbled—what at first seemed a bundle of rags, but on closer inspection proved to be a man. Wet, and covered with melting snow he was, blue with cold, and unconscious.

With a low whistle, Neilson bent over the stranger, then rose, crossed the hall, and tapped at his friend's door. Yes, Alan was home, and would come over directly.

Somehow, the two of them got the man onto Neilsons' bed.

"He's either drunk or sick, and anyone can see he's frozen nearly to death," declared Alan.

"I think he's sick," stated Neilson, "and he looks half starved. Poor thing! I wonder what brought *him* down this way?"

Alan shrugged. "No good, I guess!"

Neilson flashed Alan one of those odd looks that often puzzled him. "Good and evil are often close together," he remarked quietly.

* * *

San Diego Sam lay on the bed, idly watching a red pencil as it moved back and forth across a sheet of paper. Gradually the mist around it dissolved, and behind it he could see a dark head close to the paper. Yes—it was a young man, over there by the table, and he was writing. Yet how——?

The man turned, and saw Sam looking at him. "How do you feel today?" he asked.

"I—I—why—I'm all right. Where—what—I mean *who* are you?"

"Why," said the other, smiling, "I'm James Willard Neilson, of 128 Kennedy Street."

"I see. And this is your room?"

"Yes."

"Oh." (What was it Sam wanted to ask him?) "But—but—how did I get here?"

"I wouldn't worry about that," advised Neilson. "You've been sick these last two days, and you must get well. I'll explain it to you later. It really doesn't matter, you know."

Slowly the mist gathered again before Sam's eyes. He felt tired—so tired that he hardly heard Neilson's last words. . . .

A queer gray light fell across the room, and was absorbed in a white flame, or so it seemed to Sam, but when he opened his eyes, the blaze was a piece of paper, and the light was coming from the court which the window faced. Neilson waved the paper excitedly in the air.

"I must tell somebody!" he exclaimed. "My poem was accepted! They sent me ten dollars for it! Think of that! Ten dollars!"

"Ten dollars! H'm! So you're a poetry writer?"

"I write verse occasionally."

"Well . . ."

"I'm going out to get us some lunch!" cried Neilson. "I'll bring Al in, and we'll have a regular feast. Wait till you see what I get!" and he was gone.

Ten dollars! So the young fellow considered that wealth! And that reminded Sam of something. Br-r-r how cold the floor felt as he cautiously set feet on it—crossed it—stood on the other side of the room. Yes, it was still in his sweater pocket where he had put it.

That night! would he ever forget it—the stealthy footsteps in the hall—the opening of the safe—the blaze of light and the crack of pistols—the dash for the door with Dave at his heels—the bullet in his shoulder—flight in the snow—unconsciousness? And now——

Sam stole back to bed. Queer, how threads of life were drawn together, to pull apart almost at once! Why had he, San Diego Sam, the subject of printed posters tacked on the walls of every police station, with a pocket full of money recently the possession of the wealthiest merchant in town, come in contact with James Neilson of Kennedy Street—only to be gone in twenty-four hours? And never to see him again . . . Ten dollars! h'm!

* * *

"But you really don't have to go so soon, do you?" protested Neilson. "I'm afraid you're not well enough. You can stay here a little longer if you like."

Sam turned from the window. "Oh, I'm all right now, thanks. I'd better go right away this afternoon."

"Just as you like, of course." Neilson picked up his pencil and continued his work.

A little while, and then—freedom! Sam's heart was singing for joy. He would find the rest of the gang, and then would spend this money in the way he liked. The things he had always wanted, the money made possible. No one—no one else should spend any of it.

You take this, and get what you want most of all, and keep quiet about it!"

He was gone.

"Oh—nothing . . ."

The wind swept mournfully down into the courtyard, pushing the snowflakes before it, and shrieking in savage triumph as the windows trembled at its fury.

"D'ya make much outa your writing?" Sam wanted to know.

"Well—I live on it," he replied vaguely.

"Or rather you don't"—added Sam, mentally. "Because look at this room——"

"I've never had enough education to advance much. And it takes all I make just to live. If only—but what's the use"—Neilson broke off abruptly.

What *was* the use, when he'd never had a fair chance? Poor kid! But if he had a chance—a square deal——

Something stirred within Sam, something not often touched in him, that had hidden and grown silent until it had forgotten it was there—a faint, dim trace of that which makes a man "a little lower than the angels," and is his one claim to immortality. Sam picked up his sweater, put his hand in his pocket and drew it out again; crossed the room and slipped a little parcel into Neilson's hand.

"I'm going," he said jerkily. "Thanks for your kindness—I'll never forget it—never!"

Bells at Eastern

Continued from Page 15

by but that it records its flight. Tragic it is.

Sometimes you love to hear its soft melodious sound—say, for instance, the lunch bell. "Oh, boy! but I am hungry!" But the mysterious thing, although it calls you to lunch, it always seems to take pleasure in announcing, through its horrid ting-a-ling, the end of the lunch period. There are not many people at Eastern, however, who do not smile at dismissal bell.

Sometimes the bell rings out "revenge," in those cases when the lower classmen go to assembly and the upper classmen have to go to classes. You smile in satisfaction as you visualize the classes "you are getting out of." Life-saving bells are quite common around Eastern—for example, when you are called on in class (you forgot to study the night before)—the bell rings.

Those bells! Without them life would be very unsatisfactory, yet with them you are never content. Mystery of mysteries! Yet as I write this the bell rings and I *must go* to Latin class!

Click! The red pencil fell to the floor. "What's wrong?" inquired Sam, quickly.

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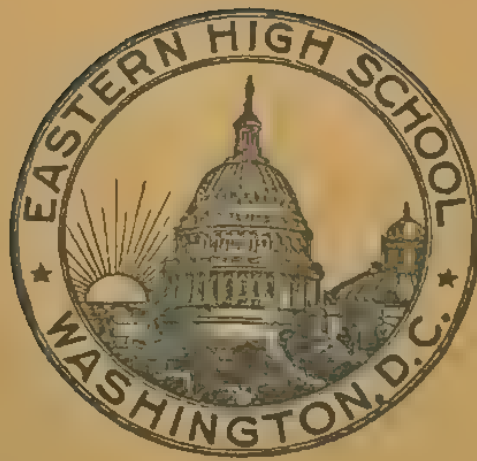
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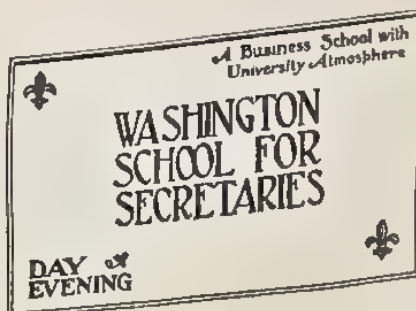
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Easterner Staff 1926-1927

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First 100% Eastern Section



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'Way Down South

By H. GIFFORD IRION, '28

It was Christmas Eve in the stately ancestral mansion of Judge Maynard. With merry hearts the slaves were chanting and humming their joyous songs as they helped decorate the rooms with holly and mistletoe. Friends and relatives from miles around were gathering to celebrate the time-honored festival with the Maynards. The judge, with Mrs. Maynard and their daughter, Dolores, was busy welcoming the guests and directing the necessary preparations for their comfort. It was noticeable that Dolores was especially cordial in her greeting to young Thomas Jackson Carroll. His father and Judge Maynard had been life-long friends, and it was whispered among the acquaintances of the two families that their devotion was destined to be carried into another generation.

All was joy and bustle about the house, and the appetizing aroma of pies and puddings which was wafted from the kitchen in the rear of the mansion foretold that Christmas was to be celebrated in feast as well as in spirit. Such was the scene at the old Virginia residence of Judge Richard Henry Maynard on the evening of December 24, 1850.

After a bounteous dinner the company withdrew to the spacious living-room where they assembled about the huge open fire and were soon manifesting that glorious spirit of Christmas—the spirit of sublime warmth and fellowship.

"We'll be having snow before morning," remarked a benign-countenanced old gentleman with a generous waistline. (Odd, how kindly old gentlemen are always stout!)

"Yes, it does look as though we will have a snowy Christmas, Colonel." The last speaker was a tall, distinguished-looking man of solemn manner, who was stroking his black Van Dyck beard.

"Snow goes well at this season and such a night as this always inspires me to story-telling," said the colonel.

"Then you must favor us with a tale," spoke up Judge Maynard.

The guests unanimously applauded this suggestion, for Colonel Hartley was reputed to be one of Virginia's best story-tellers as well as an able officer. The company drew their chairs closer to the colonel, all except Dolores and young Carroll, who sought a remote corner for reasons best known to themselves. When all was quiet and the Colonel had extracted a last lingering puff from his cigar, he began:

"It has been said by many that animals, and some fowls, have at times exhibited emotions similar to those of human beings. I had little faith in this belief until one Christmas a few years back. A wedding was being celebrated in the home of my friend, Mr. David Caverly, on Christmas day, and the guests were gathered in significance of the event. There were dancing, games, and merriment of all kinds. But above all, there was the feast for the double celebration.

"After the first two courses, there was brought to the table the finest roast fowl I have ever beheld, resting grandly on a silver platter, and browned to the queen's taste. All of us were anxiously eyeing our host, who, it seemed, proceeded unusually slowly with the carving. Only a few slices had been cut from the bird's tender breast when an unique occurrence attracted our gaze to the west side of the dining-room where three long windows opened on to a veranda. We were startled by an unearthly squawking. There at these windows the entire turkey population was assembled in melancholy array and was wailing out in sad lament as if mourning their dead brother who lay on the table. Never before had the turkeys appeared on that veranda, and, of course, they had never peeped in at the windows. Perhaps you can imagine the scene and the effect upon us. After they were driven away, our appetites were seriously impaired, and our host was so nervous that his hands actually trembled as he once more turned his attention to the carving.

"You may rely on my authority for the truth

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The Christmas Rug

By VIRGINIA COOKE, '28, and RUTH BELL, '28



"How pretty!" I cried, as I glanced at the bright rug lying on the attic floor.

"Sh-sh," whispered Vivian, "Mother's downstairs, and she may hear us!"

Of course I sat down on it. It was that sort of a rug. Wouldn't Mother be pleased!

"It looks just like a wishing rug," said Vivian, sitting down beside me. "I wish it were! Then we could go sailing over the clouds!"

What was the matter with the rug? Suddenly it gave a jerk, and we were out in an ocean of blue, dotted with bits of filmy clouds. . . . And as we gazed, the blue darkened, and in it glistened tiny bits of white. Up came a breath of icy night air that reminded us of the chilly atmosphere of a classroom when test papers are returned.

Came an eternity of floating in the dusk, with wind swishing by, and snowflakes dancing about. . . .

"Look!" whispered Vivian suddenly, clutching my arm. "See that light?"

Yes, I did see it—and it grew larger and larger as I watched.

"Oh!" I cried, "Hold tight, Vivian! We're falling!"

It was true; we had just narrowly missed bumping onto a roof, and as it was, we landed beside a window.

And such a window! It blazed with lights—blue and red and green. They flickered and threw a rainbow against the snow. Behind them, we saw sparkling balls and dark bits of green. A Christmas tree!

"O-oh," I gasped, "isn't it beautiful! I wonder where we are,"

"Germany, I think," was Vivian's reply. "I'm sure that's a spruce tree, and Germans never have anything but spruce, and—oh, look! Here come some people!"

The people were pushing in a table beside the tree, and laughing and talking gaily as they did so.

Vivian turned to me. "Yes, I am sure they're Germans, Sis. They're going to eat dinner under the tree tonight. See! They're bringing in food—! My German teacher told me that at home her family has goose for Christmas dinner, but her cousins in the north eat Bohemian carp, and they give out the presents before dinner, and—"

But she never finished, for a sudden gust of wind swept up the rug, and it would have been lost had we not snatched it in time. The wind, however, was strong, and we were carried swiftly away, over the earth, with the snowflakes flickering around us.

* * * * *

The wind had a beautiful song, or was it a carol from a distant church?

"Noel. Noel!"

It seemed to be a carol, and yet—

Yes! It was!

"Oh," cried Vivian suddenly, "we're right over a church! Look! No, we're going down—there! Look in that window! They're having a service! Why—what—?"

It was a little country church, and the people were dressed in peasants' clothes.

"French!" I whispered. "You know, Vivian, Christmas is just a church holiday with them. They get some presents on St. Nicholas Day, December 6, and may receive some more on New Year's Day. Sh! Now they're praying!"

* * * * *

Again the wind was rushing past us. The snowy veil that hid the sky thinned and tore, revealing a dark expanse of sky pricked with shining needle points. A flood of light poured down upon the white ground, and caressed it with mysterious softness of the moon.

"God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!"

"Vivian!" I cried, "Vivian! We're in England!"

Vivian sat up and rubbed her eyes. "England! Oh—I wonder if we're going to stop!"

Evidently we were not; the carols grew faint and were soon inaudible.

And still we skimmed through the air, with the moonlight gleaming on the snow beneath us. . . . Then we left the white behind and were passing over a stretch of rough water; then snow again, white-robed trees, houses silhouetted against the sky—

And a chorus of laughing voices, all talking at once.

We peered over the edge of the rug.

"Sure, an' I'll be home tomorrow, if ye must be a-calling, Pat!" giggled some one directly below us. The rug suddenly dived onto a snow-drift behind a tree. Grouped around it we could see several young people. The youth recently addressed as Pat was edging close to the pretty girl who had spoken.

"Then I'm coming early, Molly," he said. "Wasn't the mass most beautiful?"

"'Twas lovely!" cried another, "but I love most the walk home in the dark!"

"It's the Christmas tree I like best," was a small boy's opinion. "I love the raisin and candy-cane and grape trimming. I like the goose we have for dinner, too!"

During the laughter which followed, I saw Pat suddenly take Molly's hand; a giggle, a low word, and they were gone.

"What time is it, Mike?" asked one of them at length.

"Two o'clock."

"Oh!" one of them started up. "I must be going! There are the presents to give out at four, and breakfast at five, and oh, so many things to do beforehand!"

"So must I," this from another. "The chicken isn't ready yet for breakfast, and I must bake the shortcake yet, and fry the potatoes!"

The rest threw snowballs after them as they left; these were swiftly returned, and we might have seen a long battle had not the snowdrift blown suddenly away.

"Isn't it queer?" sighed Vivian, rolling over in the rug. "France and Germany celebrate Christmas in different ways, and so do England and Ireland, and Russia's different from any of them!"

"What is it like in Russia?" I asked.

"Oh, it begins in the afternoon before Christmas, when all the villagers meet on the main street and visit the mayor or some other town dignitary. They sing carols and are given coppers, and then they have a masquerade in which they dress like animals supposed to represent the ones around the Manger. Then they have dinner. The tables are covered with—with—" Vivian giggled, "with *straw* and a cloth over that!"

I asked what they had to eat.

"Fish of all kinds, and cakes," I was told. "But before that each eats as a solemn rite a piece of blessed wafer, the heads of the families receiving first, then the others, and the children last."

"They must have a good time," I thought, as we continued to speed through the air.

And now the moon was creeping over towards the West, and the shadows cast by trees below slanted in grotesque shapes.

"We're passing through a town!" cried Vivian at length.

Had I been asleep? I wondered.

"See!" Vivian pointed to a row of houses, each one of which had a pole outside with a sheaf of wheat, a meal-cake in the snow, and a lighted candle in the window.

Continued on Page 33

THE EASTERNER

The Poets' Corner

The Seeker

For lang I've roved the high road,
And tramped the hills of Dee;
I've almost caught the fairies
A-dancing on the lea.

I've almost seen a dryad,
And heard the pipes of Pan—
I know where fauns are hidden,
As does no other man.

I know where fauns are hidden,
But when I reach the place,
I bid the chilly North Wind
Fling laughter in my face.

I'm just a seeking mortal,
They know, and laugh at me—
But till I find the fairies
I'll tramp the hills of Dee!

—Elise Scharf, '27.

Over the World Tonight

Over the world tonight
A glistening sheet falls softly down,
Clothing the earth in robes of white,
And holding the sparkle of Christmas trees
Like jewels in a mirror.
It drapes itself around the houses closely,
And lends the world its beauty.

Over the world tonight
The Christ-Child's blessing comes softly down,
Holding the earth in its wide embrace—
Revealing the beautiful
In itself.
It spreads white wings of love
Over all tonight,
And gives the world its purity.

—Ruth Bell, '28.

The Hero of Doe

A slow and sleepy place that little town of Doe,
One living in the hills might see its steeples far below;
For it was nestled in a dale so narrow and so deep
It seemed as if the little town were tucked in bed
asleep.
Now in this town a certain man, John Appleton by
name,
Had got by one herioc deed considerable of fame.
A dark and stormy night it was; the snow was whirl-
ing fast.

John Appleton walked through the streets and shivered
at the blast.

Now just above him on the hill
The miller stood outside his mill.
His horse affrighted at some sound,
Pricked up his ears and gave a bound;
Dashed down the hill at breakneck pace,
As if he wished to win a race.
The miller with all might and main
Was clinging to the dragging rein.
The horse ran on at furious rate
Unmindful of his master's fate.
And when he reached the village street,
Spurred on his reckless clumsy feet.
John Appleton had heard the noise,
And so had many little boys.
And all came running from all parts
With frozen toes and thumping hearts.
Out rushed John Appleton to see
What all this clattering might be.
At catching horses John was good;
Direct in this one's path he stood.
He caught it by its flying mane.
And all its struggles were in vain.
The miller, very bruised and sore,
Was taken to his own house door.
And John went home to meditate,
Because the hour was so late.
But Doe reveres him for the deed,
And calls him John Who Stopped the Steed.

—Dorothy Secrest, 2133.

Dissertation Upon the Unpleasantness of School

My heart's in this; I've put more time upon it
Than ever I should spend upon a sonnet.
(A sonnet of a sort, this, yet not one
For there are no inquiries; answers, none.)
But sonnets seem to ease the burdened hearts.
(Impossible, but I at least might start)
And so, with Rebel Thought me to inspire,
I lift and strike my syncopated lyre.

I think of all outdoors, and groan to be
Wrapt around in sweet October airs, and free;
Narcissus, idling by his mirror pool,
I envy, for he never went to school.
There is no record that Odysseus learned—
Perhaps his volumes with his ship were burned.
Bold Robin Hood the wily sheriff fooled,
And Rob was not indefinitely schooled!
Ah me! I think I'd like it very well
To learn to figure, read, and write, and spell,
Naught else; for knowledge makes us far too wise;
When ignorance is bliss, all satisfies!

—Elise Scharf, '27.

A Christmas Present

By LOIS KOERTH, '27



It was a very cold night for a little boy to be walking all alone. And such a little boy, he could hardly have been more than six years old. He was shivering, poor little tot. And no wonder, for he had no heavy coat. His stockings were torn in great, big, raggy tears that showed blue through. The blue was his legs. And his eyes! They seemed to take up his whole face! Poor little face, it would have harbored dimples had it not been so thin.

It was snowing again. It had snowed all day, off and on, until now it had become quite deep.

The snow made it seem even colder than it really was, for after it fluttered down so lightly and prettily it quickly changed its caliber and became drops of water that seemed to spread and spread over his thin jacket until he was drenched through.

It was the same way underfoot. The white fluffy blanket looked fairy-like. But when he stepped on it, it went right through the holes in his shoes and the very chill of it burned his poor little feet until he felt that he was walking on coals.

But still he walked on. He was so tired—so tired—but there was no place to go.

He walked on and on. He peeked in some of the windows he passed. Most of them were shuttered or heavily curtained, but he had a glimpse of one.

There was something in the room. It was glittery—beautiful! What was it?

He crept into the yard. He was too small to see.

There was a little iron porch just in front of the door. Maybe he could see in that!

It was no use. He was much too short to see at all here, for the window was not near the porch.

He wasn't much interested, anyway. He was feeling queer. His legs wouldn't work and the whole world began acting mad. Houses were going around in circles. Trees were jumping up and down. And people were walking upside down as though the sky were the street. But the funny picture faded from view before he thought to laugh.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he was mighty glad he had given his whole day's earnings from the newspapers he sold for a living, to an old, hungry man that time. About a year ago it was. And he had had to go without supper that night and breakfast next morning to do it.

He was glad, too, that he had run away from that orphan asylum. It must have been every bit of two years ago. He was just a kid when he ran away—about four years old, they had said.

It was lonesome sometimes, though, even for the big, grown-up man he had become.

Yes, it was lonesome, and he was sorry he had hit Eddie in the eye for calling him "baby" when he couldn't sell all his papers.

"But—he—was—bigger'n—me," he gasped, unaware that he had spoken aloud.

"Eh, what's that?" queried a man's voice.

But the little boy did not hear the words.

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THE EASTERNER

The Valley of Statistics

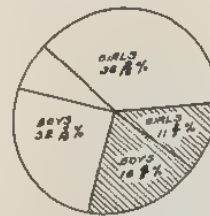
By CATHERINE SCHROEDER, '27 and VIRGINIA COOKE, '28

Let us take a short journey into the Valley of Statistics and see how Eastern fares. Ah! here we have the latest records of Eastern's progress.

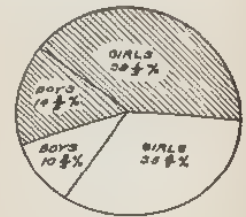
Eastern High School has a student body of 1736 members; 1015 of these are girls and 721 are boys. (Now the boys have a comeback on Honor Assembly Days for having fewer honor students. Look at the difference in numbers.) The Business Course is taken by 472 girls and 165 boys while the Academic Course has 543 girls and 556 boys. The Academic Course leads with 1099 students and the Business Course has 637 followers. But which course will take the lead in the years to come? We find that the Academic Course is taken by 185 boys and 128 girls in their first year. The Business Course is taken by 95 boys and 250 girls. So we find that Business leads with 345 students while the Academic Course has 313 followers. Typewriting is one of the most popular subjects. 806 students, comprising about one-half of the student body, take it. Domestic Art, which teaches the girls sewing, is taken by 60 girls. Domestic Science, which teaches housekeeping and cooking, is taken by 109 girls. Drawing and Music, two very interesting minor courses, are taken by almost the whole student body. 41 students who have shown talent in Music take it as a major. The Major Drawing Class has 20 students who aspire for fame in art. Among the languages Latin is the favorite with 543 students. French comes next with 269 pupils and Spanish foots the list with 190 followers. The boys are offered three very interesting subjects; namely, woodworking, auto science, and printing. 60 boys take woodworking; 30 boys take auto science, and 38 boys take printing.

I found that in the June class of 239 members 27 girls and 53 boys went on to higher institutions of learning. So you see, our little journey into the Valley of Statistics has been important, because it shows us how important our school is in preparing us for the business

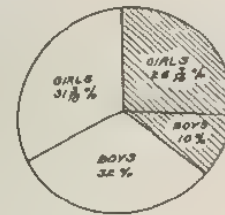
world, the home life world, and the trade world, and how it prepares those of us who are going into the higher fields of learning. Eastern's task is great but she has proven again and again as the years go by her ability to give us the learning we will find necessary later in life.



ACADEMIC PUPILS
 ■ FIRST YEAR - 28 1/2%
 ■ LAST THREE YEARS - 71 1/2%



BUSINESS PUPILS
 ■ FIRST YEAR
 ■ SECOND YEAR



WHOLE SCHOOL
 ■ BUSINESS PUPILS - 36 1/2%
 ■ ACADEMIC PUPILS - 63 1/2%

Whiskers, Himself

Before long the dear old gent with red knickers and long white beard will make his annual pilgrimage to all the sweet little boys and girls in this school. (Editor's Note.—Don't take this to mean Coach Guyon.) Expert statisticians in our noble institution of learning have estimated that 200 Sophs of the male sex will get razors and short pants while the same number of the weaker but louder sex will get short dresses and 77 silk stockings. All rookies will get dolls. 163 of these infantile creatures will consign their perambulators to the rookies who will enter in Feb. Juniors will get anything they can and be darn glad to get it. Seniors of the female sex will get handkerchiefs, compacts, and bottles of cheap perfume from the "Boy Friend," that can be purchased at the pretentious stores of Woolworth & Co. Seniors of the sex who prefer blondes will get "D's" and not sparingly. The Faculty will get great relief at the loss of our presence until next year.

His Señorita

By FRANCIS WRIGHT, '27



The crowded ballroom floor reminded one more than anything else, of a futuristic painting come to life—a wild jumble of clashing color and meaningless angles. With a final brassy clang, the orchestra finished the group. The colors began to disentangle themselves and the angles dissolved into crimson Satans, heathenish Chinamen, Spaniards, and dainty ballerinas.

Thin streaks of gray smoke hovered over the heads of a group of these weird figures as they stood submerged in the shadows outside the ballroom. A flaming youth, attired as a scarlet troubador, joined the exclusive circle.

"Say," burst forth the newcomer, removing his mask, "am I glad to shed this thing?"

"Tune down—do you want to give us all away?"

A stray couple passed safely out of hearing, and the Troubador started again, this time eagerly.

"Listen, who is that peachy Señorita—I can't seem to place her—"

"You mean the one with the snappy boyish bob?"

"That's the one—there she is—slick black hair—the one with all the fringe and drappings."

They all chorused their approval, but none seemed to know the charming "Señorita."

"Must be one of Betty's numerous friends who are always turning up," ventured someone.

"Well, I'll bet I'll know her before very long." (This from Bill, the Troubador.)

"Yeah—you would—Bill's the vest-pocket edition of the original Sheik."

The music started again and the group donned masks and wandered off in search of partners. Bill, the Troubador, threaded his way through the swaying couples. But the Señorita was not to be found. Discouraged and hot, he strolled toward the cool hall. Emerging from a doorway at the further end of the hall, Bill spied a suddenly familiar Spanish shawl, making for a table where punch was being served. Bill managed to reach the table first.

"Won't you have a glass of punch?"

The mouth beneath the mask smiled—Bill wasn't quite sure whether it registered amusement or thanks—anyway, she accepted the glass.

"Pretty warm dancing, isn't it?" Bill mentally realized what a poor stab at it he was making.

"Um—"

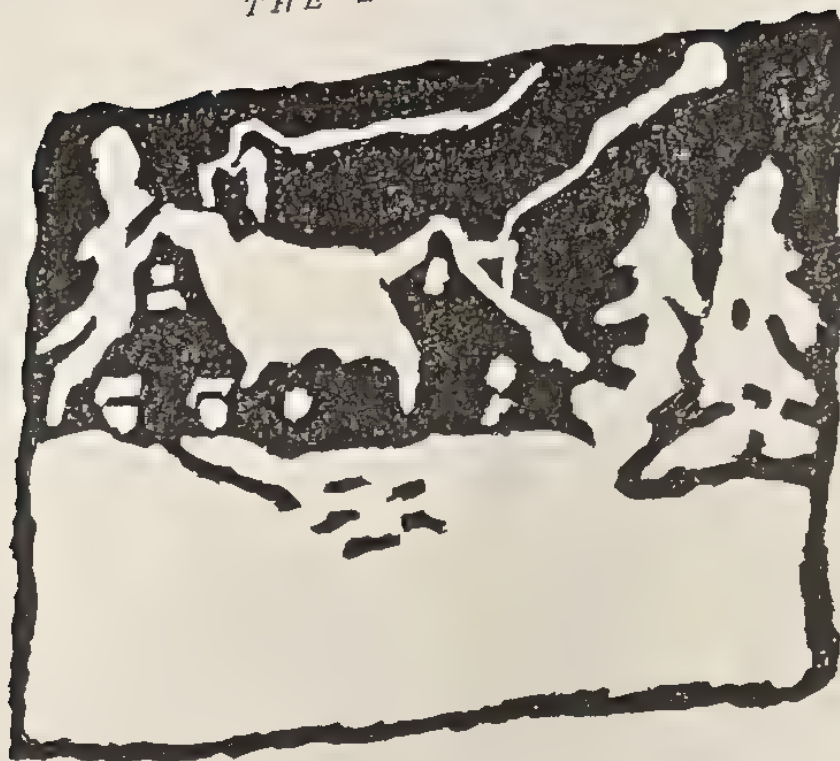
"Not much satisfaction in that—don't know any more than before. I guess she is a stranger," Bill told himself. "May I have the next dance?" he tried again.

A nod, and they started for the dance floor. Bill soon concluded that his Señorita was not what one would call a "good dancer"—still, Bill was not the kind to be easily disillusioned.

As they danced, he whispered, "Well, if you won't tell me your name, I shall simply have to call you my Señorita." Bill *could* be romantic—but she merely smiled, and Bill, the optimist, was cheered.

At the conclusion of the group, he suggested a breath of air. As yet, "his Señorita" had not spoken, and so Bill's own thoughts were in full sway. "No progress yet—gosh, she's the original sphinx—something familiar—wonder

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Winter

By VIRGINIA K. SLOANE, 220-3

The leaves which were once a part of the gorgeous autumn landscape have long since turned brown and fallen, leaving the trees bare. The grass is dead, and flowers no longer bloom in colorful array. The busy world becomes busier making last preparations for the cold season. Those who "burned up" just a few months ago are now "freezing." Heavy coats are gotten out. Furnaces, radiators, and pipes are repaired. Coal is hastily ordered while the price steadily rises higher. The farmer has finished his harvesting, and is busily laying in a supply of wood. In the more Northern parts navigation is closed. The birds which have not flown South possess a heavier set of feathers, and the mouse's fur is thicker. After eating all he can hold, the bear finds himself a safe place, and curls up to take his annual winter sleep. The squirrel increases her store of nuts and acorns, and the beaver settles herself in her dam. Snakes crawl into their holes in the ground, and the hurry and bustle gradually cease as the world at large settles down for winter.

Then one day, silently, gently, mysteriously, the snow falls, at first in a few scattering flakes, causing the earth to appear sugared. Then the coat becomes thicker, and thicker, until one looks on a world of white. Each fence, tree, and bush is a network of velvety white. Every building is beautifully decorated in white. Each tower, nook, and crevice is transformed into curves of white, and every post and stone molded into an unknown shape. The telephone wires and the tiniest twigs are soft rolls of down. This is winter.

The New Year

MARJORIE HERRLE KEIM, '27

The Earth is asleep 'neath its blanket of snow;
And dark shadows loom from the winter
moon's glow.

The air is quite cold and biting, and who
Does not feel tingly through and through?
For this is the night when the old year departs
And each one of us on a new leaf starts.
Hark, to the sound of that joyous bell!
On with the New Year, all is well.

Page of Essays



Reveries of a Park Bench

I am a bench. I am stationed under a large tree in a Washington park. Nearby is a well known theatre, filled with people nine times a week. Just over the way is the White House. People go there, too, sometimes. If I were a philosopher I would "view life's stream," which, as we all know, all real philosophers do, just as politicians "view with alarm." But, as I said before, I am only a park bench. Therefore, I shall remain true to type and write as one.

Every kind of human imaginable has rested upon me, sheltered from the day's heat by my spreading tree. Witness:

Here comes a man in somewhat shabby clothing and a somewhat soiled countenance. Evidently he is a "Weary Willie." He slouches down upon me and dozes. Ever and anon he rouses himself to expectorate, dropping off directly into a state of lazy lassitude. Is it instinct that prompts him to open his eyes at the approach of a Kind-Hearted-Soul? At any rate, open them he does, and slowly, as though debating with himself if the chance were worth the effort, he rouses himself and approaches said Kind-Hearted-Soul and mutters the talismanic words concerning "rolls and coffee," and is rewarded with a coin. The Kind-Hearted Soul and "Willy" go their ways, and I await my next guest.

As usual I am not long idle. A gentleman, whose car and chauffeur wait at the curb, rests in the shade of my tree. He takes a pill, sighs, and moves on.

A stout lady and a fat poodle arrive next, followed in succession by two government clerks, a policeman, a senator, and a negro.

A pretty lady is the next arrival. Oh! It's Leona Powers. I know her well. A sweet girl, as my friend Len Hall would say. Leona doesn't stay long. She's a pretty busy girl down at her office on the Avenue.

Sometime later in the afternoon Mr. Hall himself appears. He is here quite often. He works very hard and needs the rest and quiet which I can give him. Poor man!

And so it goes—on and on—and still they come—day in and day out.

HOLLISTER PARSONS, '29.

Bug Hunting

This summer I was employed by the Department of Agriculture to hunt for the Japanese Beetle, a very destructive insect pest. My task was to look over all the plants in the front and back yards of houses in the Petworth section.

The people to whom I had to explain my mission before they would allow me in their yards were usually very nice, if they understood what I was doing. In most cases, however, I was taken to be the ice-man or a huckster.

After I explained to one lady that I was hunting the Japanese Beetle, she slammed the door in my face, exclaiming that she didn't want any as "her husband didn't care for them."

At the next place an old man answered the door.

"I am looking for an injurious beetle," I began.

"I haven't any," he replied.

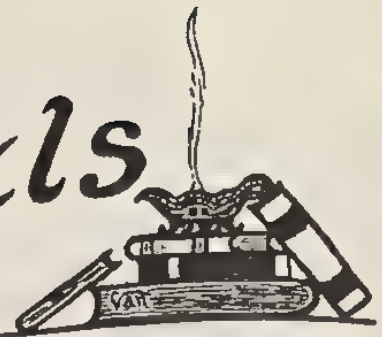
"May I look around the yard?" I answered.

"No," he thundered. "I tell you I ain't got it."

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Editorials



Merry Christmas

Christmas once again spreads its canopy of mirth and jollity over the city. The department store Santa Clauses have all returned from their year's vacation in order to don the white whiskers and red knickers. The downtown streets are crowded to capacity and the department store girls are running madly from customer to customer.

Even here at school the spirit of the Yuletide has engulfed us. However, there is one thing about Christmas that should be of interest to high school students. Just how are *you* going to spend Christmas? At home making yourself a general nuisance and a parasite on your parents' generosity? We hope not! Perhaps you are not in a position to buy nice presents for Dad and Mom, but you are in a position to give them something even better and that is—happiness. Go home, give a helpful hand, thank them for the clothes and luxuries they have afforded you during the year. Give Dad a friendly pat on the shoulder and Mother a hug.

Above all, be cheerful yourself. Then, and only then, you have the real spirit of Christmas.

Last, and not least, allow us to sincerely wish you the happiest Christmas and New Year you have ever spent.
P. L. S.

Resolutions

Here is a worthy New Year's resolution: to make our teachers happy. What a relief it would be to them if we were on time to classes, studied in study hall and at home, refrained from gossiping in class, paid close attention to their words of wisdom, and, above all, had our own paper, pens, and pencils. What about it? Let's try.
M. H. K.

Contributions

We want contributions! This appeal is made to any student who would like to write for the *EASTERNER*. By writing we mean written contributions upon any subject you desire, whether it is personals, stories, jokes, sports, school news—in fact, anything. Just write it; and pass it in and allow us to credit your name to it.

To make the turning in of copy convenient, a box has been placed near the telephone booths in the business office for you to deposit your copy. In the past this box has often been mistaken for a letter box and more frequently for a handy trash collector. We hope, however, that you will use it as originally intended, and avail yourself of the opportunity of becoming a special contributor to the *EASTERNER*. And once again—we want contributions!

P. L. S.

The Value of Learning a Foreign Language

Man is superior to the rest of the animal kingdom in that he is capable of transmitting his thoughts to another through the medium of speech. Were it not that man could use words to express himself the progress of civilization would not have advanced as it has. Therefore, man's word of mouth has proved indispensable.

People living in a certain community or nation have their own expressions or dialects by which they carry on their relationships. Consequently, various nations or races mean a great number of languages.

Year after year, and century after century, nations throughout the universe gradually developed world trade. In order to carry on international commerce successfully and effi-

Continued on Page 36

Advertisement Section

By CARL MARTIN, '27

(No reputable ads will be published)

STICKEM KNIVES

ARE YOU GETTING EVERYTHING LIFE OWES YOU? DO YOU WISH TO HAVE MONEY AND PLEASURES? SURELY YOU HAVE A RICH RELATIVE OR A TEACHER WHO CONTEMPLATES GIVING YOU A "D" THAT YOU CAN KILL TO YOUR ADVANTAGE. PERHAPS IT IS THE FELLOW WHO TOOK YOUR GIRL TO A DANCE LAST NIGHT.

If so, see our special line of:

STICKEM KNIVES AND DAGGERS!

Absolutely the best and most effective instruments of death ever made. Used by all noted and professional murderers. In ten of the most famous assassinations of this country "Stickem" cutlery was used. Will not fail to cut the toughest throat or the roughest neck.

Don't fail to see our "Teacher Eliminator."

Read what our users say:

Jears and Sawbuck.

Dear Sir:

Had it not been for two of your marvelous daggers I would never have been able to kill my cousin Duncan and gain the throne of Scotland. Now I am never without your style, model A1 tool, as I think my former friend Macduff is going to give me a chance to use it.

Slaughteringly yours,

JOHN MACBETH.

Jears and Sawbuck.

Gentlemen:

No doubt you have heard of the time when I and my gang of wet Senators killed President Julius Caesar for vetoing our Light Wines and Beer Bill. At that time "Stickem" knives were used exclusively, even if it did take 16 of us to kill one man.

Et tu,

BILL BRUTUS.

Money back if not satisfied. Demonstrations gladly given.

Brother Murders His Brother

The body of Charles Cheerleader, Eastern High School student, was found today in his home at 6789 Blank Avenue. Detective Patrick O'Shaughnessy who investigated the case stated that he found the body, which had been horribly strangled. In one of the corpse's hands a crushed piece of paper was found, which later was seen to be the Humor Page of the EASTERNER. Startled by a burst of uproarious laughter, O'Shaughnessy went into the next room and found John Cheerleader, the victim's brother, enjoying himself immensely over the rest of the copy of the EASTERNER. John explained that he had killed his brother to get his copy of the magazine. "Justifiable homicide," announced Judge Murphy after looking over the copy of the publication that caused one man to murder another. John was reprimanded and told never to do such a thing again.

Read the EASTERNER! (Adv.)

Margaret Philips—What horse-power is your car?

Billy Boswell—Five hundred when it kicks.

* * *

Mr. Schwartz—Where were those two horses from that were wandering on the drill field?

Ronald Brown—I don't know; they didn't wear collar ornaments.

* * *

Brooks—What are you doing at this time of the night?

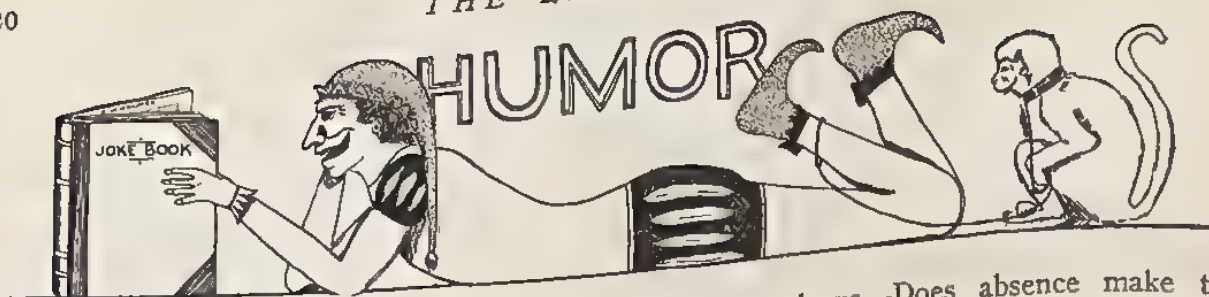
Senart—Taking the air.

Brooks—Doctor's orders?

Senart—No, the girl's I proposed to.

Jack V.: Jimmie, your costume is simply ripping.

Jimmie: Hush, many a true word is spoken in jest.



Analysis of One of Our Famous Twenty-Minute Assemblies:

- 8:59½ A. M.—Studes amble into assembly hall section by section.
- 8:60 A. M.—Orchestra starts to tune. Rookies think they are playing and begin to applaud.
- 9:01 A. M.—Orchestra starts. Mrs. Byram drops quarter into electric piano and the panic is on.
- 9:03 A. M.—After the tempest has subsided, Mr. Hart reads the Bible.
- 9:04 A. M.—Mr. Schwartz makes several announcements and then gives a talk three different subjects: money, money, and more money.
- 9:10 A. M.—Former alumnus, usually a retired bricklayer or plasterer, gives a talk on the days when he went to Eastern. Success is gained by doing what your teachers tell you. (Under-graduates, take notice as you will need it.)
- 9:19 A. M.—Cheer leaders come out, do a song and dance act, and suggest that three cheers be given for our speaker.
- 9:20 A. M.—Mr. Hart calls signals to the orchestra and the assembly is over.

Miss Prince to pupil drawing a poster:
Here's a good figure to plant your feet by.

* * *

Mother to Rookie: Son, where have you been?

Rookie to Mother: Ma, as I was coming out of school a horse fell down, and someone said they would call a horse doctor, so I waited and when he came it was only a *Man*!

Wm. Matthews—Does absence make the heart grow fonder?

Dorothy Ballard—You might try it for two or three months.

* * *

Clarence Rhoden—Why are doctors called quacks?

Charles Jarrett—Because of their large bills.

* * *

The beautiful count's daughter married a union bricklayer and the handsome but highly mortgaged estates were saved.

* * *

Meigs Brearley—Can I borrow your Tuxedo?

Elwood Kidwell—I smoke only Prince Albert.

* * *

Alvin Graves—I'm going as a stag.

Mary Gastrock—What do you think it is, a masquerade?

* * *

Harry McAllister (lighting last Camel)—I'd like to offer you a cigarette but—

Helen Wheeler—I don't smoke butts.

* * *

Steamboat Captain (after falling overboard)—Give a yell, can't you?

Collegiate Deckhand—Captain! Rah, Rah, Rah, Captain!

* * *

Alice Law—Are they pulling him out for laughing?

Isabel Witherite—No, they want to find out what he's laughing at.

SPECIAL NOTICES

To whom it may concern: Please send all bribes and hush money direct to C. Martin, Esq., and not to the *EASTERNER*, as in that case a rakeoff will have to be given to P. Spalding, Esq.

Due to lack of space, the rest of the jokes will be found on the editorial page.



Do do: How far were you from the right answer?

Ho ho: Three seats.
* * *

Miss Watts: Those girls powder their noses right in the lunch room.

Mr. Hart: Did you ever!

Miss Watts: No!
* * *

'Rie Keim: I feel so funny! Bubbles keep floating before my eyes.

Peg McGarvey: You must be fermenting.
* * *

Bits: Gertrude, do you know I love you?

Gertie: Yeah.

Bits: Then play it.
* * *

"Go to the Devil," said Mrs. Satan to the bill collector.

* * *

Shade of Caesar Borgia—My fame is being ruined.

Shade of Dante—How come, friend Caesar?

Shade of Caesar—These modern bootleggers are selling better poisons than I ever had.

* * *

Tollgate-keeper—A dollar for the car.

Allen Cross—Sold!

He's a bootlegger in a movie studio.
How do you figger?
He has charge of the stills.

* * *

A good Fall Show is one-tenth acting and nine-tenths publicity.

* * *

Alice Adams (pointing to guy behind stage)—Look at that fellow with the mustache and the funny make-up. I wonder what he's going to do in the show?

Elizabeth Arnett—Why don't you stop making fun of the janitor?

* * *

Fortune Teller to Mildred Kettler—A dark-haired man is coming into your life.

Mildred—Oh! I do hope it's Victor.

* * *

Mattie Belfield—I saw you dancing Saturday at the Swancee.

Edgar Purnell—Is that where I was?

* * *

Section Teacher—Young man, don't ever let me hear of your getting caught skipping again. Do you understand?

Not-so-dumb-rookie—Yes, Mam, you don't want me to get caught next time.

* * *

Helen Dulin—Look at all that paint on my hands.

Francis Ladd—That's nothing; look on your face.

* * *

Mother—Why does the little boy next door seem so timid when you're around?

Little Horatio—I hit him with a rock.

* * *

Thelma England—Why do you look so stout in that photograph?

Catherine Rollins—It was developed too much.

* * *

Al Cole—Are you going to school today?

Lillian Hall—No, I'm tired of dancing.

* * *

Taxi Driver at 2 A. M.—Does Sackett Duryee live here?

Mrs. Duryee—Yes, leave him on the front porch.

SCHOOL news



Marvelous, wonderful, beautiful—really there aren't enough adjectives in the dictionary to describe the Fall Show. "The Gypsy Rover," a very musical musical comedy, in which Jimmy Madison as Rob was just ravishing (so the girls say) and Ina Holtscheiter was an exquisite Constance, went across just fine and proved to be another triumph for Eastern. The other principals and the choruses were stunning. And our faculty advisers and stage hands deserve a big vote of thanks for their great help in the production. But I've almost left out Mr. Hart. We surely enjoyed the treat of not having any lessons on Thursday night.

What's 68? Why, that's the section with the monopoly on February class officers. Miss Grace Holmes is justly proud of her young hopefuls. The President of the mid-year class is Jimmy Madison—of musical fame. We give him our best wishes for he surely deserves the office. We also have a musical Vice-President in Kathryn Clark, who entertained us in "The Gypsy Rover." The Secretary is Pauline Walther, a quiet and unassuming young lady, who deserves the coveted honor. Allen Cross fills the office of Treasurer. And our senior friends have a good choice in Cross, too.

After a vigorous campaign, the worthy June class officers were elected. They are: President, John Quinn—a good football player and one of the best liked boys at Eastern; Vice-President, Beryl Edmiston—an all around sport and a loyal friend; Secretary, Frances Wright—diminutive and adorable (so says Eldred, and we heartily agree); Treasurer, Burton Langhenry. Now we know where the money's going—it's in good hands. Historian, Pauline Roth—musical, literary, and late almost every morning.

The Merrill Club gave its first dance of the season at Denlee's on October 5. It was, as is quite the case with Merrill Club dances, a great success.

The Phi Alpha Epsilon Fraternity held its Fall Dance at Denlee's on November 19. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kochka were chaperones.

The Epsilon Mu Sigma Fraternity gave its Thanksgiving Dance at the Washington Hotel in the Salon des Nations on November 26. When will the girls finish talking about it?

Our newest sorority, the Phi Pi Epsilon, started its winter season with a dance at the Blue Triangle on December 11. It proved to be very successful. Following the Formal Initiation of the Phi Pi Epsilon on November 11 a box party was held at Keith's. The guests of the evening were Mrs. Charles Hart and Miss Gertrude Walter, dramatic teacher at Central.

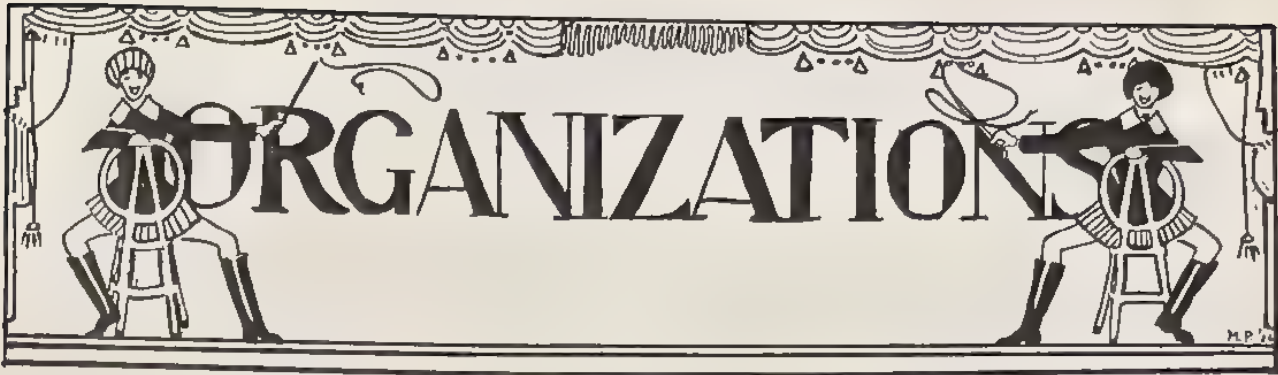
Les Camarades Club had a wonderful time on a straw ride given on November 5 by the combined Girl Reserves Clubs of the Washington High Schools. A "weinie roast"—a long ride, and everything that goes to make a pleasant evening! —

Assemblies

October 19—Miss Johnson awarded the honors due to our more studiously inclined students. And they were a deserving 94 who received them. Mr. B. G. Foster, one of our old fellow students, who is just lots of fun, was awarded an honor medal for his faithfulness to the school. (Sh-h! From what I read in the Alumni Bulletin, of which he is the Editor, he also got two tickets to see our Fall Show.) So you see, it does pay to work hard.

October 21—The Lower Classmen were given a talk by Dr. Thomas H. Simons, Pro-

Continued on Page 23



Dramatics Society

Since the rush for the preparation of the Fall Show has ceased, the Dramatic Society has been centering all its interest and time on the Christmas presentation, which is a feature of the annual Christmas assembly.

Debating Society

The last three or four meetings of the Debating Society were devoted to practices on rebuttal. The members will also be treated to a novel feature in the form of a current events contest. This contest is an entirely new idea. The contestants will be divided into teams of five each, and they will be questioned on current news subjects. All visitors will be welcome at these contests, which promise to be very entertaining.

Glee Club

Heartened by the notable success of the Fall Show, in which they took part in cooperation with the Dramatic Society, the members of the Glee Club have turned their efforts toward mastering the Christmas carols which they will sing at the Christmas assembly. The carols this year are to be of a more unusual sort than those of other years.

Orchestra and Band

Our famous orchestra has been invited for concerts at two junior high schools, and the band has been keeping up its good work lately by visiting other schools to play at assemblies. It has made several trips to Western, and it is very popular there and at other schools in the city.

Girls' Clubs

The Christmas Spirit—the spirit of love and brotherhood—fills everyone. The Girls' Clubs are doing their share to make life brighter for those who are not so fortunate as we. Baskets are being prepared to take to the poor on Christmas Day. Clothes and toys for children are being collected to cheer the lives of some of the unfortunate ones.

Beside its Social Service work, the Merrill Club is planning a Christmas Dance.

The Girls' Reserves are making stocking dolls for poor children. The Fidelis Club is planning a Christmas Bazaar.

The Hiking Club has gone on several interesting trips into the surrounding country. Its trip to Bluemont was a decided success.

The Rifle Club is practicing hard and eagerly looking forward to its coming matches.

School News

Continued from Page 22

fessor of Industrial Accountancy at Harvard University. Mr. Edward Barnes, head of Music of Washington Schools and an old friend of ours, led the audience in a musical half hour.

October 29—Myrtle Posey, of Oratorical Contest fame, and one of Eastern's dearest girls, spoke to the upper classmen on her trip to Europe. What a revelation her trip was—and we were delighted at Myrtle's way of telling us!

November 11—Chaplain Milton O. Beebee spoke to the upper-class students on Armistice Day. He was introduced by Miss Egbert.

THE EASTERNER

SPORTS

Line Offers Hope For Next Year

The game with Tech ended a rather unique football season. First of all, the Light Blue and White standard-bearers triumphed impressively over Central, 12-0. Then a heavy Business team coming from the wilds of O Street set our boys back, 25-6. After this decisive defeat, Eastern football supporters began discussing next season's prospects, having abandoned hope for 1926. But our team took on new life and tied Western, 0-0, in fine fashion. However, the story of glory and thrills closes here, for a husky eleven hailing from McKinley Manual Training School and coached by a certain optimistic mentor, Elmer Hardell, upset Eastern's moleskin clad athletes, 34-0.

The Capitol Hill boys have each since received that mighty emblem of prowess, the school "E," which now adorns their sweaters.

Girls' Sports

The season is now in full swing for our oldest sport, "Basketball." It is the most popular sport among the girls. If you don't believe it, step into our gym balcony and see them in a practice game.

The girls of Eastern are working to make this a memorable year in basketball. The three gym teachers are not only pleased with the number of girls from each class who turn out for practice, but with their earnestness and ability. All the girls are excited and eagerly awaiting the selection of the class teams in February and competition is expected to be keen between the teams throughout the early part of the season. We all remember how the Freshmen won the 1926 inter-class series. Most of the players will be on this year's Sophomore team and unless the other teams are

Hogarth to Captain 1926-27 Basketball

"Cy" Hogarth, who last season had the faculty of making goals when they were most needed, will captain Eastern's basketball team this year. Essex, Faber, Reid, Capelli, and Quinn, of last season's squad, are with us again this year. Now that the football season is over, interest is gradually being aroused, and everything points to another exciting series such as the one last winter.

Continued From First Column

careful they will again capture the championship.

The classes turned out in the following numbers:

Freshmen—Forty-three.

Sophomore—Fifty-two.

Junior—Seventeen.

Senior—Seventeen.

Members of the teams should have no affiliations with outside teams.

Miss Mary Kelso and Miss Theresa Breen (better known as Miss Watts' secretary) won the double tennis tournament this fall under the supervision of Miss Fosdick. It is hoped that the school courts will be available for the tennis fans in the spring.

Sportographs

Eastern hopes to enter four indoor track meets this year. Good luck, Mr. Rath.

Boys' gym classes have been divided into teams and at this writing are playing games of touch-

football. This is not the first attempt at Eastern to have intramural athletics, but we hope that it will be the first successful one.

Comments of a Quilddriver

The season just finished is a surprising one, being filled with "ups and downs." Hopes ran high after the victory over Central, which in some measure atoned for the defeats. The team was composed mostly of inexperienced men. However, it ran very smoothly, each player fighting hard for the team as a whole. This is the kind of spirit that makes winners. The student body of Technical High School has this unconquerable spirit, and it would be well if all Easternites would follow their example. Yet we cannot say that the past season was a failure for the tying of Western and the defeat of Central are very bright spots on the team's record.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1926-1927

Fri.	Dec. 9	St. John'sHere
Tues.,	Dec. 14	DevittThere
Fri.,	Dec. 17	St. John'sThere
Wed.	Dec. 22	St. Mary'sThere
Thur.	Jan. 6	EmersonHere
Fri.,	Jan. 7	Strayer's?
Sat.,	Jan. 8	Hagerstown High?
Tues.,	Jan. 11	Business?
Fri.,	Jan. 14	Western?
Tues.	Jan. 18	Central?
Thur.,	Jan. 20	Calvert Hall, Balto.There
Fri.	Jan. 21	Tech?
Sat.,	Jan. 22	HagerstownHere
Wed.,	Jan. 26	EpiscopalThere
Fri.,	Jan. 28	Business?
Tues.,	Feb. 1	Western?
Fri.,	Feb. 4	Central?
Sat.,	Feb. 5	U. S. N. A.There
Tues.	Feb. 6	Tech?

What the Letter-Men Say

Capt. O'Brien: "The team did very well considering its greenness."

"Buck" himself did exceptionally well and was always a big man on the defense.

Langhenry: "Even though the team lost games, it never stopped fighting. All of us feel that the win from Central makes up for the defeats."

And Burton did a lion's share in getting that win from Central.

Cosimano: "I am only sorry that I haven't another year in which to give my school all I have."

We are also sorry, Joe, and we will miss you very much.

Witherite: "We failed to produce in the past season because of lack of experience, without which team work and coordination cannot be had, but there's nothing to prevent our looking forward to another year."

And next year Harold will be there helping us.

Brashears: "The victory over Central and the spirit and pep of the team was due to Coach Guyon's training."

Coach Guyon surely trained a good tackle in Brashears.

Nally: "It was an uphill fight with inexperienced men."

We predict a brilliant future for this young man.

Pyles: "Although we did not win this year, we should win the championship next year."

Pyles will be there next year to help bring in Eastern victories.

Hayden: "It was O'Brien who was in no small part responsible for the defeat of Central, and when he was dry the team went dry."

Dry or not, the team was always fighting.

Munro: "It was hard work to win that letter."

And none deserved a letter more than Munro.

Shipstead: "We did not do so well this year, but watch us go next year."

The Shipstead family is well represented in politics and football—Pa is in the Senate, son on Eastern's team.

Allman: "Considering the inexperienced material with which Mr. Guyon was forced to work, the season was not as discouraging as it might have been."

"Sap" got his share of bumps but always fought with the team.

Lawson: "GEE, at last!"

Paul was unfortunate in being crippled toward the end of the season. However, he'll be back next year.

Holland: "Had a pleasant season supporting Eastern."

"Possum's" support meant a lot to the team.

Dawson: "Coach Guyon made something out of nothing this year when he was able to put a football team on the field. Next year I hope will be Eastern's year."

Chewing Gum and Soda Fountains Everywhere

By MARIE STONE, '27

In this present generation, along with all the pleasure-giving accessories of modern youth, we find chewing gum and soda fountains playing main parts.

There is no part of a drug-store which I more delight in than the soda fountain. Perched up on high stools, lounging against its sides, in fact, crowded all around it, we find the marble soda fountain besieged with the cries of the "chocolate-milk-shake" fiends, the "chocolate-nut - sundae - with - vanilla - cream" fiends, and last, but not least, the "coke-with-lemon-and-ice-and-make-it-snappy" fiends. If one should, by chance, happen to touch underneath the counter with his hand, he would undoubtedly come in contact with numerous lumps of a gray, sticky, gooey material which no doubt was parked there by one of the above-mentioned fiends, for future reference. This brings me to my other topic, somewhat needful of discussion, namely, chewing gum.

Everywhere we go, on the streets, in the cars, in the movies, we see jaws busily working. As we wander down the street, what is it that we see? People—moving—moving—moving what? Feet? Yes. That all? No—*jaws* to the right of us, *jaws* to the left of us, *jaws* in front of us, and *jaws* behind us—chewing, chewing, chewing. Along with our marathon racers and channel swimmers, we have the champion gum-chewer, who strives to be the longest chewer, have the largest wad, "snap" it loudest, and chew the best flavor. Everywhere we see huge brightly lighted advertisements telling us to chew Gigley's Gum after every meal.

So, thus the world goes on—consuming seven million cokes a day, and chewing gum. And it may be said that the only difference between a cow chewing its cud and a person chewing gum is that the cow occasionally looks thoughtful.

"Denny" is certainly giving us the right dope on next year.

Manager Faber: "We had to begin at the bottom and work up."

Anyhow, there was nothing the matter with the "Skipper" of our team.



PERSONALS



The hearts of two Sophomores were made glad when Helen Gibson allowed them to gaze upon the pictured countenance of the much-to-be-adored Wilton Gibson.

Louise Irish objects to the name of "kid" and to the term "short" being applied to her imposing stature. She wishes people would realize the dignity of her sixty-one and one-tenth inches.

No wonder Louise Wildman goes to church every Sunday. He is *so* attractive and *so* attentive.

Say! One never can tell. While running down a scandalous rumor in Lanham we came across the car of our supposedly girl-shy captain of Company C parked beside the home of a supposedly boy-shy member of Eastern's fair ones.

And what's this about that nice Robert Reedy being seen in the wee hours? Who was your companion, Robert? We recognized her to be an Easternite.

Russell Davis declares that Tom Coiner needed lessons in the art of love making for the play. Note: Russell was seen going through Tom's act with Margaret on a certain night. Oh, for Tom's benefit, of course.

Conversation between Cynthia Eldridge and Bobby Willis:

B. "Turn around, nuisance!"

C. "Pipe down, Booby!"

B. "Shut up, Kid!" and so on through the day.

Hayden seems to be the "big time sheik" of the rookies. A lowly verdant one was heard pouring it all forth to a lordly sophomore.

It's getting to be rather a habit for Alvin Graves to leave his Latin book at home. Well, doesn't Rosalie Goodhart sit in front of him?

On one of the jaunts of the Hiking Club Gwendolyn Rusk was seen running a foot race with a certain tall Latin teacher whose name doesn't agree with his height.

"Smoky" Joe Wood is taking an advanced course as a waiter in the lunchroom. Be careful, Joe; be careful.

Because so many young ladies told John Quinn that he would look adorable as a doctor, he is thinking of going to George Washington to get a degree.

After seeing Tom Coiner dance, we can readily see why he was such a hit on Keith's Circuit.

Our Fall Show certainly did upset things. In many cases the participants enjoyed rehearsals so much that they are still practicing.

Yes, he brings Edith Jones to school every morning. We don't know him, but he certainly is a help and he certainly looks nice.

A group of girls are planning to start a reducing club. (Their names, after much persuasion, are being withheld.) Here's hoping that the pounds lost will be many!

After reading of Sam's trip to Scotland, Catherine Bixler has decided to visit Europe

next summer. She hasn't determined yet whether she will go as a stewardess or stow-away.

"Eddie" Christiansen slipped into section the other day and, after peering around furtively, spread a letter out and perused it diligently. When is the wandering boy returning?

Douglas George became well known about school by becoming tangled in the curtain at every rehearsal of the Fall Show.

Miss Egbert read a book report of a former pupil of hers who declared it gave valuable advice in the way to win a capricious lady's heart. Frank Maneney immediately demanded the name of the book.

Marion Fick claims she plays fat-back on the hockey team. Far be it from us to doubt her word.

Eddie West fell asleep in English the other day and Bobby Willis, exploring the vast expanses of his coat, discovered a blonde hair fully a yard long. He was going to offer it to the Museum as a relic of bygone days, but it has disappeared.

The hearts of Eastern's fair sex have been fluttering in an unusual manner. Solution: Gilmore Wheeler has been a frequent visitor lately.

Ursula Hancock has invited a bunch to disport in an empty house in Chaptico, which, she insists, is the Garden Spot of the World. We suspect she has been reading California advertisements.

Merrill Reich took the president of the Merrill Club to a dance not so long ago. Upon returning, he took her to the door (to say good night). However, when Merrill got back to the car he had to wake the rest of the fellows up.

Florence Barron says she is absolutely through with a G. W. night student. However,

she still keeps his picture on her bureau. Rather inconsistent.

Our own Grace Green has assumed the office of clerk of the Hine night school. We're proud of you, Grace, and we do hope it doesn't keep you out too late.

Audrey Darden has a fast line for an underclassman. Don't you think so, Spalding?

All young ladies desiring information on "How to keep that school girl complexion" should apply to our baby-sheik, Bobbie Thompson.

Ever since the football season, Jimmie Munro has had a Western Mouth; you know, "the wide open spaces."

A number of Eastern boys are bemoaning the fact that cold weather has arrived. That swing on Lois Magee's back porch was certainly situated well.

Allen Cross sticks to the saying that "Variety is the Spice of Life." We are with you, Allen, as long as you can handle them.

Julia Fick, an humble rookie, has overstepped her station and fallen in love with a sophisticated sophomore. This will have to stop.

We hope Santa treats Muelhouse well. Poor Albert had to borrow the visiting fireman's tie to wear on the stage.

Dale Snell succeeded in getting the first *Date* with the new Vice-President.

* * *

Barber—Why does Fisher wear all of those Sunday School pins?

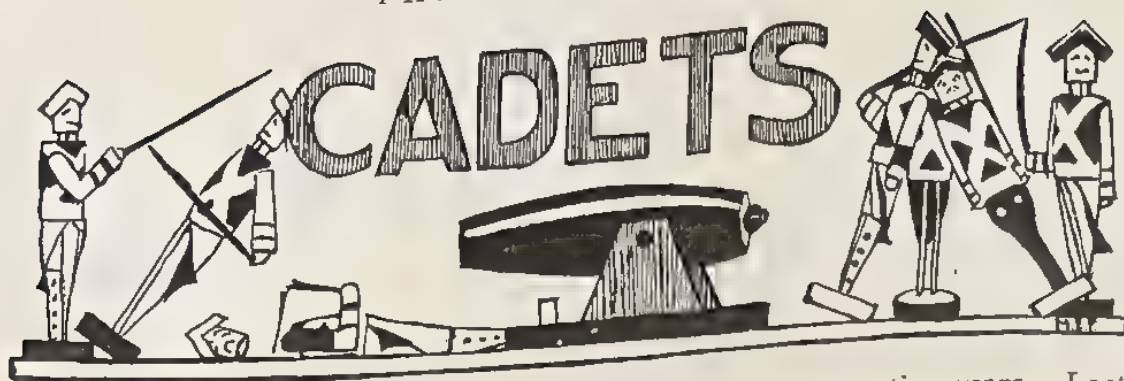
Cooper—He knows his Bible!

* * *

Mr. Rothermel—Bailey, what are you doing?

Bailey—Talking to these girls.

Mr. Rothermel—Always wasting your time on something useless.



Attention!

Company, Forward March! Look at them! Yes, they are now wearing their new uniforms. Notice the snappy new regulation belts. They certainly are a great improvement. Notice also that they are now wearing low black shoes, and that the collar ornaments are smaller and better looking. And last, notice how well they are carrying their newly issued rifles. They have had them only since Thursday, December the second. If you have never seen these things, go out on Massachusetts Avenue some Monday or Thursday and watch the boys drill.

The winter months are here, and Eastern soldiers have a long hard task in front of them. Many days they will have to drill with cold fingers or cold toes, but always they will be drilling with happy hearts full of true Eastern Spirit.

The captains of our four companies when interviewed about the progress of their companies, unanimously said that they were companies steadily progressing.

The War Games are now beginning. Eastern has four company teams and one team to represent the Regimental and Battalion staffs. Major Payne says that some of our teams have excellent material in them and that we may look to them for great results. The War Games were organized by Col. Craigie when he was first appointed military instructor of the High School Cadets quite a few years ago. Since then the system has been so developed and improved that we now have a very interesting and instructive department in our Cadet work.

Major Payne has given a great deal of his time to perfecting good teams at Eastern. Heretofore Eastern has never won a War Game championship. Central has won the cup and

medal for four consecutive years. Last year, however, it was won by Western. It is up to us this year to beat them both and bring the trophies to Eastern.

The Cadets need the support of the school if they are to do their best work. The girls can be of especial use in giving this support. Napoleon said that soldiers fight best on full stomachs, and I know from experience that cadets drill best when they think of the "treats" the girls give them. Take notice, girls!

Gems from the recent Cadet Examination in Military Science and Tactics:

Q. Position of the Soldier?

A. Feet extend from the heels at an angle of 45 degrees.

Another: Hips perpendicular from the ground and on line with the knees and heels.

Q. To execute About Face?

A. Weight of body resting on the heel and ball of the left leg.

Q. To execute Platoon Left?

A. In coming on the line each man dresses his own self without command.

Q. Extended Order?

A. To form a line of SQUIRMISHERS to the front.

Q. Advantages of Cadet Corps?

A. It teaches you to do the right thing when you have something else to do.

Freshie—Where was the fire last night?

Upper Classman—I don't know, where?

Freshie—In the furnace, of course.

* * *

Izzie—Why don't you talk?

Ike—My hands will get cold, if I do.

FRESHMAN PAGE

A Letter from Fred the Freshman to His Country Friend

By MURRAY BERNHARDT, 214-1

Dear Tobe:

I been comin' to hi school for ni on two weeks now. I had a turrible time the first day. When I wuz a-comin' down the street a bell rung all uv a sudden. I jumpt clean outer my skin and started down that street like chane lightnin'. I no sooner got into th' durn building than I discovered I didn't no where to go. I wuz wanderin' around the hall when before I knew it one of them fresh seniors, the blamed idyots, slapt me on my bak. Fust thing rite off I started to hand that guy a piece of my mind, but stopt on secund thot. I asked a kid if he knew how I cud find my room. He said, "Shore, go down to room 140." I be'ant so awful dum that I didn't no how to find it, so I set off and pulled up at a corridor next to the assembli hall. I shore wuz mad, but twain't no use. I got to my room after all, but my teecher, she sent me to the principal. I wuz as pale as a gost, but I got outer that mess all rite, however, and wuz good after that, besides eatin' my lunch in histry class and hollerin' evry time that bell rung.

So I reckon if I don't die in the meenwhile, that by the time I git outer hi school I'll be mighty old.

So long,

FRED.

You Can Always Tell a Rookie

WARREN DAVIS, 214-1

One Thursday I decided to go to a meeting of the Merrill Club. On the way I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Langhenry. I told him that I was going to a meeting of the Merrill Club and asked the pleasure of his company. When he heard where I was going he laughed a great deal, but I could not catch on to the joke. After he had his laugh he told me that the Merrill Club was for girls only.

Ten Commandments for the Rookies:

1. Do not throw chalk at your section teacher.
2. Remember your desks and keep them holey.
3. Don't fail to skip school at least five times a semester.
4. Do not try to keep two dates on the same night.
5. Don't try to hook the cashiers in the lunch-room. (It doesn't work—Spalding tried it.)
6. Do not push your schoolmate down the elevator shaft.
7. Do not study in study halls.
8. Do not covet thy neighbor's home work.
9. Don't try to wash your hands in the wash rooms. There are no towels.
10. Call your teachers by their first names. This makes them feel more at home.

Judson Lamoure, of section 216-1, has made a good beginning in Eastern Athletics. Judson was the only freshman on Eastern's football squad this year.

You can't keep a good rookie down.

It is with deep sympathy that we announce the death of Harry C. Ackerman of section 3221.

Bug Hunting

Continued From Page 17

"How do you know you haven't?"

"I tell you I ain't got it."

"Have you ever seen one?"

"Of course, and don't get fresh or I'll report you and all the rest of these kid dog-owners."

"Dog?" I replied, now beginning to see light. "I'm looking for a bug, an injurious beetle."

"Oh," replied my hot-headed friend, "I thought you said an injured beagle. By the way, won't you have some ginger-ale? It's pretty hot out there."

DONALD CRAIG, 2063.

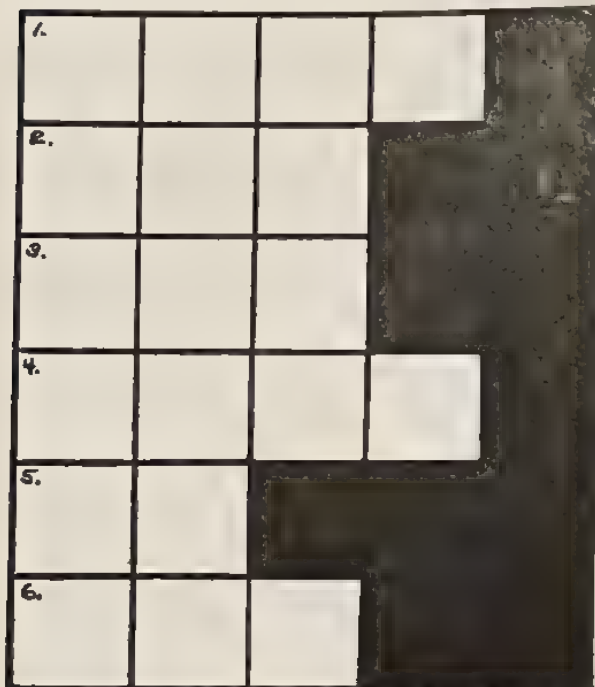
Now, You Chase Me!

By PAUL SPALDING, '27

Stop! Stop! (We're not playing traffic cops.) Below you have the latest wrinkle in cross-word puzzles—a one way one—the words don't cross. It's just the thing for students with weak minds and broken dates. The questions asked are taken from the recent Harvard Entrance Exams. However, it's not so easy. Obtain a pencil while the section teacher turns her head and try your luck. Free packages of hand-painted chewing gum will be given to the first ten solving it correctly. The next ten will receive tickets for a free ride on Noah's ark.

Let's go!

1. Cats chase them. Rhyme with hats.
2. Three minus two. See Miss Shelp; she'll help you.
3. The last word in "Castor oil." This is easy to work.
4. What you do when you say good night to your best girl. Don't blush. We won't tell Mrs. Van Winkle about it.
5. Don't go the wrong way on this one. Word meaning opposite of out.
6. What you do at lunchtime. Hint: "Copying math" is the wrong answer for this one.



Now that you've solved it, you'll find that the first column down will give you the name of

something that talks, walks and sings soprano. It'll grow to a senior some day in 1930 providing of course it doesn't get caught using a "pony."

Don't forget the chewing gum and the ride in Noah's ark!

Horace Lace Writes

Casket Hotel
Philadelphia, Penn.

December 18, 1926.

Dear Sarah:

Ah'm in Philadelphia now. Ah jes' came las' night. It suttinly am one scrumtious lookin' city. An'—O Sarah, by de way, ah suttinly did enjoy dat trip to Washington. It suttinly was one swell trip. Ah jes' went all ober de blace an' ah done seen eberything.

De fus' day ah visited de president an' Sarah, ah wants to dell you dat dat man suttinly am spacious lookin', an' dat house he libs in gets scrubbed ebery day an' it was jes' as white as anything. He asked me ter go fishin' wid him but ah wanted ter see der city, so's ah had ter refuse.

Ah went to de Washington Monument de nex' day, an' it suttinly was one fine building, but ah tole George Washington's brudder, what libs der now, 'dat ah wouldn't go up all ob doze steps ter go ter bed for nuthin'. He said that he only libs dere caze his brudder died dere, and he feels de family ties. Ah am tellin' you right now dat ah suttinly would hate ter be dat man, caze ah wouldn't lib wid no dead man foh anythin'. Dat same day we went to de Treasury an' dey wanted ter gibe me a couple hundreded dollars, but ah was too mods' to accep'.

De nex' day we stayed at our hotel caze de clans was paradin', an' ebery time ah started to go out, ah saw one ob dem ghosts comin' ater me. an' ah had a-shakin' spell, you knows de kin' ah have when ah'm nervous, an' ah had ter go back in, an'—O Sarah, de tubs runnin' ober in our privat' bathroom!

With love and kisses,

Your lovely

Horace Lace.

P. S.—Tell you more nex' time.

VIRGINIA COOKE, 3325.

Faculty Notes

Christmas! The one time of the year when everyone, including the seniors and (in whispers) the faculty! feels like a rookie!

Christmas! And soon our Santa Claus Schwartz will be around handing out presents to everyone.

Of course, each must receive the very thing he wants most. But it is indeed a difficult task to find out these things and so, perhaps, Santa would appreciate a few suggestions.

Do you think, Santa, that an extra spare tire would delight Mrs. Sams? It would be a pity if she were to have a flat tire and have to leave off awing the student body with her Nash for a whole day.

Miss Stockett once professed a keen appreciation of red shoes. No doubt she had read about the little girl in the fairy story who, when she tried on the lovely red shoes, had to walk and walk till they were quite worn out, and she wants to wear them on a hike some time. She did indulge once, but the red shoes did not work and she was never known to wear them on a hike, so, Santa, you must scour Toyland and get just the right kind. Though, personally, we pity the girls who go on that hike, for it is already a well-known fact that Miss Stockett is a tireless hiker.

And if you could find two pairs of those red shoes, Santa Claus, we think Miss Dent would like to have a pair to wear on her walking trips. For (hiking club chaperones skip this part) she admitted she accepted a *lift*! But she detracted it from her walking average and just did it because the weather was bad!

We are very glad that Miss Egbert never succumbed to the barber's shears, but nevertheless, we hesitate to put next to her name the gift we should love to see her with. It is a comb! A great big Spanish comb, worn low at the nape of the neck. Do you think she would like it? It would be so lovely.

As for Miss Knee, do you think a mantilla would be good? Of course it is hardly appropriate for use in school, but it is said to bring out the eyes, and did you ever notice Miss Knee's lashes?

Dr. John J. Rothermel, of the Physics Department, while abroad this summer attended the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Oxford University, England. The Prince of Wales, who was chosen President of the Society for the coming year, gave the opening address. Many of the most prominent personages of the World of Science were there. Dr. Rothermel enjoyed the sessions he attended in Biology, Engineering and Physics very much. He also visited Germany on his trip.

Ninety-three per cent of the teachers at Eastern have joined the High School Teachers' Association, of which Claus J. Schwartz is the president. Eastern is very proud of the high percentage of members which it has maintained from year to year. The purpose of the association is: cooperation of the teachers of the various schools to discuss professional problems and to create a better understanding among the various branches of service; to hold social meetings; and to work for the improvement of a better educational system in the District of Columbia.

About twenty of Eastern's faculty attended a bridge party at the Brooke Tea House on October 30. First prize was won by Miss Virginia Kirby and second prize by Mrs. Chase.

Miss Beam, of the English Department, was married on November 25 to Mr. Frank Bennett. A shower was given to her on November 5.

Miss Grace B. Holmes of the Science Department has joined the ranks of the bobbed-hair teachers. We like it a great deal.

Mr. Henry Flury, of the Biology Department, has had nation-wide fame in the charge General Amos Fries brought against him because of Mr. Flury's definition of Socialism in the Forum Magazine. Mr. Flury has never disclosed to the student body any of his personal views on religion and government. We therefore feel justified in supporting our teacher, who knows thoroughly his subject and teaches only his subject to his classes.

ALUMNI



With the Class of '26

"King" Prender is a sports editor on the George Washington "Hatchet" Staff. Prender is also on the nominating committee for officers of the E. H. S. Alumni Association. Keep up the good work, King.

George Roth, Frank Kreglow and Herbert Angel are three other Eastern representatives on "The Hatchet."

"Juddy" Hutchinson is studying at Georgetown U.

"Skinny" Madigan is Sergeant-at-Arms of the Freshman Class at Maryland U.

Regis Dunnigan is hitting it up at Maryland, while her sister Elinor is busy at George Washington.

Hilda Eisenstein is at Strayer's Business College.

Chester Thom, Kenneth Burgess, and Don Andrews are three more Eastern boys at G. W. U.

George Finger is editor and owner of "The Weekly Review," Prince Georges County, Maryland. Congratulations, "Digitus."

At Wilson Normal: Mary Beach, Jessie Parks, Marian Gaylord, Mary Meany, Imelda Bart, Ethel Waters, Catherine McDonald, Frances Roberts, Evelyn Burns, Alline Lucas, May Talbert, Willye Freeman, Edith Davis, Virginia Gibson, Esther Floor, Elizabeth Wine.

Here and There

Fred Herzog, '22, has been re-elected president of the Inter-Fraternity Council at Maryland University.

Clarence Le Roy Parker, '20, was on the managing committee of "Vodvil," G. W. U.'s Fall Production, presented in November. Parker was in charge of the fraternity acts.

Vance Brand, former student at Eastern, is now at G. W. Brand has been elected by his fraternity, Sigma Nu, to represent it on the Inter-Fraternity Council at the University this year.

George Kern, '23, has been elected to the Syracuse University Chapter of Phi Kappa Phi, national honorary fraternity.

Cupid Rejoices

The following weddings have been announced:

Margaret Leslie Bolen, '21, and John William Bredehoft on June 30, 1926. They will reside in New York.

Pauline K. Babp, '23, to Howard Apgar Burd. Mrs. Burd is a student at George Washington University and is president of the Alpha Delta Theta Sorority.

Catherine Gibson, '26, to Wellington Everett Miller, of Pasadena, California.

Alta Marie Chaffee, '21, and Walter Brown Malloreay of Lynn, Mass., on October 7, at the Waugh M. E. Church. Jane Alta Bodenhamer, '22, was maid of honor.

Milo W. Summers, '16, to Rachel Beatrice Gridley on November 5, at Virginia, Illinois.

Franklin Raub Speer, '17, to Nina Leona Harding on November 18 at Tiffin, Ohio.

Will Pierson, '97, to Dorothy Torchiana.

Mrs. Kochka—The boys of the football team will receive their letters today.

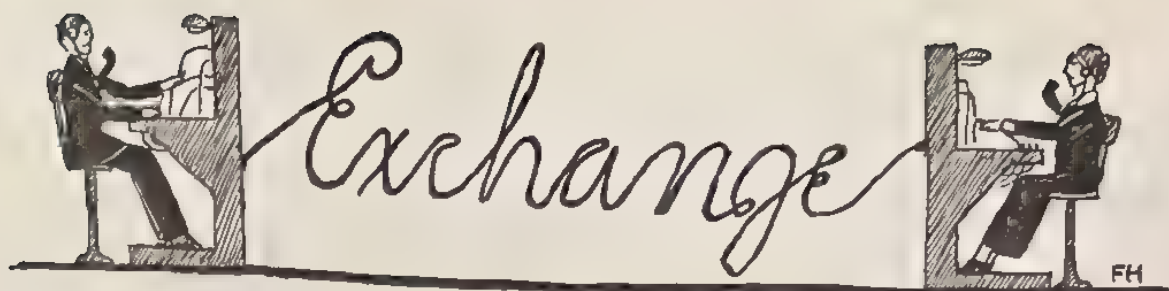
Dan Sullivan: What's in them?

* * *

Cappelli—Why is money wet?

Shapiro—I give up; why?

Cappelli—It's due (dew) in the morning and missed (mist) at night.



There have been so many schools heard from that I am at a loss as to the method of commenting on them. It is rather hard to pick out the best papers and magazines from a list of fifty or more. Other exchange editors can appreciate my feelings.

The magazine which impressed me the most was *"The Sentinel,"* of Leisenring High School, of Leisenring, Pennsylvania. The idea of dedicating its October issue to Roosevelt affords instruction as well as interest to its readers.

"The Tripod" of Trinity College, Hartford, is one of the best weeklies we receive. It is a real, live paper with plenty of news.

"Red and White," Vallejo, Calif. Your feature page is very original and offers many ideas which should help us a great deal.

"High Life," Greensboro, N. C. We are glad to begin exchanging with you. Your paper is carefully planned and well written.

"Retina," Toledo, Ohio. Special mention should be made of your Literature Department. It is the best we have seen.

"Central Bulletin," Washington, D. C. Your idea of publishing news about the different high schools is a good one and should meet with success.

Here is a list of the schools we have heard from:

"The Balance Sheet," Washington, D. C.

"The Black Cat," Mexia, Tex.

"High Light," Griffin, Ga.

"Heigh Chime," Frostburg, Md.

"High School Sabethan," Sabetha, Kans.

"The Maroon and White," Uniontown, Pa.

"The Kaliko Kat," Portsmouth, Ohio.

"The Comet," Milwaukee.

"Humboldt Life," St. Paul, Minn.

"Tech Life," Washington, D. C.

"Newsy-News," Hillsboro, Ohio.

"The Normal News," Washington, D. C.

"The Manch College of Music," Staunton, Va.

"The Beacon," Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Orange and Gray Tattler," Washington, D. C.

"High Life," Ripley, Tenn.

"Spartan Shield," Huntington Park, Col.

"Bulo-Mayfield Breezes," Mayfield, Okla.

"The Western Breeze," Washington, D. C.

We are glad to be exchanging with you again and hope to comment later.

A young man who had taken his Ford out on a cold wintry day was covering the engine with a blanket.

Little Boy (looking on): "You needn't cover it up, Mister; I saw what it was.—*"Tech Life."*

Teacher: "John, take the sentence, 'Lead the cow from the pasture.' What mood?"

John: "The cow, ma'am." — *"Western Breeze."*

The Christmas Rug

Continued From Page 11

"Scandinavia!" I exclaimed. "Don't you remember reading about the meal-cake placed outside for an offering, and the candle to light Kristine on his way, and—"

"And the wheat for the birds?" finished Vivian. "Yes, I remember."

When we had finally left the village behind, the air was growing warmer. The moon hung low in the West, and a ray of light was cutting the eastern sky. The buildings of the town were ghostly silhouettes.

Continued On Page 34

The Christmas Rug

Continued From Page 33

"Look," whispered Vivian, pointing to a radiant star gleaming against the dark sky.

I glanced at it and the far-away outlines of the houses of the village. Dawn would come soon, but not yet. A star that had glistened through the ages was watching still. . . . Had Bethlehem looked like that?

* * * * *

Where was I?

I sat up and rubbed my eyes. "Vivian!" I shook her gently. "Wake up! Wake up! It's getting dark!"

Vivian opened her eyes. "Why—what—where are we?" she demanded.

"Right here on the Christmas rug," I began, but Vivian broke in suddenly:

"Quick! We must roll it up!" she whispered. "Mother's coming!"

'Way Down South

Continued From Page 9

of this tale, and if you accept my opinion, I believe those turkeys were performing the last rites due one of their own, and that they were endowed with human feeling on that Christmas day."

As he ended his story, Colonel Hartley reclined more easily in his chair and with an air of supreme satisfaction, lit another cigar.

"Perhaps you marvel that turkeys should mourn," commented the major, "yet Chaucer says that chickens have religion."

"Is that why folks with tender feelings are referred to as being 'chicken-hearted'?" laughed the judge.

"Speaking of the unusual," remarked the major, "p'raps you folks have never heard the Druden clock story?"

"Let's have it," commanded the judge.

Again the company assumed an attentive attitude, and the major commenced:

"This very house is the scene of my story. Judge Maynard, who has heard it told often, will please correct me if I err in giving you the details. 'Twas in the year 1790 that this most peculiar and unexplainable incident occurred.

"General Lawrence Maynard, grandfather of the judge here, was then the proud possessor of this estate. His daughter, Elizabeth, as I have heard folks tell, was considered the most beautiful girl in western Virginia. Her father employed for her a tutor who resided for many years with the family. He was an elderly Englishman, Roderic Druden by name, and had such an amiable nature that the Maynards considered him as one of their own."

"He played and composed upon that very pianoforte near Colonel Hartley," interposed the judge.

All eyes turned toward the object referred to with the expectation of seeing Roderic Druden's personality stamped upon it. But it was a mere instrument of the style in vogue in 1790.

The major resumed his story.

"It seemed to be the habit or hobby of Druden to care for, and take an exclusive interest in a certain old grandfather clock which I believe is still in the family's keeping."

"Yes, sir; that old clock right out there in the main hall," Judge Maynard once again interrupted.

"Druden," the major continued, "had a child-like love for this clock and made it his business to keep it constantly in good working order. Not only the Maynards, but friends, neighbors, and slaves, always thought of the clock as having a real connection with Druden.

"On Christmas eve of the year I mentioned, a great ball was held in this room, and I well remember how my own grandfather, who attended, described the scene. About this room hung huge draperies of crimson and purple. When the light of many candles shone on these, the effect produced was one of great beauty and yet one of—gloom. This effect was noticeable to the guests and added a solemn dignity to the evening. In the center hall stood an object which because of its position and the shadows cast upon it by a candelabrum of little lights, presented a somber picture. This was the old grandfather clock.

"Throughout the evening, as the dance proceeded, the old clock chimed out the hours with such fantastic grandeur that all were prone to

pause in breathless silence till the last melodic strains died away. Roderic Druden, now considerably old in years, seemed to feel the chimes vibrating in his very soul; and indeed all felt that the old clock was speaking to them. Druden appeared to be absorbed in pessimism all the evening and talked only of the life hereafter and the beauty of dying in the Christmas season. He was so moody and melancholy that the guests avoided him as his demeanor and speech seemed entirely out of harmony with the occasion.

"But alas! He must have foreseen it. Shortly after eleven o'clock he was stricken with apoplexy and was carried to his room where he expired in a few moments. The awed guests were talking in low whispers downstairs and preparing to retire when there issued from the hall a mighty volume of symphonic resonance which sent a chill of apprehension through all. It was just twelve, and the grandfather clock was striking for the last time in what seemed a more dramatic and more majestic manner than ever before. When the last stroke faded on the waves of time, the clock itself appeared to die, with its best friend, for it has never since that night functioned properly."

The major caressed his beard for a moment, and then in a lighter tone addressed his quiet listeners. "So you see, my friends, if turkeys as Colonel Hartley says, possess emotions, why not say as much for this old clock?"

"Well, it won't strike the hours tonight, gentlemen," responded Judge Maynard, "but the inner man tells me it is time to adjourn to the punch bowl. Come, let's have a toast to these two friends who have so highly entertained us. And you, too, Dolores, come out of your corner and bring Tom into the dining room." So saying, the judge led the way for his still rather rigid guests, each one of whom, it might be noted, cast a suspicious glance at the old grandfather clock of Roderic Druden as they passed through the hall. The big door of the living room was closed; the fire roused itself to a final effort, and with a slight flicker, died away. It was midnight.

His Señorita

Continued From Page 15

what? Pretty, all right—wants to keep me guessing—" His mind wandered aimlessly.

The sound of footsteps along the gravel path aroused him; someone in an impossible clown suit was claiming Bill's charming Señorita for the next dance. Well, the fellow didn't have to look so elated—Bill didn't know whether to blame himself or the clown—somehow he hadn't figured on anyone's breaking up his little monopoly.

Near midnight found a determined Troubador facing the rival clown. The Señorita was making the situation more embarrassing—silence was *not golden*—it was black and threatening. Masks were to be removed at twelve o'clock, when the fair ones would be claimed for the rest of the evening's entertainment. The Troubador glared, the clown shifted uneasily, and the Señorita cast nonchalant glances at a great clock in the hall.

Bong—bong—bong—bong—the silence was strained. Bong—bong—bong—bong—becoming tenser. Bong—bong—bong—bong. As the last chime sounded, Bill tore off his mask with one hand and grasped the arm of his Señorita with the other. But the clown was not to be outdone—he, too, had possession of an arm. By this time, the three had attracted no little attention—everyone was—waiting.

The Señorita freed her arms—with a curious smile she faced the rivals. Then with marked precision, she removed her mask.

Bill stared—his face was fast becoming the color of his scarlet trousers; the clown's countenance was blank. In an embarrassed daze Bill heard the laughs and friendly jibes on all sides. The clown had disappeared.

The "dainty Señorita" was laughing in a deep masculine tone—dimly Bill recognized a familiar voice saying, "Well—your Señorita awaits you."

Then Bill came to. "Well, the joke's on me. I've got to hand it to you, Jack!" With a good-natured laugh, Bill marched "his Señorita" off for the "eats."

Moral: Never judge a girl by her haircut!

A Christmas Present*Continued From Page 13*

Another picture had unfolded itself before his closed eyes. He must be in another city. Everything was light. He didn't look around much. It was so warm—and comfortable. He looked up suddenly. The most beautiful eyes he had ever seen smiled at him. The warmest arms enfolded him.

"Mother," he said.

He knew it was his Mother, although she had died when he was a tiny baby. There had been a terrible storm. His Mother had been killed and he had been taken to an orphanage. That was all he knew. He did not remember his Mother—he had been too small. But he had always visioned her just as she was now.

But the picture was fading! It musn't go! He cried out to his Mother that he wanted her, longed to stay with her always! He didn't want to go back! But she only shook her head and, smiling, waved good-bye. So the picture faded.

For a long while he was in a deep, black abyss. Then a voice seemed to draw him up and up until he could make out the murmur of the words. It was the same voice that had spoken on the steps.

"He is such a cute little trick," said the voice, "that I have decided to adopt him if you can only pull him through, Doctor. He reminds me of my wife." Here his voice wavered before it went on, but the little boy was too weak to hear. "She was killed in the earthquake not quite six years ago. The baby died, too. He'd have been about the age of this mite."

Now the voice, as well as the words, was fading. The little boy did not hear the answering tones—the doctor's voice.

"We'll pull him through all right. I was worried when we first brought him in. He seemed quite dead, but he is so much better now that I can give you my word on it. He is a fine looking little fellow. This is a lucky Christmas for you, Sir."

"Very lucky, indeed," said the first voice. I wonder if the little chap was trying to see our Christmas tree when I found him! Yes, yes, this is a lucky Christmas."

The Value of Learning a Foreign Language*Continued From Page 18*

ciently, the parties concerned must be able to comprehend each other. In order to do so, they must learn to speak and understand each other's speech.

Never before in the history of the world is foreign trade advancing so greatly as it is today. The inventions of the railroad, steamship, aeroplane, telegraph, telephone, and radio, and valuable discoveries have been a boon in many ways to mankind. And all this has brought about a closer relationship among the peoples of the earth. And this closer relationship means the understanding of the other's needs and problems. World peace depends upon the comprehension of other nations' problems. Those problems cannot be solved peacefully unless the peoples of the entire world live in harmony and understanding. And one way in which we can reach them more closely is by knowing their languages and customs. By coming into closer contact we comprehend one another better, and thus jealousy and misunderstanding are greatly reduced.

The International Oratorical Contest, which was held recently in Washington, D. C., is an excellent example of what it means to possess the knowledge of the native tongues of foreign people. In such a meeting, if we understand his language, we get a greater meaning and a warmer feeling from the speaker's heart than we do if we read the free and cold translation.

Reason after reason might be cited here why the knowledge of languages should be acquired, but the final statement that will be given is that learning a new language is a splendid method of attaining a priceless culture.

P. F. M.

But neither the doctor nor the man knew how lucky, for they never knew that the child's mother sent him back from death to—his father!

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AND REFER TO

L. S.

October 18, 1926. 360813

Mr. Joseph L. Kochka,
Chairman, Lunch Room Committee,
Eastern High School,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Kochka:

In reply to your inquiry in regard to the conditions found in the lunch room at the Eastern High School, you are advised that the kitchen was found to be well managed, well equipped and the sanitary conditions excellent. Inspections have been made on a number of occasions, and the management of the lunch room has always cordially cooperated with the Health Department in promptly carrying out any suggestions or recommendations which have been made.

An abundance of wholesome food has always been provided from which pupils should be able to select a nutritious lunch. My suggestion at this time would be that pupils be more encouraged to select a simple, substantial and well balanced menu, containing as one of the items, pure unmodified milk, rather than a combination of sweetened food and delicacies.

Respectfully,

Joseph A. Murphy, M.D.,
Chief Medical and Sanitary Inspector.

JAM/bh.

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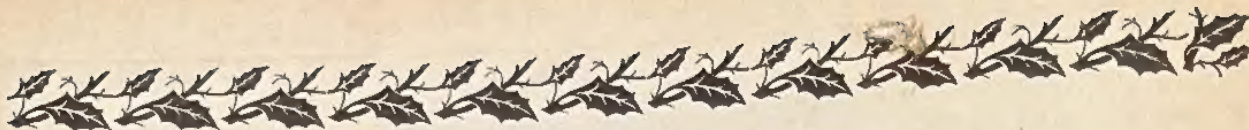
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